The Saturday Evening
POST
March 11, 1961 – 15¢

You Can't Live in New York
By HORACE SUTTON

SATCHEL PAIGE
TELLS HIS OWN STORY

MR 29 61

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drive this full-size dollar-saver!

- EXTRA ROOM FOR EXTRA COMFORT!
- A REAL BEAUTY INSIDE AND OUT!
- PERFORMS AS ONLY A ROCKET CAN!

Just try this fashionable, full-size Oldsmobile . . . *and you'll never be satisfied with less!* Here are bigger, higher doors . . . more headroom . . . more legroom . . . plus new Twin-Triangle riding ease and roadability! And Oldsmobile's full-size Rocket Engine delivers instant action on economical *regular* gas! Drive the dollar-saving Dynamic 88 at your Olds Quality Dealer's today!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Dynamic 88 OLDSMOBILE

Featuring FASHION-LINE DESIGN... *Rocket* PERFORMANCE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Honest, Operator, I don't see any twenty on the clock!"

Every five minutes the little boy would call and ask the same question . . . "Please, Operator, what time is it?"

But something about the little boy's voice told Operator Lola Caldwell that this was no childish prank. Finally, she asked him to call his mother to the phone.

"She can't come to the telephone," he said. "My baby sister swallowed a button this morning, and my mother had to take her to the hospital. And she told me not to dare leave the house till twenty after eight. I looked and looked, and honest, Operator, I don't see any twenty on the clock. And I'm afraid I'll miss my school bus."

"Don't worry, young man," said Mrs. Caldwell. "I'll call you when it's time to leave." At 8:20 she rang and sent the little boy off to meet his bus.

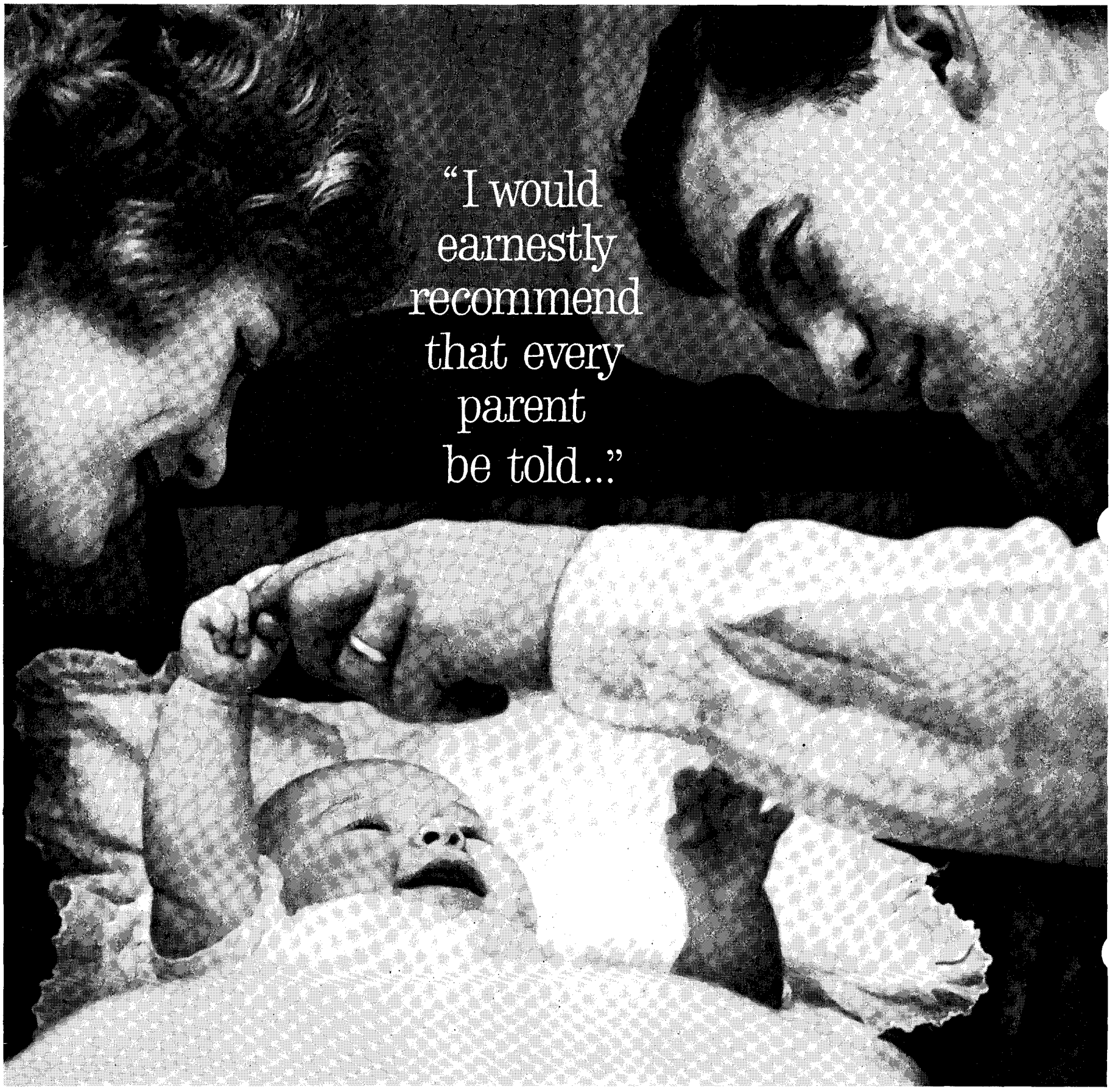
• • • • •

It's a true story, a small story—and to Lola Caldwell, all in the day's work. But it is typical of the personal interest that telephone people take in their customers.

Their desire to help makes them good neighbors in their own communities, keeps them on the job in fires, floods, blizzards. And in the process, you enjoy the best telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If you have young children, there's a worthwhile message for you in this real-life letter.

Not long ago, New York Life received this note:

Dear Sirs:

Right after our son was born, 18 years ago, our New York Life Agent called and asked what plans we had for educating this youngster. We told him that was a long way off and that we were chiefly concerned at that time with feeding and clothing him. He pointed out that the years would soon slip past and the boy would be ready for college. He asked if we could put aside a small sum each week, and we said we could. Then he discussed an insurance policy.

The other day, we paid the last premium on this policy, and we now have money ready for our son when he goes to college next fall. I only wish the Agent had sold us two policies so that we might have double the amount.

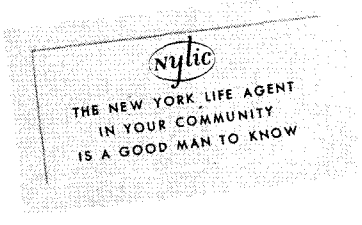
I would earnestly recommend that every parent be told of the importance of this or some similar plan, for I am sure that otherwise we never would have put aside that much money. Of course, we also had the insurance protection on his life all that time, too.

Most sincerely, H.J.R.E.

To learn about a plan to assure *your* child funds for an education, call your New York Life Agent. Or write: New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. EP-61, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y. (In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario)

New York Life

INSURANCE COMPANY



LIFE INSURANCE • GROUP INSURANCE • ANNUITIES • ACCIDENT & SICKNESS INSURANCE • PENSION PLANS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883–1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Frederic Nelson, John Bird, Robert Murphy.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair Jr., Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman, Don A. Schanche.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Katharine Britton Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Benton R. Patterson, Vivian Croake Ward, Daniel Knapp, Mary Duncan Wright, Dick Pryce, Homer Grosvenor, Davis Thomas.

IN THIS ISSUE

March 11, 1961 *Vol. 234, No. 10*

4 Short Stories

Too Slow for the Crowd . . . . . *Phyllis Duganne* 26
Seventeen Stories Up . . . . . *Al Hine* 30
The Heart Mender . . . . . *Robert F. Young* 34
The Private War at Anzio . . . . . *William Chamberlain* 37

8 Articles

Surprising Island of the Northern Seas . . . . . *Evan Hill* 19
The Flowers Known As Birds . . . . . *Frank J. Taylor* 24
The Face of America: Infernal Machine . . . *Photograph by Jack Fields* 28
What Maestros Look Like to Me . . . . . *Sol Nemkov* 31
You Can't Live In New York . . . . . *Horace Sutton* 32
James Stewart (Conclusion)
My Next Sixty Movies . . . . . *James Stewart, as told to Pete Martin* 36
Maybe I'll Pitch Forever . . . *LeRoy (Satchel) Paige, as told to David Lipman* 38
The Coyote: World's Champion People Taunter . . . . . *Bill O'Hallaren* 42

2 Serials

River of Despair (First of two parts) . . . . . *Francis Fytton* 22
The Case of the Spurious Spinster (Conclusion) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 44

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorial 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse 49, 69, 75, 88, 102, 108, 112, 119
Hazel 122
Keeping Posted 124

THE COVER

My, what a cute little bundle! And the baby girl she's holding isn't bad either. Artist Coby Whitmore is a noted painter of lovely lasses, and we couldn't allow him to hide such a pretty nurse behind a mask, as many maternity hospitals do. We're told that masks are becoming passé in nurseries, but—and we might as well admit it before the letters start pouring in—a "scrub gown" *is* more hygienic than a starched uniform. Details, details. The point is that Mr. Newdaddy wants a picture to show to his friends, who will feel compelled to say, "By golly, she looks just like you!" And perhaps she will, when she grows a mop of red hair. She may even grow up to be President—or the wife thereof. Wasn't Mrs. John Fitzgerald Kennedy a brand-new little baby only thirty-one years ago?

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1961 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Issued weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

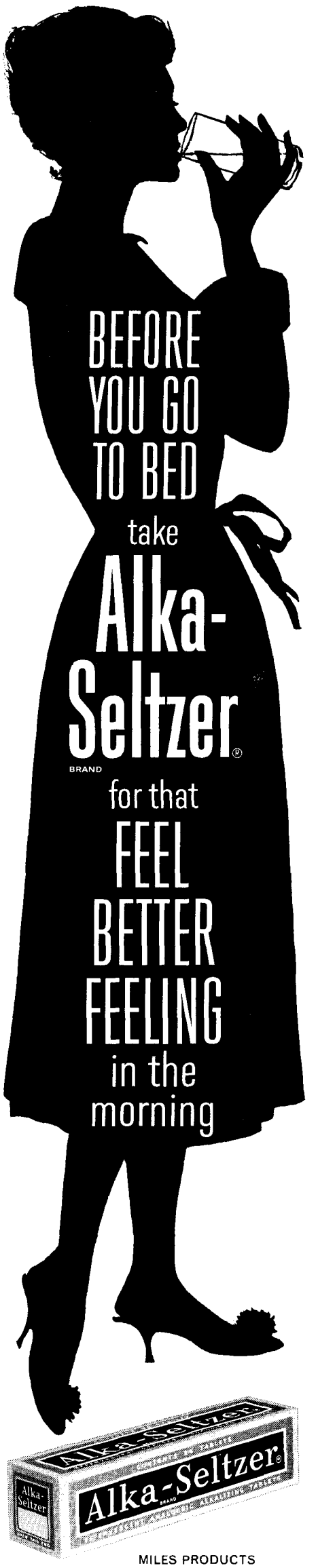
Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

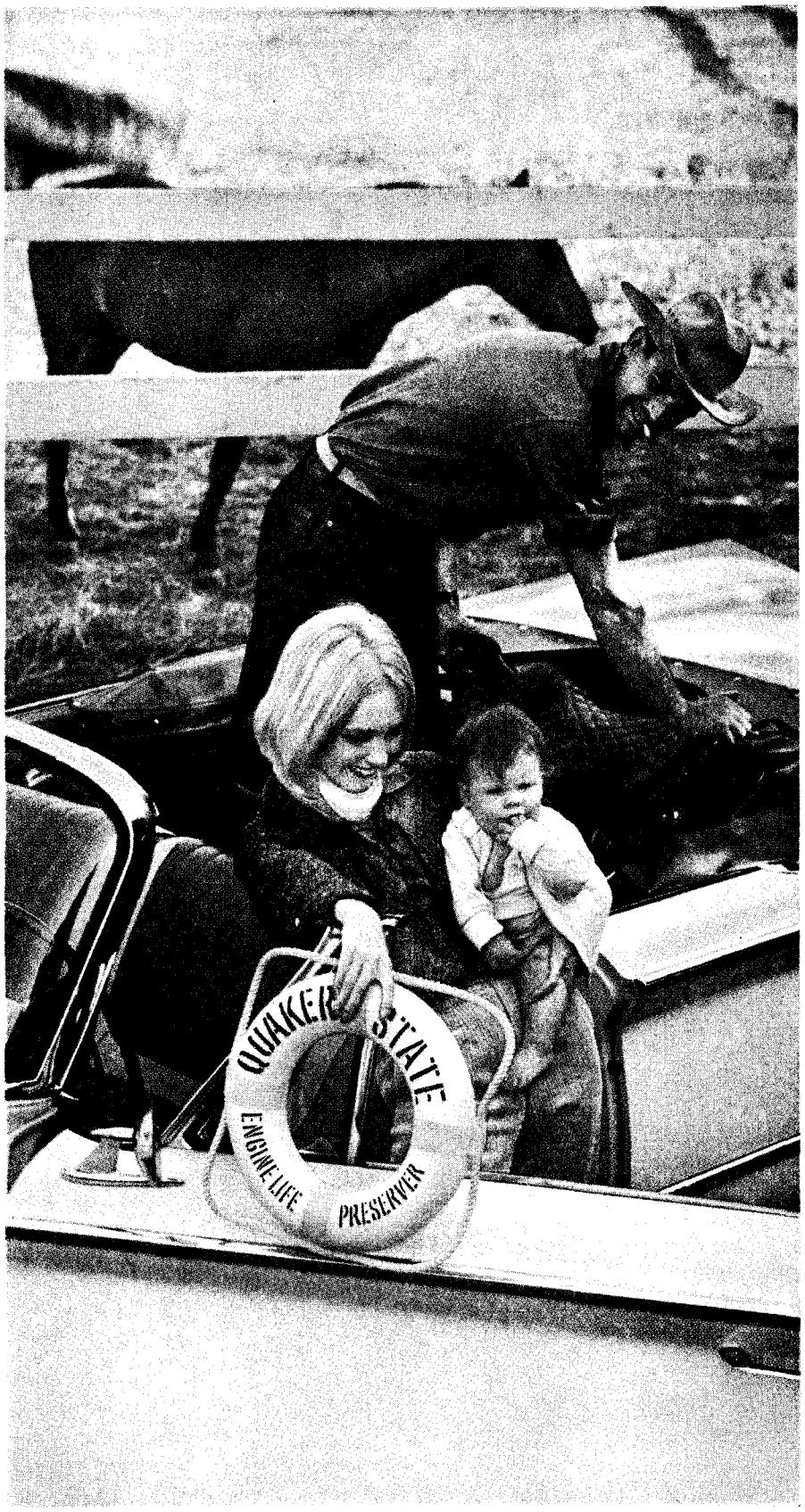
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.



MILES PRODUCTS
Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc.
Elkhart, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At the ranch, or wherever you go,

Quaker State
is the best engine life preserver!

To keep your car out of the repair shop and on the go, insist on Quaker State Super Blend, the years-ahead, pure Pennsylvania motor oil. This long-lasting 10W-30HD all-weather oil gives modern cars complete protection. It is the finest your money can buy. Remember your best engine life preserver and always ask for Quaker State. Available most everywhere.
QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

Letters

Is it Feminine to Be Out of Shape?

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed the article by Olga Fikotova Connolly very much [LOVE MADE ME AN AMERICAN, Jan. 28], particularly the part where she points out some of the difficulties encountered by female athletes in the United States. This has been my gripe for some time now. . . . The average parent is horrified at the prospect of having girls participate in sports.

JUDITH RUDERMAN
Bethpage, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Connolly hit the nail on the head when she said, "The schools are making every effort to keep hard exercises and competition for girls out of their curriculums. They want to keep American women feminine, they say."

I agree that this is a doubtful argument. Many girls and women look like they can really use some exercises—not to keep their femininity but to look like they had it in the first place.

JOYCE WISE
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Last year, when I became interested in putting the shot, I could have created less of a stir by growing an additional head. . . . What's wrong with everyone?

MICHAELE HUYGEN
Lakehurst, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Thoroughly enjoyed Mrs. Connolly's article. Many of us ex-Waves are too darned lazy to apply our hazily remembered spot-reducing exercises. We had bumping exercises for the *derrière*, arm throws for the Marilyn Monroe look and several tortuous numbers for the middle. We collapsed in our sacks each night, grumbling, but we were never healthier or in better shape.

MATHILDA MILLER KAMANDULIS
Rutland, Mass.

Are Most of Us Crooked?

Dear Sirs:

If you had carefully planned to do your best to encourage shoplifting, you could not have succeeded better than you have by publishing THIEVES I HAVE KNOWN [by Dorothy Crowe, as told to Dean Jennings, Feb. 4]. Store detective Crowe makes shoplifting look so easy, probable success so likely and penalties so light that almost anyone with an slight itch in the fingers will be inclined to say, "What am I waiting for?"

CARLETON K. LEWIS
Annandale, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Crowe states very well the staggering disgrace of the shoplifting going on in the stores across our country, but I think she needs a long vacation from her work when she starts saying crime pays.

ROBERT MARCUS
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Isn't she being a bit ludicrous to say that *nine out of ten* of us are dishonest and not one of us can be trusted? The shoplifters may be carrying away the merchandise, but Mrs. Crowe is carried away with herself.

She gave us an informative article containing an enormous assumption that is an insult to our intelligence and integrity.

CATHERINE B. BALF
Malvern, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

She has robbed herself—of brotherly love, understanding, trust and faith in her fellow man. She has my sympathy.

MRS. THOMAS R. HOYT
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Crowe can have her opinions, but I think I'll stick with mine. People are pretty wonderful and to be congratulated for being so honest when they have been bombarded day and night through every means of communication—sung to, hollered at, telephoned, written to—in order to arouse their desire for consumer goods. It's practically a miracle that there are so many honest people.

VERNELLE ROBERTSON
Seattle, Wash.

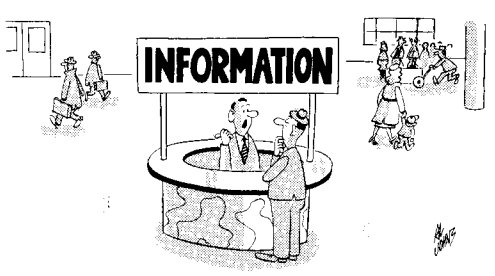
Dear Sirs:

As a psychiatrist of many years' work with children, I have been distressed at the lack of serious dealing by managers of dime stores, and so on, with children who steal.

But to hear . . . that severe punishment is almost never forthcoming for adult shoplifters is disgusting indeed. . . . I think the author has done a most valuable piece of work in calling emphatic

(Continued on Page 6)

ONE MORE QUESTION



"A small section of the counter lifts up and I slide under. Do you have any other questions?"

Dear Sirs:

In reference to your cartoon in your Feb. 4 issue, I do have a question. If he lifts up a small section of the *counter*, what is it that he slides under, and how does he get over the partition under the counter?

CLIFTON E. HAMMOND
University of Maine
Orono, Maine

● *He'll never get over this goof, let alone the partition.* —ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salem refreshes your taste "air-softens" every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! Yes, Salem's smoke will remind you of this hidden glen, where springtime sunlight mingles with the valley's coolness. Just as the air here refreshes you, so a Salem refreshes your taste. Special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff . . . makes Salem the most refreshing cigarette of all, as well as one of the richest-tasting. Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem!

© 1956, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dollar Magic

All the smooth-writing features of pens costing nearly twice as much— yours for only $1.00!

- Long brass *Filter Tip* that filters ink clean to the last drop.
- Slim-line ink reservoir that *holds twice as much ink as an ordinary brass refill.*
- Transparent Tele-Gauge refill lets you know when the ink is low.
- Pattern-Grained ball that always grips—never skips.

Scripto® M. R.

WORDMASTER BALL PEN

There's a SCRIPTO Pen and Pencil for every Man, Woman and Child in America.

Stop at any counter that features this convenient "help yourself" service station for Scripto Pens and Pencils. Here you'll find a Scripto—specially designed and priced for every man, woman and child in America. Quality ball pens, fountain pens and mechanical pencils from 29¢ to $1.95. This is where you find the celebrated Scripto Mechanical Pencil—the largest seller *in the world!* Help yourself to Scripto.

Scripto, Inc. P. O. Box 4847, Atlanta 2, Georgia

SCRIPTO — THE BEST IN WRITING . . . AT ANY PRICE.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

attention to the situation, just as I think *The Post* has served justice in publishing it.

FORREST N. ANDERSON, M.D.
Van Nuys, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am the security manager of a large department store. . . . Articles like Mrs. Crowe's make our job seem a comedy and just promote shoplifting. . . . We and quite a number of other stores in this and other cities do prosecute malefactors.

A. H. BODECKER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

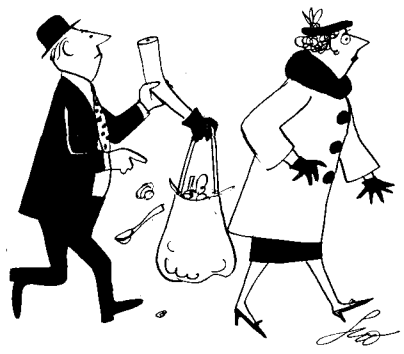
Dear Sirs:

In Cincinnati . . . prosecution is swift and meaningful.

WM. D. ROTH, *Executive Secretary*
Retail Merchants' Association
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for this article. During my ten years in retail stores I came across a most unusual case. The store detective came to me and asked, "Did you ever see a woman with three arms?" He had just



arrested a woman who was standing with both hands on the counter. With another she was stuffing articles into a bag.

He relieved her of the third "arm."

CARL W. HIGGINBOTHAM
Windermere, Fla.

As Advertised

Dear Sirs:

When will Finis Farr propose Frank Lloyd Wright for beatification? Raising him to sainthood is all that can be done after that maudlin whitewash job that is fortunately finished now [FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: DEFIANT GENIUS, Jan. 7–Feb. 4].

J. B. ROBERT
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

You advertise Finis Farr's life of Frank Lloyd Wright as "beautifully written." You are dead right!

J. BRYAN, III
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The Glessner home is at Prairie Avenue and Eighteenth Street [not Nineteenth, as the author stated]. . . . We know. Our offices are in the Kimball French Château across the street.

GEORGE L. MILNE, *President*
Domestic Engineering Company
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Add to Wright's devastating comments on the architecture of others his remark while in Denver a few years ago. Denver's pride had always been her mining-era mansions, built in the last decade of the Nineteenth Century. Asked what he thought of them, Wright replied mildly enough that he thought them "fine examples of Early Bastard."

JANET N. BATCHLER
Denver, Colo.

The "Tree Murderers"

Dear Sirs:

If only your article THE BATTLE TO SAVE THE TREES [by Charlton Ogburn Jr., Jan. 28] had been in *The Post* a year ago it might have helped save eight or more blocks of trees.

I live in a small city in central Wisconsin and the city fathers want wide, modern treeless streets. I fought and prayed, trying to stop them—but to no avail.

Lawyers wouldn't help, businessmen wouldn't help. Everyone I turned to said, "I understand how you feel, but I can't risk getting mixed up in anything so controversial."

The heart-breaking part of it all is that only ten or twelve cars travel on some of these streets in a day. For this they cut black walnut, blue spruce, elm, maples and box elders. (We have beautiful telephone poles!) . . .

Thank you for your article. I don't feel quite so alone knowing not just "hysterical women" share my views.

BETTY BISHOP
Thorp, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

You should see Orange County in southern California! Daily our lovely orange groves are scraped aside, and the early ranchers' big, tall rows of palm trees are sawed down. I look on in horror, disbelief and sorrow as even the natural tree growth is removed—beautiful century-old giants in some cases. . . .

Isn't there any kind of government control set up to curb such a crime?

ELEANOR WARD
Fullerton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

All my life I've seen pitiable evidence of the tree murderers at work, since they first destroyed the pleasant meadow I played in as a child. . . . I'd like to condemn all the builders and buyers and regulators responsible for this carnage to be exiled to Antarctica along with their cursed bulldozers.

MRS. DAVID WASSON
Johnstown, Pa.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

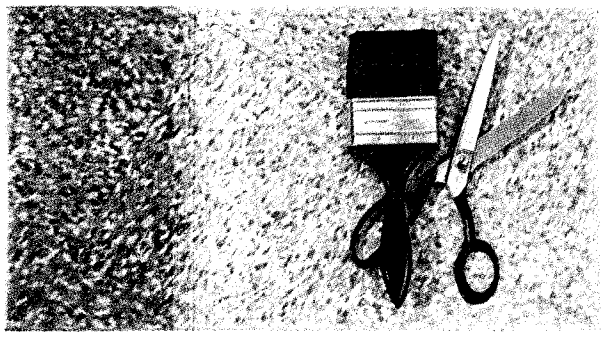
19–Claude Jacoby. • 20–Two by Claude Jacoby; map by Robert N. Taylor; Claude Jacoby. • 21–Claude Jacoby. • 22, 23–Earl Mayan. • 24–Gene Lester. • 25–Clint Pedley; three by Gene Lester. • 26, 27–Joe DeMers. • 28, 29–Jack Fields. • 30–Paul Nonnast. • 31–Hans Knopf; Wide World; from the author; Hans Knopf. • 32–Two by Larry Fried; United Press International. • 33–Larry Fried; United Press International; two by Larry Fried. • 34, 35–Robert G. Harris. • 36–Ollie Atkins; from Jimmy Stewart. 37–Robert McCall. • 38–Bob East (Gilloon); Wide World. • 39–Wide World; Amsterdam News; The Pittsburgh Courier; from McIntosh and Otis; Bill Shrout. • 42–Pictorial Parade; E. P. Haddon (U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service). • 44–James R. Bingham. 107–Bill Shrout. • 124–Pan American World Airways; Larry Keighley; Peggy O'Hallaren; Behr Photography.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

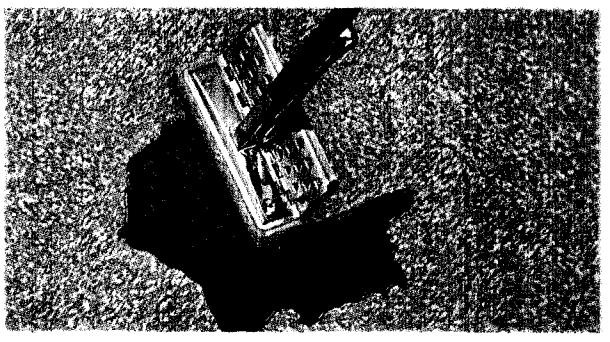
Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Tile Floor in Fern Green "Terrazzo" Style. Accented by "Designer Palette" Vinyl Feature Strips. Black Wall Base is KenCove®. Use this floor anywhere indoors.

Greaseproof... scrub-proof vinyl tile you can install yourself for about $60

In just a weekend, you can install resilient, long-wearing Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Tile in a 12′ x 15′ area like this kitchen for about $60 . . . including Solid Vinyl feature strips and adhesive. Rather have your dealer do it? It costs less to have installed than flooring in rolls. Your Kentile Dealer is in the Yellow Pages.



All you need are scissors, brush, adhesive and easy-to-follow instructions. You can install it right over your old floors . . . even linoleum. Color shown here is Dusky Peach.



Dirt, grease can't stick to this super-smooth surface. Result? Easiest floor of all to clean . . . and keep clean. Waxings last far longer! The color shown here is Dusk Blue.

Kentile, Inc., Dept. B2, Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

I am enclosing ____ to cover the items checked:

☐ 25¢ for booklet of 48 floor designs *and* set of 73 color swatches of Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Tile.

☐ $1.00 for authoritative, 48-page "Decorating Handbook" . . . packed with smart interior ideas.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

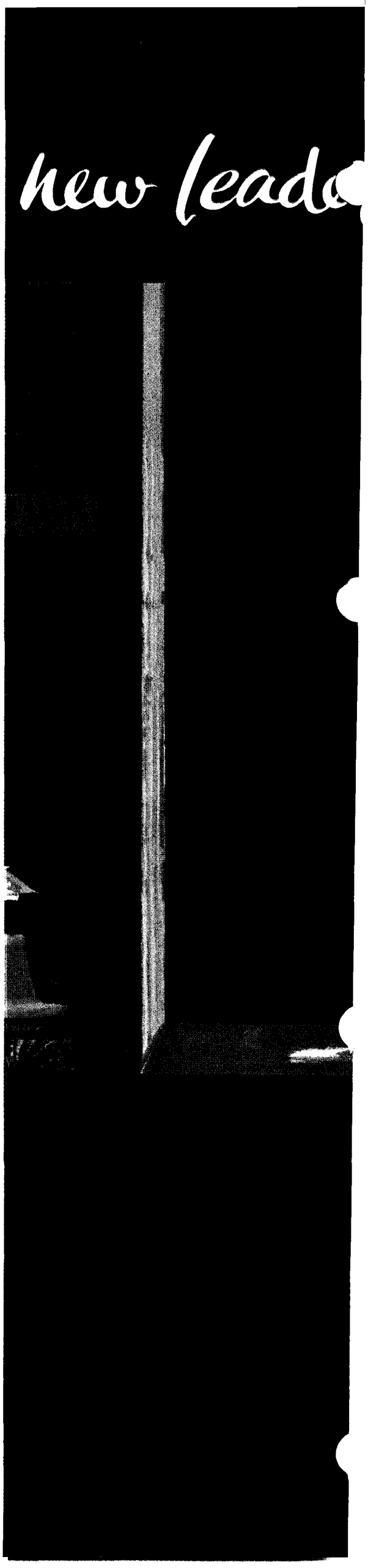
Decorating hints? Floor design ideas? Kentile® tells you how to coordinate colors in your home; how to create your very own floor designs. Mail coupon today.

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

© Kentile, Inc., 1961

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charming Early American styling. FM/AM radio, optional. Cabinet in Cherrywood grained finish on genuine hardwood veneers. Model SK51.



Stereo Hi-Fi with the difference you can hear

The wonders of Stereo Hi-Fi are so apparent that the initiate is likely to be swept off his feet the first time he hears a test ping-pong game or train leaving the station over this modern sound miracle.

Audiophiles tell us, however, that our Motorola® Stereo Hi-Fi is as superior to the ordinary kind as the cantilever house in the picture is to a seaside cottage.

To begin with, Motorola Stereo Hi-Fi has three separate amplifiers and three separate speaker systems (instead of the usual two) to give you true stereo effect from a single cabinet. And you get unique resonance without distortion through another Motorola exclusive which our sound engineers have named: Vibrasonic System.

So if you're about to go to Stereo Hi-Fi, be certain your ears have a chance to test Motorola's kind.

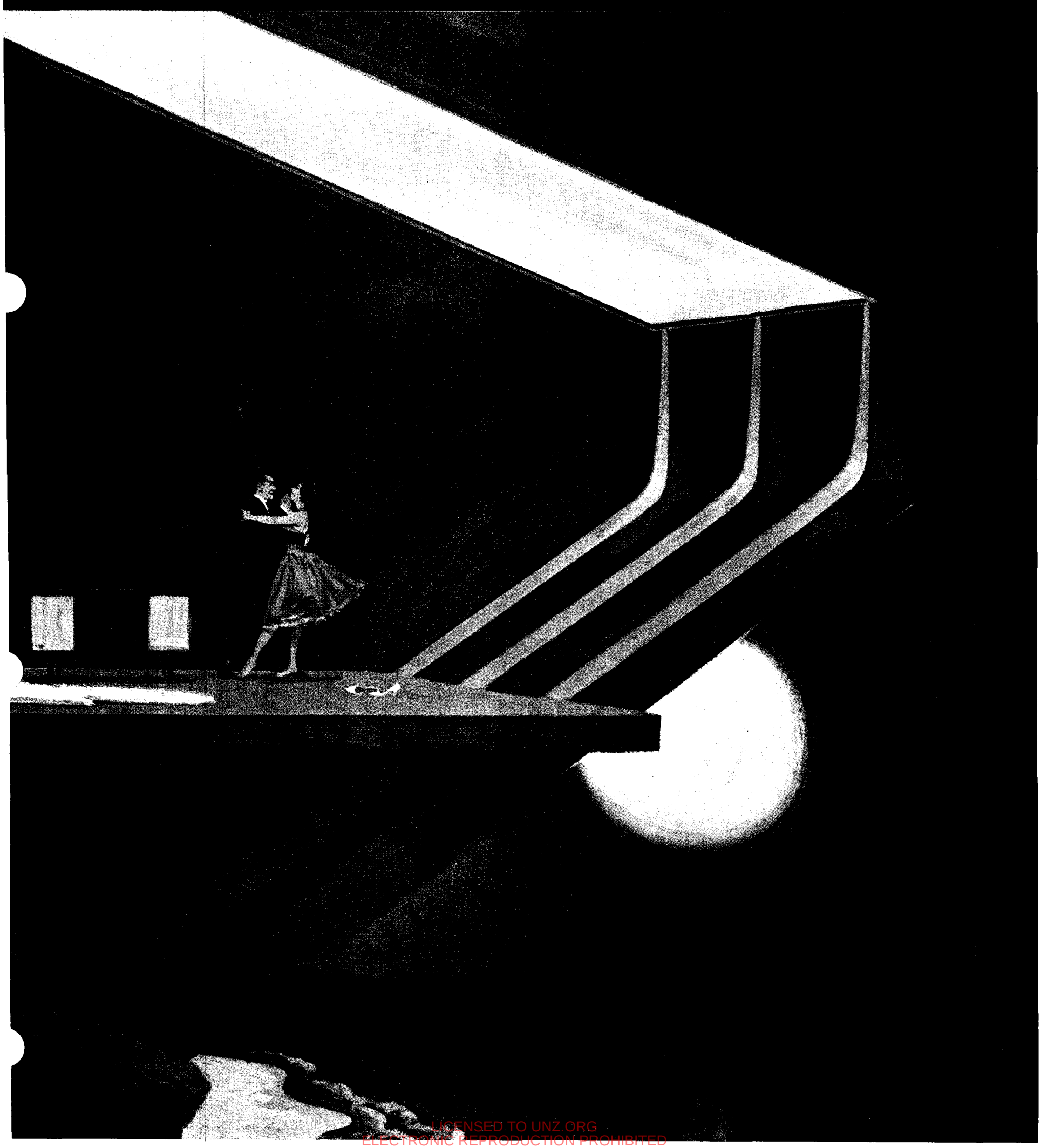
MOTOROLA

Luggage-thin Portable Stereo Hi-Fi. Three amplifiers, five speakers. Removable speaker wings. In Western Gold and Saddle Brown Colors. Model SH22.

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fresh from MOTOROLA
the lively art of electronics



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

What Kind of Federal Help Do Our Old People Want?

People have been growing old for as long as the human race can remember—not quite as old as most of us expect to become, by the grace of God and antibiotics, but old nevertheless. But now there is a widespread feeling that "the aged" have become a class for whose welfare younger people feel free to prescribe. The things that young people think ought to interest old people are terrifying: Morris dancing, bingo, "discussion with others of the same age group," basket weaving and adult education. Few of the professionals give much thought to the odd-ball senior citizen who prefers to work as long as they'll let him, to participate in family and community activities without worrying too much about his great age.

This sort of thing aside, the gist of the problem of "our aging population" is financial. At the recent White House Conference on Aging, attention was concentrated on the sections which were assigned to discuss the cost of medical care and the best way to meet it. There was no need of a conference to make it clear that social workers, labor-union leaders, professors of social science and bureaucrats would tend to favor a Federal system of health insurance, whereas doctors, insurance executives, and economy-minded senators would be either against it or, at any rate, worried about it. And, of course, inasmuch as the Department of Health, Education and Welfare was putting on the show, it should have surprised nobody that the solution favored by HEW was the one favored by the conference. The surprise was that considerable opposition, criticism and reluctance cropped up.

Discussion of the financial problems of the aged, for example, was and is complicated by the variety of contradictory statistics presented on how the aged, sick or well, are doing as matters stand now. The Emory University survey, conducted under the direction of Professors Wiggins and Schoeck under a grant from the Foundation for Voluntary Welfare, indicated that a fair proportion of older people thought they were in good shape physically and weren't too much concerned over their ability to pay ordinary medical bills. On the other hand, George Meany, president of AFL-CIO, declared that three fifths of our old people are "forced to get along on less than $1000 a year." Marion B. Folsom, former secretary of HEW, told his section that "retired people now get along fairly well with their income from private savings, company pension plans and Social Security, as evidenced by the fact that only 15 per cent of people over sixty-five receive Old Age Assistance, and the percentage is much lower in some industrial states." Mr. Folsom added, however, that, "a high percentage of older people do have difficulty in meeting the cost of medical care."

Aside from the increase in longevity, the high cost of housing and the greater activity of social workers, why has old age become so much more of a problem than it used to be? One answer was suggested at the White House Conference by Dr. Maurice E. Linden of the Philadelphia Department of Public Health. It was Doctor Linden's contention that the tendency to make old age a "problem" is a manifestation "of the same underlying disease—family, cultural and social fragmentation and breakdown. . . . Historically the problems of life occurred in the outside world and were solved within the family, but today it would appear that conflicts of living occur within the family and seek solution outside the family."

Thus what used to be intimate family problems become matters for the marriage counselor, the parole officer, the psychiatrist, the disciplinary school. Grandfather and grandmother, instead of enjoying an honored position in the home, become a problem for "social" solution. That children, as well as the state, have some responsibility for the care of their elders is generally ignored. Indeed, a brochure issued by HEW suggests that parents now live so long that they can no longer expect to remain "a part of their younger relatives' family." The idea of a statute of limitations on family loyalty is something new.

Just the same, even those who look to Federal bureaucracy to take care of our old people feel bad about it. Governor Meyner of New Jersey, for example, declared that "few of our senior citizens are crying, 'I am old, take care of me.' Rather I believe they are saying, 'Because of my age don't discriminate against me. Don't shut off employment opportunities.'"

Inflexible retirement plans were attacked by many delegates, although only Joseph Livingston, financial editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, had the temerity to take the bull by the horns and urge the lifting of the earnings limitation for Social Security annuitants. The labor-union delegates, of whom there were 132, generally took the view that to do that would encourage the employment of old people at "substandard wages"—that is to say, wages which, while presumably satisfactory to the recipient, might compete with union wage scales in certain sheltered trades. Nevertheless the growing idea that men and women are better off employed at something, as long as they are physically able to work, is an interesting shift from the earlier view that retirement was the be-all and end-all of a worker's life experience.

It can be argued that the Government itself, partly through its efforts to solve the problems of the needy, has contributed to the sorry plight in which some old people find themselves. For one thing, over the years Federal income tax has taken from our generation more than our fathers habitually saved. And, as Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona pointed out in an address at the conference, Government extravagance and deficit financing have created the inflation which cuts the buying power of pensions, Social Security annuities or other income available to old people.

Mr. Meany estimated that the twenty-two dollars a month, which was the average Social Security payment in 1940, would buy as much as forty-nine dollars would buy in 1959. Mr. Meany then proceeded to endorse "aid to education, assistance to distressed areas, loans and grants to communities for urban renewal and essential facilities and a broad housing program"—a set of recommendations which could easily reduce the purchasing power of the current average Social Security check of eighty-three dollars still further!

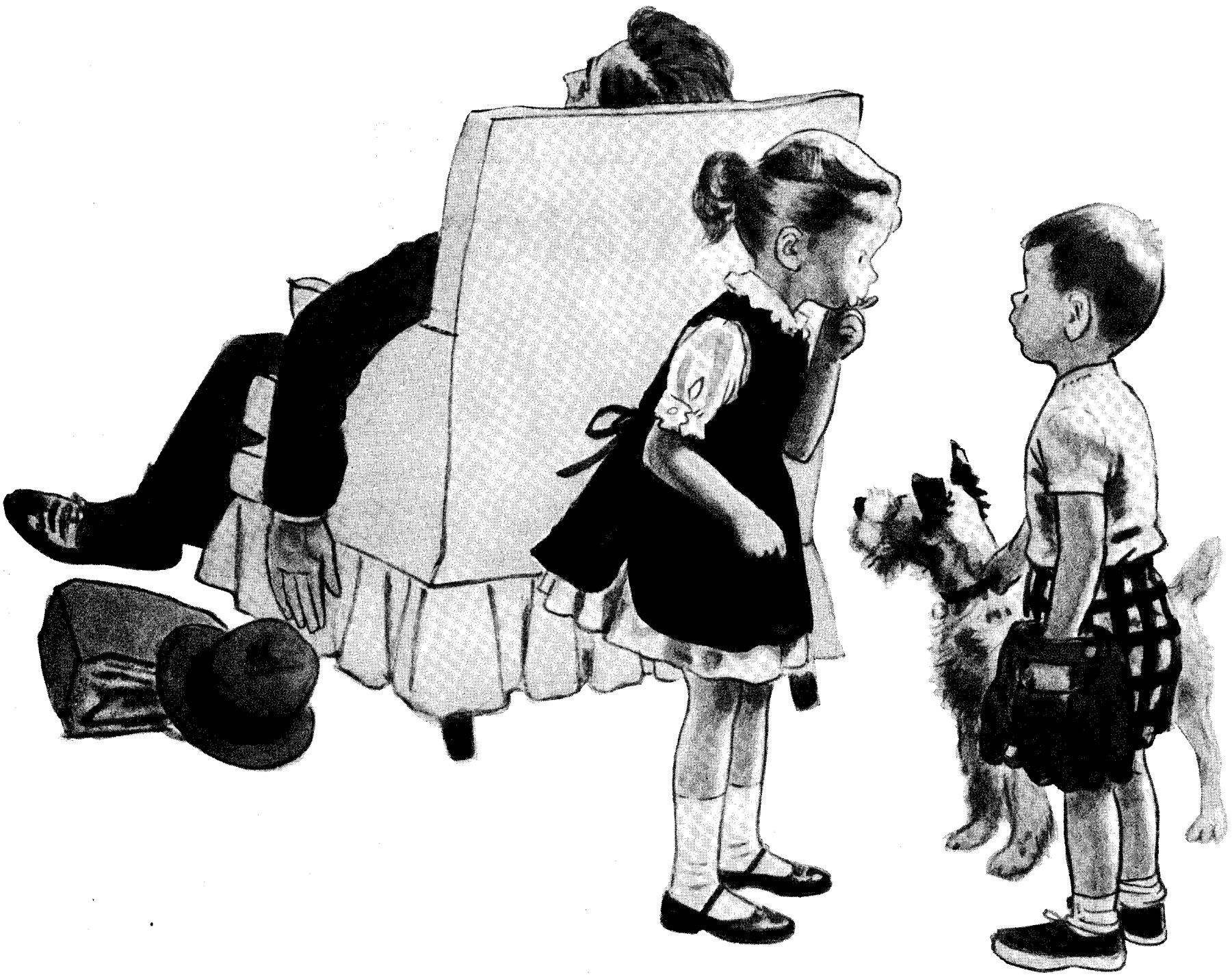
Inasmuch as it is admitted erally that indigence in old age no means involves all old people, many question the good sense of firing a broadside at the whole aged population. The Kerr-Mills law now on the books attempts to confine the treatment to those who need it and to leave the administration of old-age medical care to the states, which are entitled to Federal grants if they adopt acceptable programs.

Few at the White House Conference thought favorably of the Kerr-Mills bill. The reason was that under it state authorities must establish the individual's need of aid before giving him any. To ask a man about to receive public money to show that he needs it is supposed to be an affront to his dignity and to make him a "second-class citizen." Old-age health insurance, Social Security, it is insisted, should be a "matter of right" because the recipient has paid for it.

Obviously this is an emotional rather than a realistic view because, actuarially speaking, the Social Security annuitant hasn't paid for more than a fraction of what he gets. His employer has paid for half of it, and what does the boss get out of it "as a matter of right"? Perhaps he benefits by not having to provide such a generous pension system as he might otherwise be compelled to adopt, but that is another story. Even so, the financing of Social Security, being based on calculated payments to people as they reach a given age or to their survivors, is calculable and manageable. But health insurance is another story. An attempt to cover chronic illness, mental illness, senility, complicated surgery and the host of minor seizures and ailments to which aging flesh is heir could be financially disastrous. A limited coverage, designed to be supplemented by private health insurance and local hospital plans, would appear to be the optimum solution. The current agitation has shaken the insurance companies out of their complacency, and several promising private plans have been announced.

However, political pressures can be counted on to expand the coverage far beyond that contemplated at the beginning. If old people, why not youth, prospective mothers, delinquent children, alcoholics? It is this expansionist tendency that should be worrying advocates of a universal, compulsory health-insurance system.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FATIGUE–A FRIEND IN DISGUISE

Nobody welcomes fatigue. Yet, it can be a friend in disguise. Without a sense of fatigue, we would often push ourselves beyond our endurance—and the diagnosis of certain diseases, of which fatigue is an early symptom, might be long delayed.

There are many kinds and many causes of fatigue. For example, there's simple *physical fatigue* which you feel after a strenuous "workout." Actually, it's a beneficial type of fatigue—usually quick and easy to cope with. You rest or get a good night's sleep—and it vanishes.

Fatigue may also be caused by low blood sugar—especially among people who eat little or no breakfast. Any healthy person who "tires out" before noon should have a breakfast high in protein foods—especially meat, eggs and milk. Thus a steady supply of "fuel" is available to sustain your energy.

In contrast, there's the persistent and exhausting form of fatigue that's entirely unrelated to physical effort. This is *nervous or emotional fatigue*. Brought on by anxiety, tension or boredom, it is a steady drain on your energy.

If you are persistently tired, take a look at your way of life. How much exercise do you get? Physical activity is often the one thing most needed to overcome emotional fatigue. Whenever possible, a change of pace or a brief respite from routine may also help.

When fatigue persists, you should consult your physician. A check-up will reveal whether any disease accounts for your tiredness. Or a talk about your worries may help untangle emotional knots that make you "tired all the time." Whatever the cause, fatigue shouldn't be ignored.

Remember: for the most common forms of fatigue, "tonics" are seldom, if ever, of any value. If fatigue doesn't disappear after sleep or rest, avoid self-medication. Fatigue, like any other symptom of physical or mental distress, should be investigated by your physician.

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY©
A MUTUAL COMPANY

THE LIGHT
THAT
NEVER FAILS

Metropolitan Life (Dept. A), 1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y. 3-61-E
Please send me the free booklet, *"Stress—and What it Means to You."*

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Street

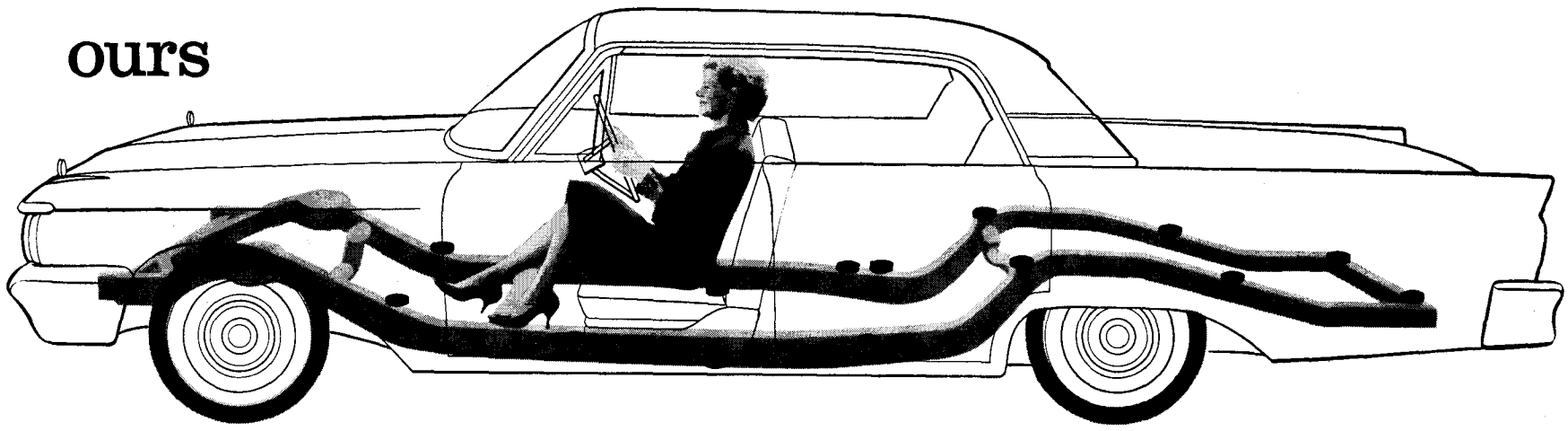
City & Zone **State**

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTAL CARD

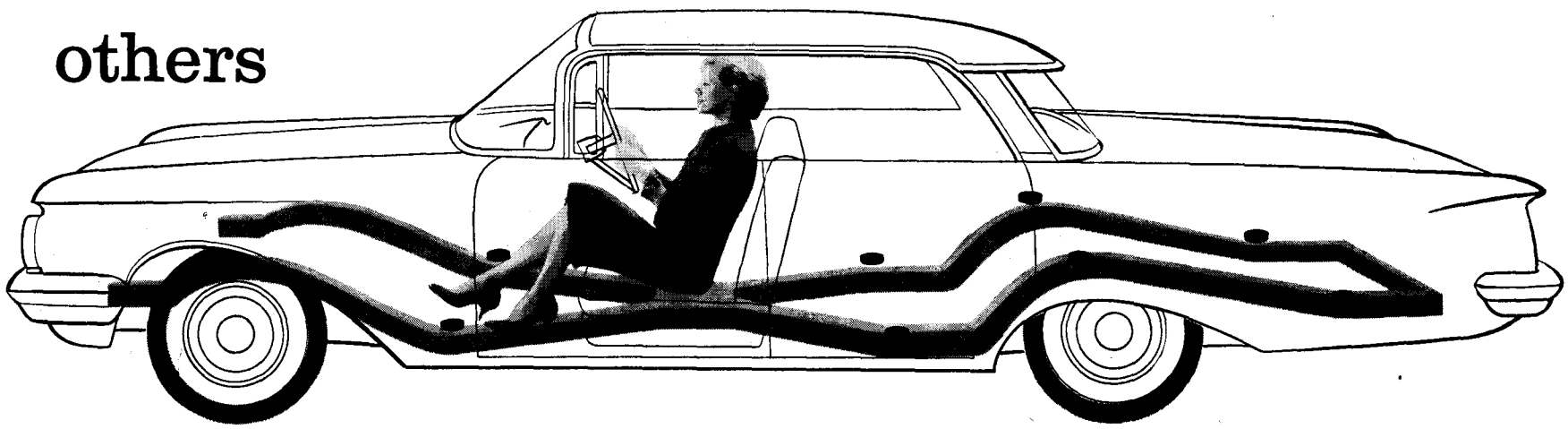
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which ride is quieter?

ours



others



There are 50% more rubber body mounts in the 1961 Ford Family of Fine Cars

Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They prevent it from being transmitted into the passenger compartment. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier becomes. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, there are 50% more rubber body mounts. That's one of the reasons you enjoy such a remarkably quiet ride.

* * *

Another reason for the quieter ride in the Ford Family of Fine Cars is the soundproofed floors. Where other cars have only two layers of sound insulation, our cars have three layers of sound insulation. Each layer eliminates a different range of sound from rumble to squeaks. As a result, very little noise gets through to the passenger compartment.

* * *

The underside of a car body has exposed parts that are especially vulnerable now that chemical compounds are used to keep roads clean and dry. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, the most vulnerable body parts are galvanized zinc-coated to protect them against rust and corrosion.

* * *

Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter, reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

If you compare door latches, you will see that in the Ford Family of Fine Cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip which reduces the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

* * *

These are five of the many reasons you will find (upon comparing our cars with other cars) Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.

Ford

American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

FORD · FALCON · THUNDERBIRD · COMET · MERCURY · LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

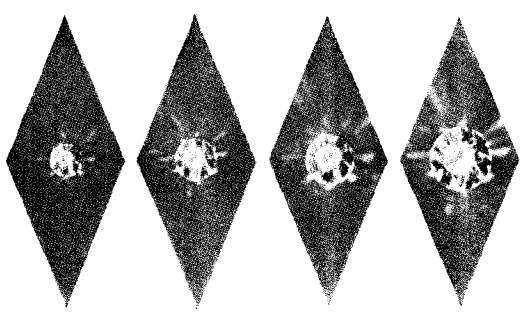
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Star of love . . . photograph by Arik Nepo · De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Your heart's delight

TOLD IN A BRILLIANT STAR

New, sweet and soaring, happiness fills your heart when you are engaged. And the promise that has brought this bliss is told in your engagement diamond. How bright this star, how beautiful. It was born of earth for you, to treasure now each joy and hope you share. And it will shine on to speak of your love and its abiding meaning through all your married years. Your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be cherished always, by you and all who follow you.



25 points (¼ carat) $65 to $320 · 50 points (½ carat) $160 to $525 · 1 carat (100 points) $450 to $1590 · 2 carats (200 points) $1025 to $4200

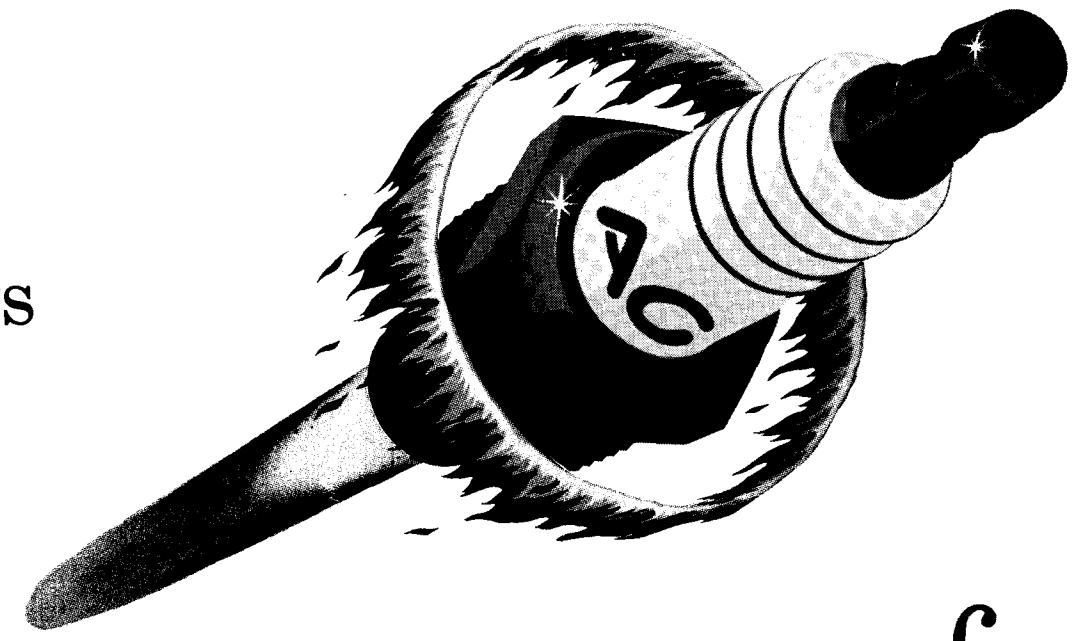
HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND

First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting – –for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats —100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges, left, are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in January, 1961. Note that prices vary widely according to the qualities offered. Tax is additional.

A diamond is forever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

count on
AC spark plugs
to
help you...



get all the pep you pay for

Make every gallon of gas deliver the pep that's promised! Change to new AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs and you're on the road to full power and performance. When you change to new ACs—used on more new cars than any other brand—you've made a change for the *best*.

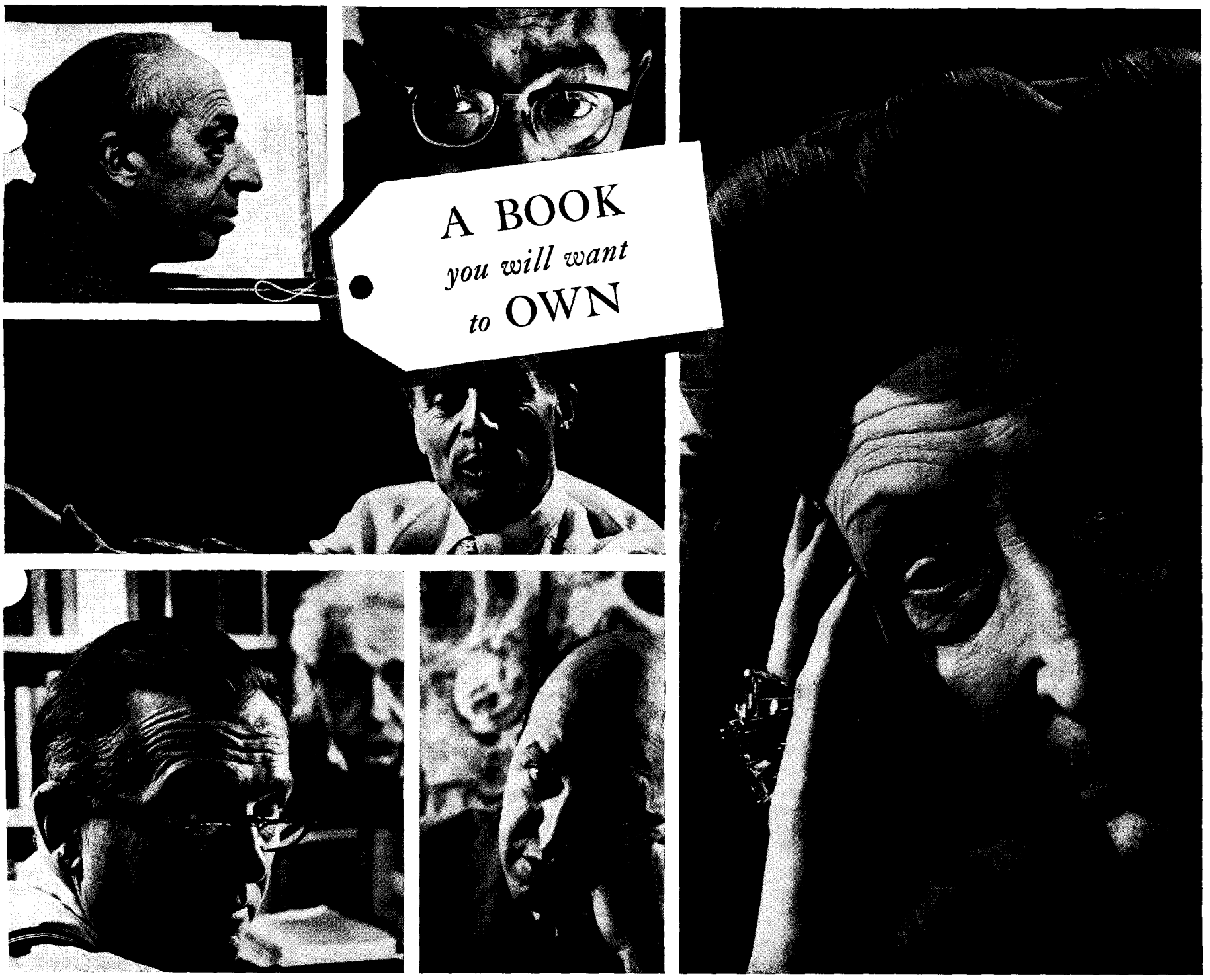
AC

Fire-Ring spark plugs

AC SPARK PLUG — THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

AVAILABLE FOR ALL CARS AT YOUR LOCAL SERVICE STATION, CAR DEALER, INDEPENDENT GARAGE OR AUTO ACCESSORY STORE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

. . is the book that has started readers across the country debating, discussing and exploring new ideas, new fields of thought.

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND is a collection of 21 of the distinguished articles which have appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They include a wide range of subjects—art, religion, ethics, evolution, music, psychology, education and history, to name a few.

The list of contributing authors reads like an academic "Who's Who"—Aaron Copland, Edith Sitwell, Walter Gropius, Robert Oppenheimer, Aldous Huxley, Bertrand Russell, Paul Tillich and many others.

This can be the most important book you've ever bought—not only for the enjoyment you'll receive, but also because it will stimulate your thinking along new lines. These articles were written to help the intelligent layman understand what the intellectual leaders of our time are achieving in science, the arts and the humanities.

And this unusual book—in a deluxe edition—is yours for the remarkably low price of only $5.50. At this price, it's not only a good buy for yourself but it is also an attractive and thoughtful gift.

Mail your order now. Just fill in the coupon and mail your order today. There's no need to send money with your order—we'll be happy to bill you for the price of the book plus a few cents for postage and handling.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1913, Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Please send me the Deluxe Edition of ADVENTURES OF THE MIND @ $5.50.

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Payment enclosed (we'll pay postage and handling)

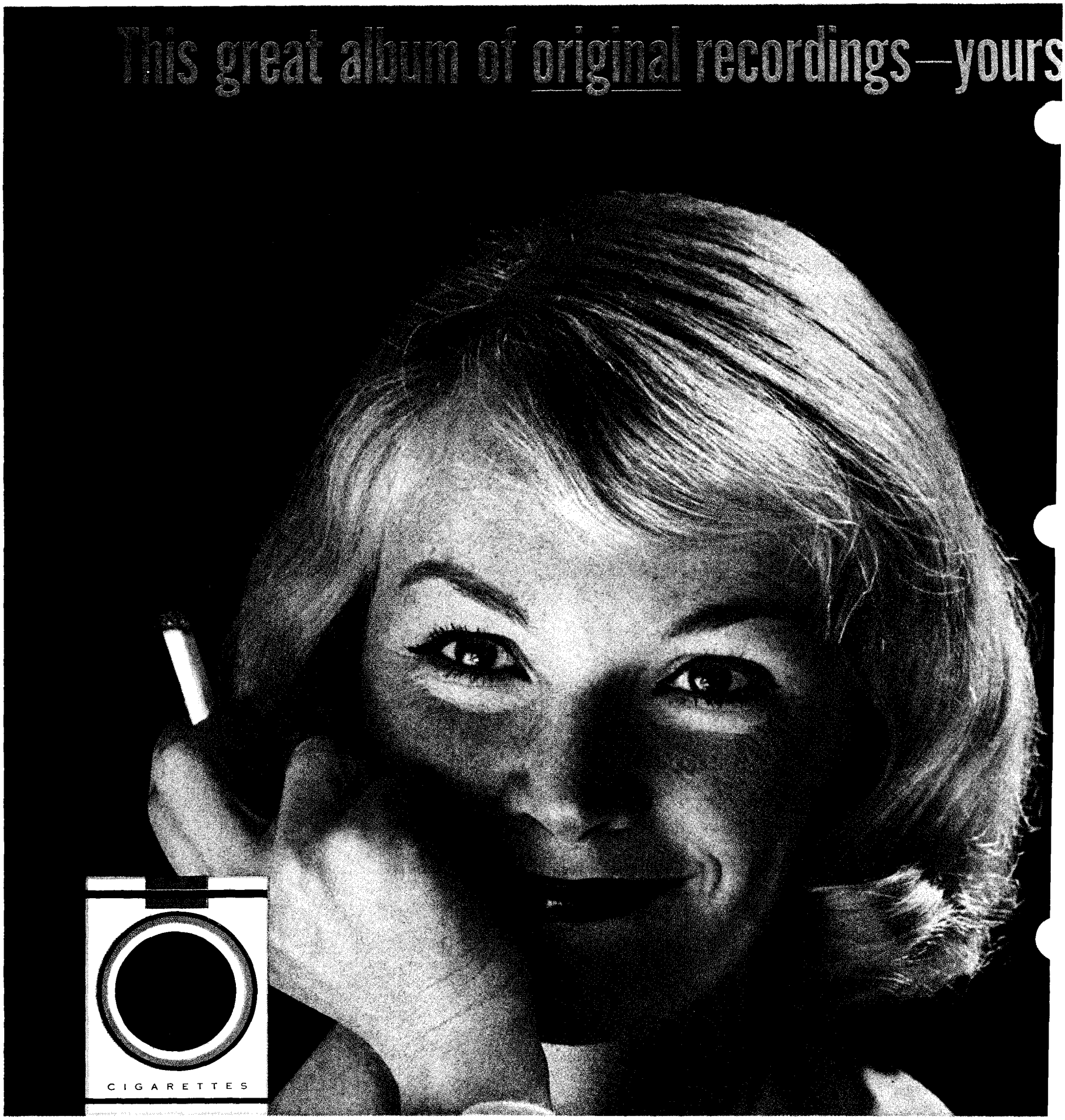
☐ Bill me for the book plus a few cents for postage and handling

Use separate piece of paper for gifts.
Pennsylvania residents please add 4% state sales tax.

If you are not completely satisfied, return the book within 10 days for a full refund—or pay nothing if you've asked to be billed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This great album of original recordings—yours



Together for the first time! These twelve great hits on one 12" LP custom-pressed by Columbia

Look at this album. Imagine these 12 great artists—12 great hit *from the golden age of music on one record! Here are the origina* recordings, exactly as you remember them—magnificently repro duced by Columbia Record Productions ($3.98 value).

Never before have all these great artists been brought together i one album! **Never before** have you been able to buy all these grea hits at such a bargain price! You can own this album for just on dollar and ten empty Lucky Strike packs. The makers of Luck

Remember how great cigarettes used to tast

© THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for $1.00 and ten empty Lucky Strike packs!

The original recordings!

Remember how great...?

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
St. Louis Blues

COUNT BASIE
One O'Clock Jump

LES BROWN
Sentimental Journey

CAB CALLOWAY
Blues in the Night

XAVIER CUGAT
Brazil

TOMMY DORSEY
I Dream of You

EDDY DUCHIN
Stardust

DUKE ELLINGTON
Mood Indigo

HARRY JAMES
Ciribiribin

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
Night and Day

MARY MARTIN
My Heart Belongs to Daddy

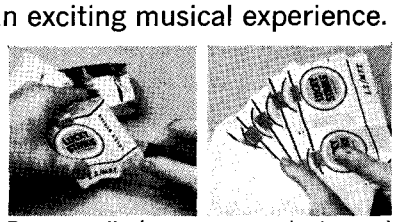
DINAH SHORE
Buttons and Bows

Custom-pressed for Lucky Strike Cigarettes by
COLUMBIA RECORD PRODUCTIONS
a custom service of Columbia Records

"Columbia" ® Marcas Reg. Printed in U. S. A.

ike (the greatest taste in smoking) believe you will treasure this ord—that every playing will be an exciting musical experience.

GET YOUR "REMEMBER HOW EAT" ALBUM, just fill in and mail shipping label at right, together with dollar and 10 empty Lucky Strike ks, to **"Remember How Great," P. O. 2500, Spring Park, Minnesota.**



Remove cellophane—open packs top and bottom—remove inner foil wrap—tear packs down side, flatten and mail.

UCKIES STILL DO

To get "Remember How Great" album, enclose and mail $1.00 and 10 empty Lucky Strike packs, together with filled-in shipping label. Please print clearly. Orders received after May 31, 1961, will not be honored. If sending check or money order, make payable to "Remember How Great."

SHIPPING LABEL

"Remember How Great"
P. O. Box 2500
Spring Park, Minnesota

TO

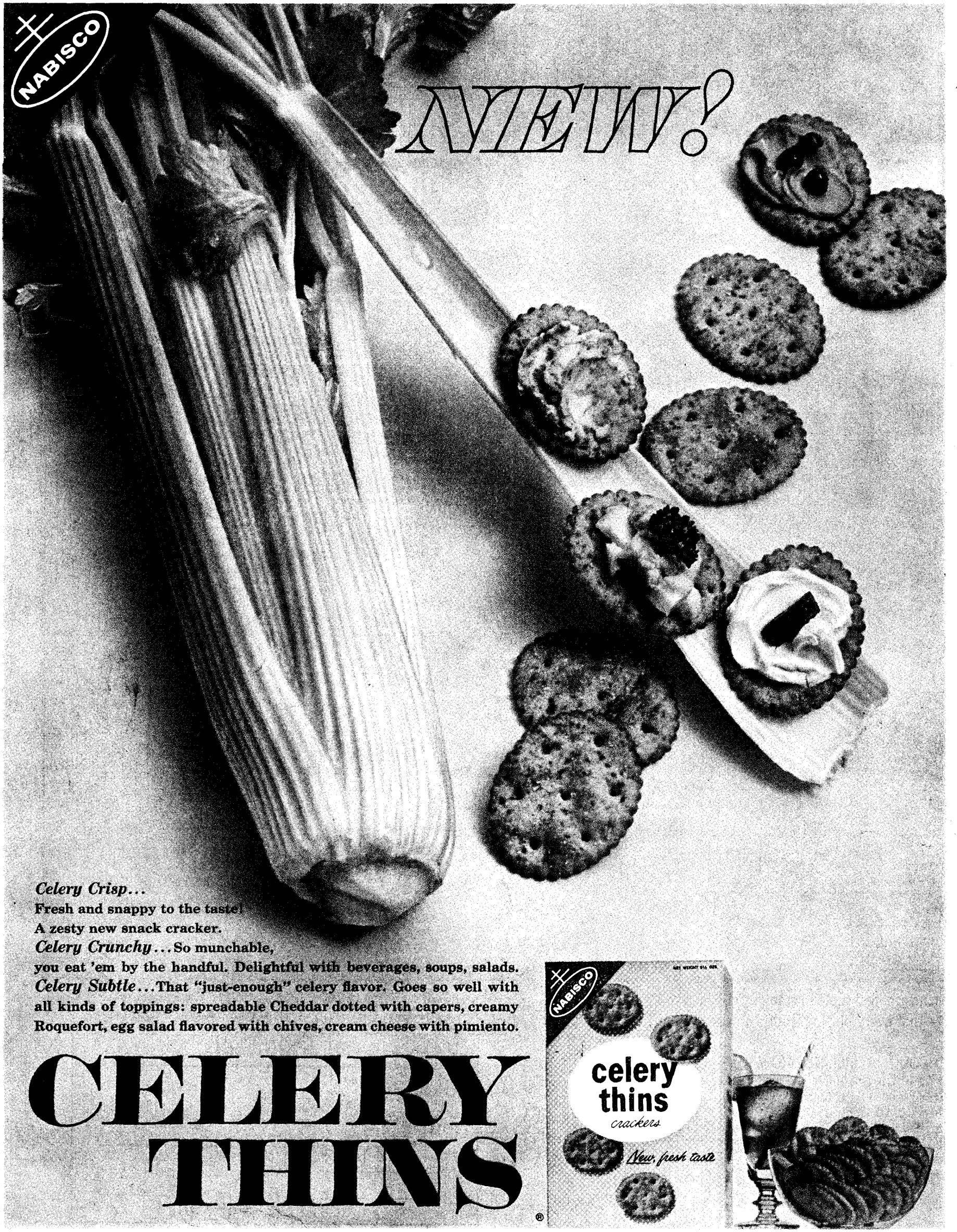
YOUR NAME_____
(PRINT YOUR NAME HERE)

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

Offer good only in U. S. A. and Puerto Rico.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


NABISCO
NEW!
Celery Crisp...
Fresh and snappy to the taste!
A zesty new snack cracker.
Celery Crunchy...So munchable,
you eat 'em by the handful. Delightful with beverages, soups, salads.
Celery Subtle...That "just-enough" celery flavor. Goes so well with
all kinds of toppings: spreadable Cheddar dotted with capers, creamy
Roquefort, egg salad flavored with chives, cream cheese with pimiento.
CELERY THINS
NABISCO
celery thins
crackers
New, fresh taste

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Surprising Island of the Northern Seas

Warmed by hot springs and the Gulf Stream, Iceland is an engaging paradox where the natives welcome American tourists—provided, of course, they are not wearing American uniforms.

By EVAN HILL

It was a most unlikely suggestion, but there it was, a beckoning poster in the window of an airlines office on Piccadilly, London. It read, HOLIDAY IN ICELAND.

I walked past, but the absurdity of the idea brought me back. Inside the office, behind a counter, I found a pleasant, dark-haired girl. I asked, "Why? I saw your sign. Why should I spend a holiday in Iceland?"

She smiled. "Because it's pleasant. It's peaceful. And it's beautiful."

"Are you an Icelander?"

She nodded.

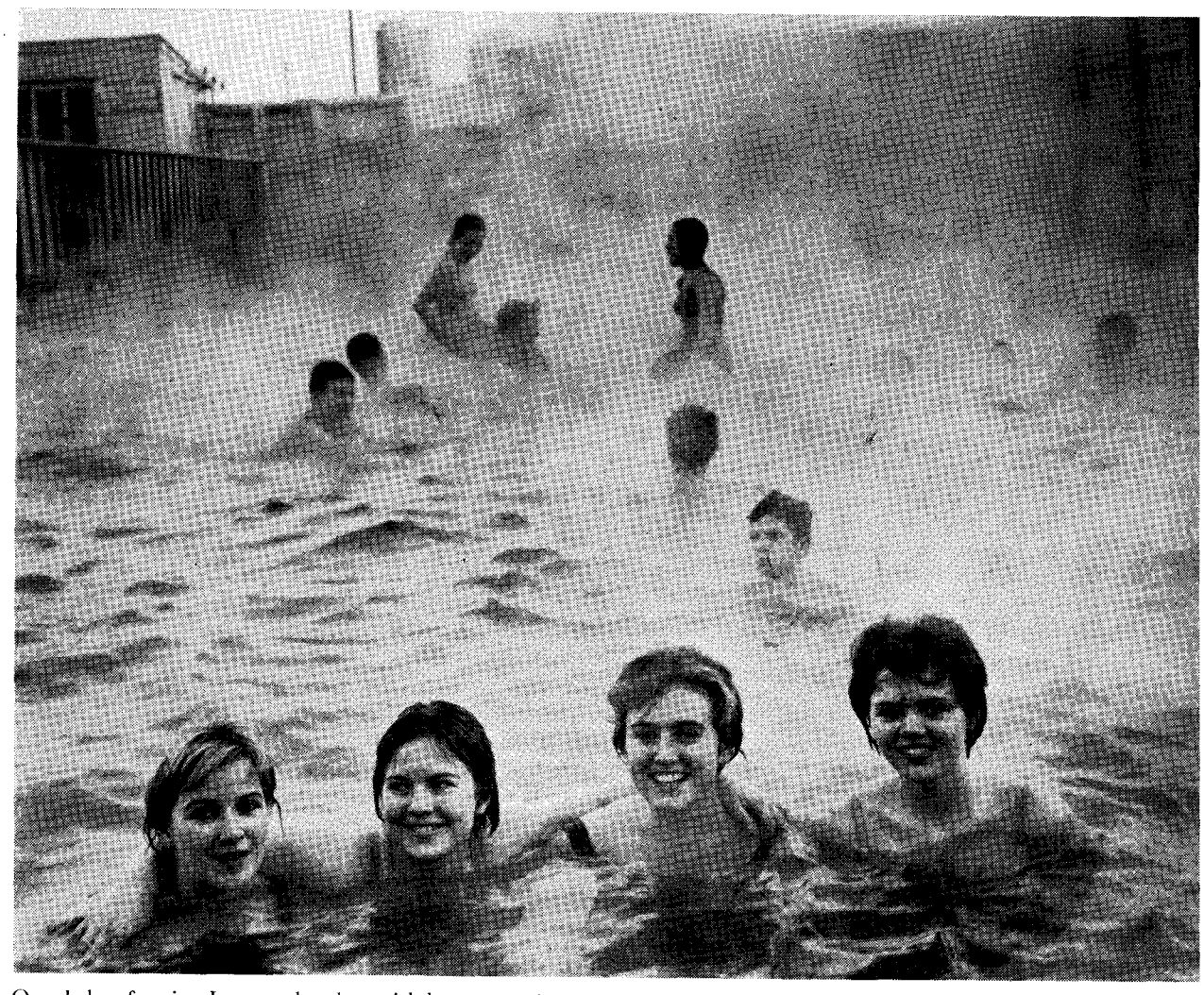
"But I'm an American," I said. "And I've been told that Icelanders don't like Americans."

"It's not true," she said. "We don't like soldiers, but then, who does? America has soldiers stationed in Iceland."

From the end of the counter the office manager said, "It's too bad that Americans have this impression, but we like them as much as we like the Danes or the English or the Swedes." He shrugged. "It was Shaw who said, 'When the military man approaches, the world locks up its spoons and packs off its womanhood.'"

The girl thumbed through some tourist folders, showing me pictures. Here was an ancient land of glaciers, geysers and volcanoes, a and peopled by direct descendants of the piratical vikings. On the map it looked like an ink blot dangling from the Arctic Circle; yet it is kept warm by thousands of hot springs and by the Gulf Stream.

Although the girl spoke of her country with enthusiasm, her manner was reserved. She seemed to be issuing a reluctant invitation, as if proud to exhibit the beauties of her homeland, but afraid that visitors might spoil the country. She described Gullfoss, the Golden Waterfall, two hours' drive from the modern capital city of Reykjavík. She spoke of the Great Geysir, the spouting column of boiling water that gave its name to hot springs throughout the world; of weird Lake Mývatn with its grotesque lava formations, sulphur pits and craters; of Mount Hekla that has erupted more than twenty times in the memory of Icelanders of the glacier Vatnajökull which caps an active volcano with its sheets of ice; of Thingvellir, the Plain of Parliament, where viking chieftains met every June for 868 years, beginning in the year A.D. 930.



On a below-freezing January day these girls keep warm in an outdoor pool fed by one of Iceland's hot springs.

This aerial photograph of the fishing village of Hofn shows the rugged beauty of this remote, isolated country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Above: Riding-club members on an outing near Reykjavík (in the background). Their small, shaggy mounts are thought to be descended from the ponies brought to Iceland by viking settlers more than 1000 years ago.

Air Force Master Sgt. Donald Brady (above, on a museum date with Miss Auslag Karlsdóttir) is one American who overcame the "uniform" handicap with Icelandic girls.

The office manager interrupted. "Another thing about Americans. They like to add another country to their list. Especially when it doesn't cost any more." Many American tourists, he explained, stop off at Iceland for a few days on their way home from Europe. "It costs less to fly the Atlantic with Icelandic Airlines than with other carriers, and the savings can give you a two- or three-day stopover in Reykjavík."

A few weeks later I was standing on Lögberg, the Hill of Laws in the national park at Thingvellir. Standing beside me, looking at the treeless plain across Axe River, was my guide, a red-bearded twentieth-century viking. Thor Hagalin speaks fluent Danish and English, in addition to his native Icelandic. He is six feet, two inches tall, lean, blue-eyed and blond. A medical student at the University of Iceland in Reykjavík, Thor is the son of a well-known author in a land that is remarkably literate and cultured.

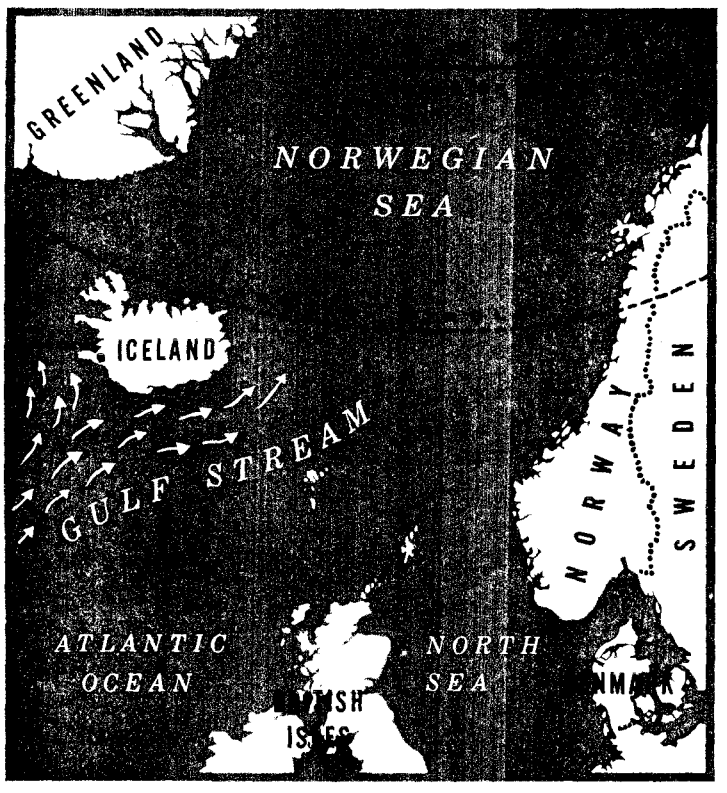
On the way to Thinvellir, bouncing over the rough, lava-rock roads in a Russian-made jeep, Thor had said, "Iceland and the United States are two countries that know their history from the beginning. We both have written records that tell us what happened from the time the first settlers landed." And now, standing on the solid lava on the spot where his ancestors had stood ten centuries before, he pointed toward volcanic Hekla in the distance.

"In exactly the year one thousand, the *Althing* met here where we stand, as it had been meeting for seventy years. In that year the viking chieftains were to decide whether the nation was to abandon its pagan gods and become Christian.

"As they discussed the matter, a volcano erupted, shaking the earth and throwing huge stones and fire into the air. They were frightened, and one pagan chieftain on the plain below said, 'The gods are angry with us because we talk about this new religion.' But another viking stamped his foot on the ancient lava and asked, 'And what made the gods angry when *this* lava flowed?'" Thor turned and smiled. "Christianity prevailed," he said. "Today we are mostly Lutheran."

Icelanders speak of past centuries as readily as we speak of yesterday. An American Government official stationed in Reykjavík likes to tell the story of an Icelandic girl he met in the capital's National Art Gallery. Standing before a landscape, she said, "I know an old lad whose family once lived in this valley. She still goes back there every few years to visit." Then she told the American a story about the valley and the old lady's ancestors. He asked, "When was that?" After a moment's thought, she replied, "In the year 1305."

The Icelander's knowledge of his past, his reserve, his fierce independence and his obvious reluctance to cater wholeheartedly to tourists are due in part to the geographic remoteness of his island. It might be said that the outside world did not discover Iceland until May 9, 1940, when British marines landed to keep Nazi troops from using the island as a base. Before this event—still described by many Icelanders as "the British invasion"—the



The Kentucky-sized island nudges the Arctic Circle, but it has a mild climate. It was named Iceland, legend says, to scare away immigrants.

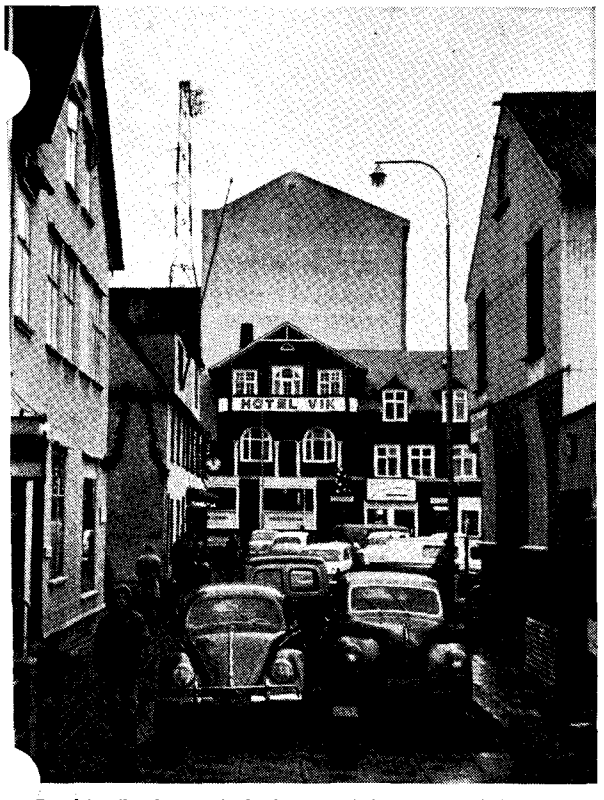
This small geyser is one of many at Hveragerdi, a village built over hundreds of hot springs. The Icelanders pipe "free steam heat and free hot water" into their dwellings and hothouses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

average world citizen knew no more about Iceland than he did about the fabled lost continent of Atlantis. Iceland was a vague spot in the North Atlantic with a frigid name—and ıerefore wrongly envisioned as a desolate land ,f snow, ice, dog sleds and fur-clad nomads. The rare tourist, whose ship stopped there on the way to somewhere else, expected to be greeted by Eskimos.

The world has changed in the last two decades, but these misconceptions are still common. Thor Hagalin laughs at the tourist's Eskimo question. "They've never been here," he says. "The only Eskimos an Icelander has ever seen are those on boats stopping here en route from Greenland to Denmark." And the island's frigid reputation is as false as its name. Actually Iceland (Continued on Page 70)

Like many Icelanders, Holmfridur Thorhallsdóttir works in the fishing industry. She is a packer in a freezing plant.



Reykjavík, the capital of Iceland, has 70,000 inhabitants, two night clubs—and a city's usual traffic problems.

Two young Icelanders at the statue of Ingolfur Arnarson, the audacious first settler of the country. Arnarson, an outlaw on the run from Norway, came here with his band of sea rovers in A.D. 874.

Photographs by Claude Jacoby

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To stay meant certain death.

To escape meant crossing the

RIVER OF DESPAIR

Beginning a two-part story by FRANCIS FYTTON

Sgt. Hugo Molnar had never been wounded before the battle of Hoa Binh, and he made a bad patient. A bullet had passed through his right hand, and fragments of a grenade were lodged in his right thigh. A bayonet wound extended from his right cheekbone to his right ear, the upper part of which was missing. Pinned to the left breast of his camouflaged parachute blouse was a recommendation for the highest award that the Fourth Republic could confer on its fighting men—the Military Medal. It had been scribbled in haste by his company commander, who was directing a difficult and dangerous rear-guard action designed to cover the retirement of the 13th Light Half-Brigade from the wattle-walled town of Hoa Binh to the Black River, a distance of some three and a half miles. Two Vietnamese stretcher-bearers had carried Molnar over the first half mile. He was bleeding fast.

"Shall we drop him?" the senior stretcher-bearer asked his colleague, for Molnar had accumulated a hundred and eighty-two pounds during his twenty-nine years of life. "I think he's going to die anyway."

"It doesn't seem worth while taking him any farther," agreed the junior stretcher-bearer.

"Then we'll all die together," said Molnar, opening his eyes and withdrawing his left hand from beneath the blanket. He was holding one of the new big MAS 50 nine-millimeter automatic pistols. Almost casually he explained, "I could quite easily get you both before you dropped me."

"We were joking," explained the senior stretcher-bearer.

"I wasn't," said Molnar.

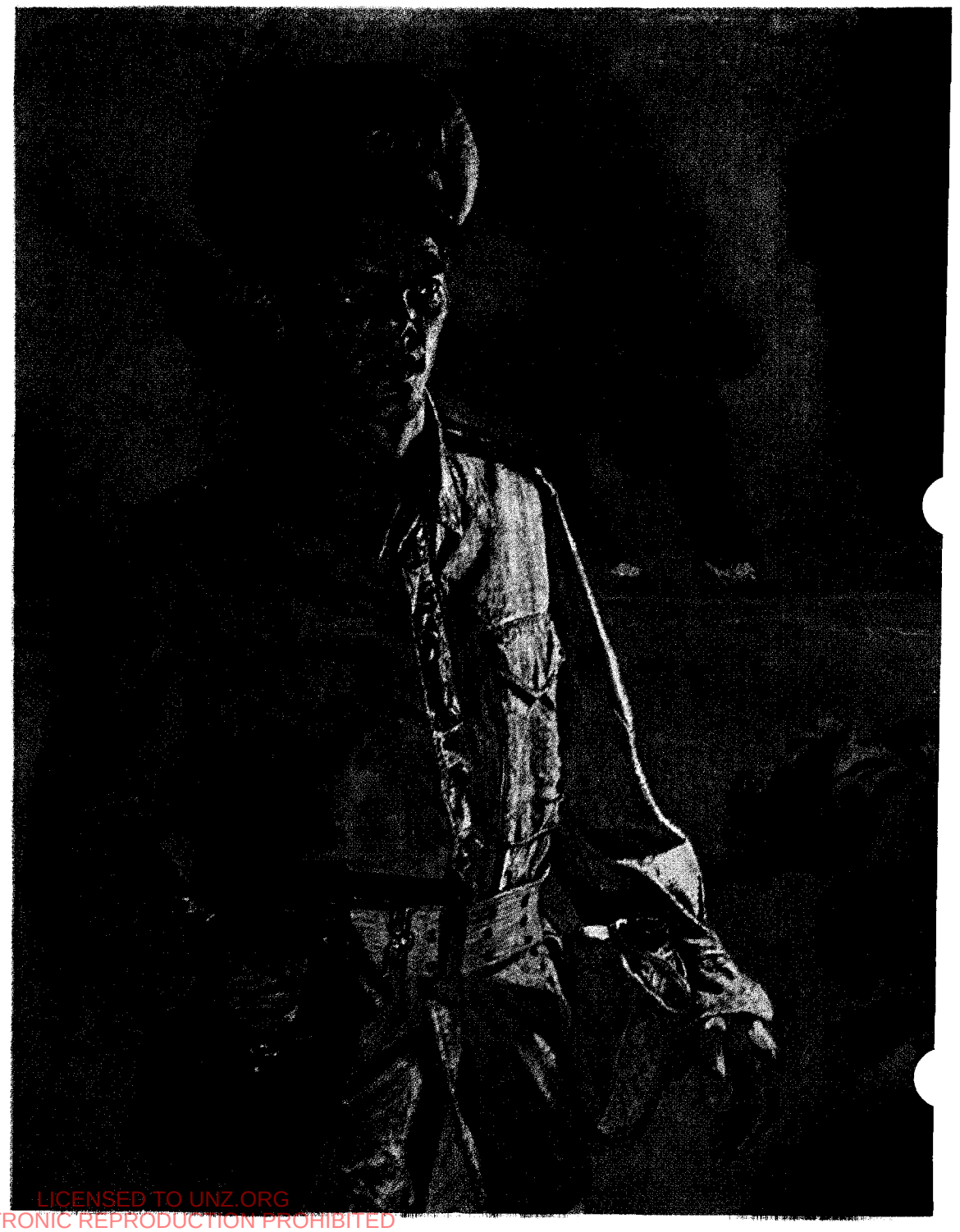
They soon came to a straight military road, rising on steep banks high above the surrounding paddy fields. It had been built by those experts in road making—the Foreign Legion—when the French first occupied Hoa Binh the previous summer. To the north, the green hills that had hidden the Vietminh army during the recent rains were becoming shrouded in blue smoke from the blazing town at their feet. The half-brigade had blown its dumps and set fire to what could not be carried before moving out that morning. The destruction had given the enemy warning to attack. The battle was taking place between the town and the river in country that was flat and featureless, except for the military road which ran almost straight from town to river, flanked by tall observation towers. Close by the Black River the paddy fields ended, and there was a vivid green belt of tropical vegetation.

The stretcher-bearers labored up the embankment and paused on the road to gain breath. A battery of four seventy-five-millimeter guns with attendant ammunition limbers and half-tracks were deployed beside the road. The seventy-fives had their sights down and were firing half-left at a column of Vietminh infantry that was crossing the paddy field less than a mile away. The gunners wore nothing but shorts and floppy bush hats. The muzzles of the guns were shimmering in the heat.

The sight cheered Molnar. There is a tradition in the French army that seventy-fives always save the day.

"What are you doing in the rear guard?" he asked a driver.

"We are the advance guard," replied the driver.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

Beyond the guns, the road was blocked by camions, half-tracks and jeeps, most of them laden with heavy equipment. They were all soft-skinned vehicles that should have been across the river hours before. A few hundred yards down the road they found the reason. A section of the road had been mined, so that there was a great gap in the causeway. Engineers had succeeded in spanning the gap with a pair of steel tracks, but only one vehicle could cross at a time. The engineers were trying to erect a second set of tracks. As the stretcher-bearers labored through the gap, Molnar wondered if the engineers would be in time.

Apparently the same thought had occurred to someone at half-brigade headquarters, for a company of parachutists was disembarking from camions on the farther side of the broken causeway. Their faces were young and taut beneath blue berets. They were hung about with automatic weapons, hand grenades, parts of light mortars and walkie-talkie sets. They deployed into the paddy field with all the *élan* and efficiency of a fire brigade conducting a rescue operation.

That was the last thing Molnar knew until he came to at the advanced field dressing station. A stout army doctor with a black mustache was leaning over him, probing his thigh.

"How did you come by these wounds?" the doctor asked chattily.

"A diplomatic failure."

"Eh?"

"Nietzsche said that war is diplomacy under arms."

"So you're a humorist."

"No—a realist."

An orderly came and whispered to the doctor, who answered, "No, this one won't need a priest."

"What do you know of my conscience?"

"Since you are a parachutist of the Legion, I do not doubt that you have much to answer for," said the doctor. "I merely meant that, as you are not going to die yet awhile, your confession can be postponed until a more convenient time."

"I already knew that," said Molnar.

The doctor finished with the thigh and told the orderly to bandage it. He turned his attention to Molnar's right hand.

"Do you play the piano?"

"No, but I'm a virtuoso on the Bren."

"I doubt if you will be again, unless the surgeons in Saigon do a better job than I think them capable of."

"Why did you kiss me when you asked that?" she said.

"You sawbones have such touching faith in yourselves," said Molnar. "It so happens that I'm left-handed."

The doctor finished swabbing the right hand and told the orderly to bandage it. He turned his attention to Molnar's face.

"Shall I be disfigured?"

The doctor looked at the high cheekbones, sturdy nose and (Continued on Page 112)

Molnar made an attempt to get the hand grenades out of his pocket, but he knew it was no use.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because of the flowers' waxen beauty, people sometimes refuse to believe that they are real.

Pollinating the blooms by hand assures a high yield of tiny, black, orange-whiskered seeds.

"Birds" flourish in Hawaii. Here actr Mari Blanchard wears bird-of-paradise l

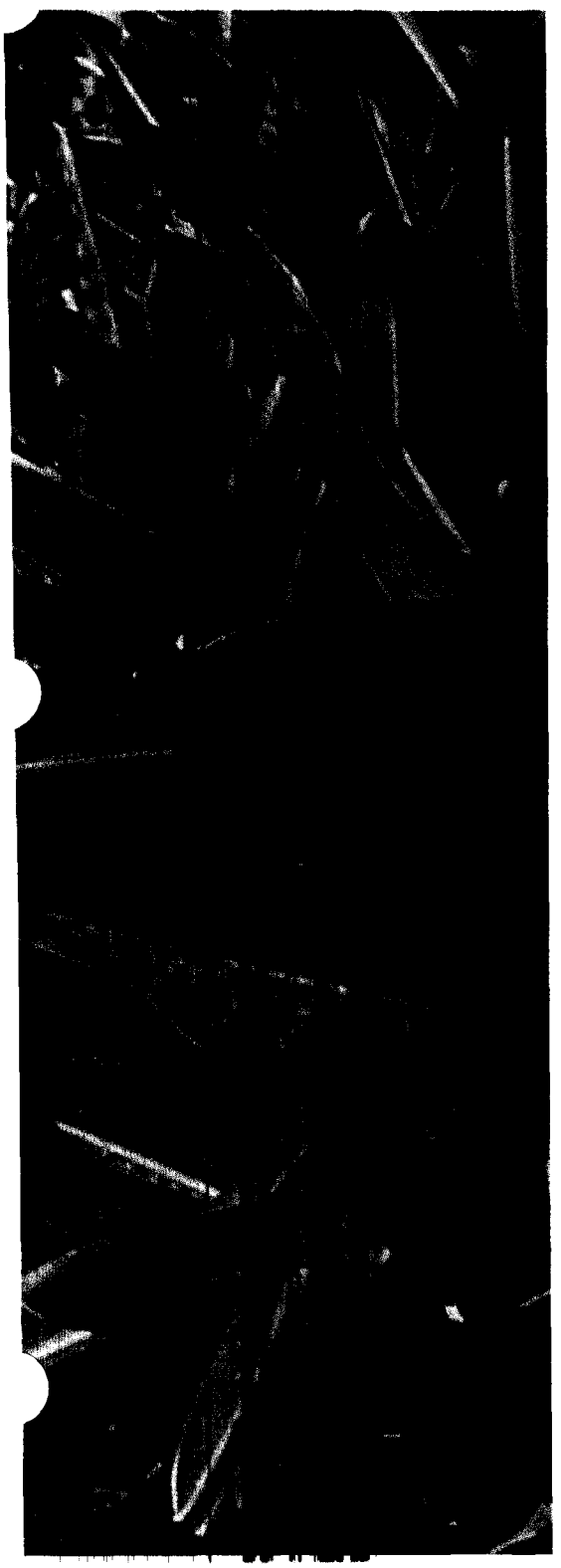
THE FLOWERS KNOWN AS BIRDS

The newest rage in floral shops is the dazzling "bird of paradise," an exotic import from South Africa which blooms during winter and stays fresh up to three full weeks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A first-prize winner at a California festival: a bird of paradise made from birds of paradise.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR



Every so often a misguided bird fancier strays into an oddly named mart called California Birds, Inc., just outside Carlsbad, a seaside town thirty miles north of San Diego, and asks to see a pair of parakeets or canaries or pheasants. To such visitors, manager Ralph Dewey explains that his birds don't wear feathers or lay eggs; instead, they bloom, bursting into bright florets and blue tongues, rising out of canoe-shaped bracts which angle off the end of a long, stiff stem.

Horticulturally these ornate flowers are identified as Strelitzia, but in floral-trade lingo they are known simply as "birds," so nicknamed after the gorgeously plumed birds of paradise of the New Guinea jungle. They are today's glamour flower in the florist shops of the country. Little potted Strelitzia about a year old, used for indoor plants, are selling briskly in nurseries, shopping centers and even department stores. All of a sudden, it seems, Americans have discovered the birds that bloom.

Each winter California Birds, Inc., flies more than 1,000,000 stems of birds by air freight to the big Eastern and Midwestern flower markets. A cluster of growers at Montebello, just outside Los Angeles, ships another 1,000,000 or so through the Los Angeles wholesale flower market. The happy growers wish they had even more Strelitzia to fly east because a brilliantly hued, top-quality bird is a dollar's worth of blossom in New York or Chicago on a dark wintry day.

How this exotic migrant from Transvaal in South Africa burgeoned into a thriving Southern California industry is a romance of rainbow chasing, with lucky strikes for some growers and heartaches for others. The luckiest of all are two brothers, Elmer and Clinton Pedley, and Donald F. Briggs, co-owners of the confusingly named co-operative firm, California Birds, Inc.

"Nope, we don't worry much about competition," declared big, explosive Elmer Pedley, an old soldier and jungle oil-well driller. "It takes too long to get going in this game. The first seven years you work for the birds; after that they work for you."

Elmer Pedley uprooted a mature avocado orchard to make room for his neatly cultivated rows of prim Strelitzia plants, which are low-growing cousins of bananas, belonging to the same plant family. But where the bananas choose to blossom into fruit, the birds put their all first into showy flowers, then into beadlike jet-black seeds with orange whiskers. The Strelitzia plants are clumps of stiff-stemmed dark-green leaves. The blossom stems shoot out from the base of the clumps just above the ground—that is, they do if conditions are just right.

"But you can't get birds to flower properly in many places," added Pedley. That Strelitzia is a sensitive, exacting plant has become painfully clear, notably in Santa Barbara County, where hopeful growers plunged on birds. Now, after years of nursing Strelitzia into bearing, the growers here have discovered that the damp fogs spoil the blooms. So now they are uprooting and selling their plants.

But on the Pedley and Briggs farms at Carlsbad, and on the Groen and Vander Bruggen farms at Montebello, the situation is far happier. A six- to ten-acre mature planting of birds on the right sheltered slope is about as profitable a horticultural property as a man can own. Nowadays, that is; it wasn't always so.

The bird industry in California dates from the late '20's, when an exuberant amateur flower grower from Hollywood named Lovell Swisher hit on the idea of cornering the bird-of-paradise market. The Strelitzia plants were rare novelties at the time, growing on old ranchos and estates of the wealthy. The first of them were brought to California in the '80's by tramp sea captains, who seldom get credit for the exotic plants they introduced to the Golden State. The flamboyant flower had been known for long before that, since its discovery in Transvaal by a plant scout from London's Kew Gardens about the time of the Boston Tea Party. But it remained a rarity in the greenhouses of botanical gardens until it acclimated itself outdoors in dry and sunny California gardens.

Sensing that here was a blossom that could be built into a business, Swisher astutely bought up all of the Strelitzia plants that owners were willing to sell, paying up to $300 for single clumps. Before nurserymen caught onto Swisher's plot, he had several hundred birds crowded into his back yard and on a vacant lot he bought next door to his home. Swisher happily spent his dawn and dusk hours hand-pollinating the birds as they burst into flower. Nearly every blossom developed into a pod packed with thirty to forty black, bewhiskered seeds.

Luck played into Swisher's hands when the South Africans clamped an embargo on plants and seeds of Strelitzia. Nurserymen were soon clamoring for seeds. The only man with a surplus was Swisher, sitting on top of more Strelitzia seed than anyone else this side of the equator. He generously agreed to share his seed—at twenty cents per seed. In a single year he harvested 80,000 seeds from his back yard and the vacant lot.

The Swisher bonanza was short-lived. Seed came onto the market from Hawaii, where the bird-of-paradise flowers also thrived, and also from old plants that Swisher hadn't been able to corner. The price dropped to ten cents per seed, then five, finally to three—at which point Swisher unloaded all but a score of his birds on nurserymen and switched to Cymbidium orchids. But the seeds he mass-produced in a few thriving years were the foundation for today's bird-of-paradise industry.

The Briggs bird farm, largest unit in California Birds, Inc., was planted entirely with Strelitzia that came round about from Swisher seed. They were sprouted by one of Swisher's customers, a Los Angeles nurseryman named Manfred Meyberg, who undertook to flood California with small bird plants rather than seed. Meyberg's rainbow, like Swisher's, vanished when he found his nursery so glutted with little Strelitzia in gallon tin cans that they crowded his other plants out of the place. In desperation he appealed to Don Briggs to take the birds and plant them on his spare acres, of which Briggs had plenty, outside Carlsbad.

Briggs, who couldn't see any pot of gold in birds at the time, wasn't very enthusiastic about the idea. But he (Continued on Page 60)

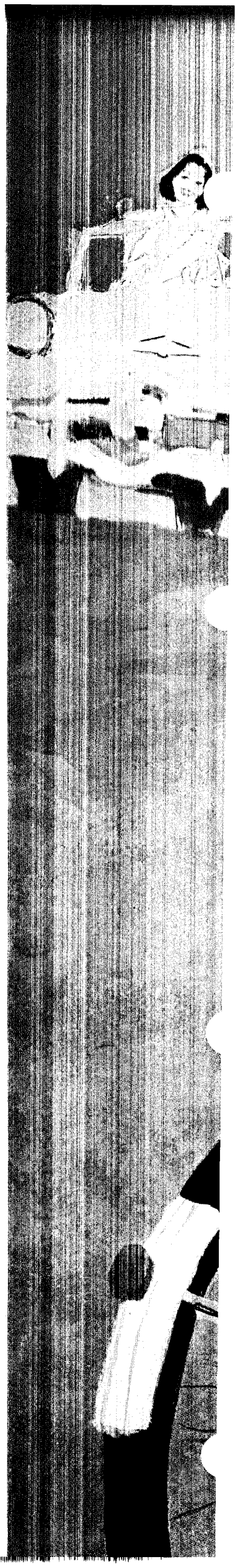
Left: Blossoms such as those in the lady's arms, from this field in Carlsbad, California, retail for as much as two dollars apiece. But when "birds" were first grown commercially, thousands of blooms had to be thrown away because no one wanted to buy them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did
fast cars
and
smart talk
make them
more adult
than
he was?

TOO SLOW FOR THE CROWD

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE



Last summer everyone had ridden on two wheels. Sometimes there were twenty bicycles parked above the path that wound down to Blueberry Cove. Hank Nelson had the best bike, a shining English import, with gears and extra gadgets. Andrea Kendrick's bicycle, like herself, was different from the others. It was turquoise blue, like her wide, laughing eyes; the basket on the handle bars was decorated with flowers made of seashells.

Jerry's bike was O.K. He had selected it from the mail-order catalogue when he was fourteen. He had painted it red the summer he was fifteen, and a neat black last summer. Emily Blair, the solemn little kid who lived next door and who had copied things Jerry did ever since he could remember, painted hers black too.

This summer Jerry's father had been delayed in New York, and it was July before they opened the house in Maine. The first couple of days Jerry was so busy helping put on screens and clean that he didn't see any of the crowd except Emily, who came over ten minutes after they arrived.

"Emily's getting to be a very pretty girl," Jerry's mother said at supper. "How old is she now, Jerry? Sixteen?"

"Um," said Jerry, meaning he couldn't care less. She was sixteen, because she was a year younger than he, but if it was pretty you were looking for, take the first right at the foot of the hill, thought Jerry, who intended doing just that after supper.

It was still light when he bicycled past the Blairs' yellow clapboarded house and coasted down the long hill toward the shore. There were three cars parked outside the Kendrick house, and Jerry wondered whether Andrea's parents were having a party. He propped his bicycle against a tree and ran up the steps.

"Jerry!" cried Andrea, as though she had been counting the minutes until he appeared. She rose from the couch, where she had been sitting between Hank Nelson and a boy Jerry did not know, and walked toward him, both hands held out. A strange girl and another unknown male were watching.

"Hi, Andrea," said Jerry.

She stopped short and looked up at him. "You still have to lean over if you're to kiss me," she said.

He leaned over, agonizingly aware of their audience, and straightened up, dizzy from the touch of her lips and her perfume.

She was laughing. "You're really getting too tall for comfort!" she told him. "Come and sit down where I don't get a crick in my neck looking at you!"

Hank Nelson asked, "Can I get you a drink, Jerry?"

"You don't know all these nice people," Andrea said and introduced him.

Hank inquired, "Scotch?" and Jerry nodded. He felt like Rip Van Winkle. Last summer, when the crowd was together, they played word games or Murder, danced or bicycled to the cove in their bathing suits. Now they sat like a bunch of middle-aged people, sipping their drinks, lighting countless cigarettes and talking.

Jerry tasted his drink and wished that it were ginger ale. The strange girl asked, "Didn't I meet you at Cambridge this spring, Mr. Ames?" She smiled when he said no. "Maybe you just look like a Harvard man." (Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

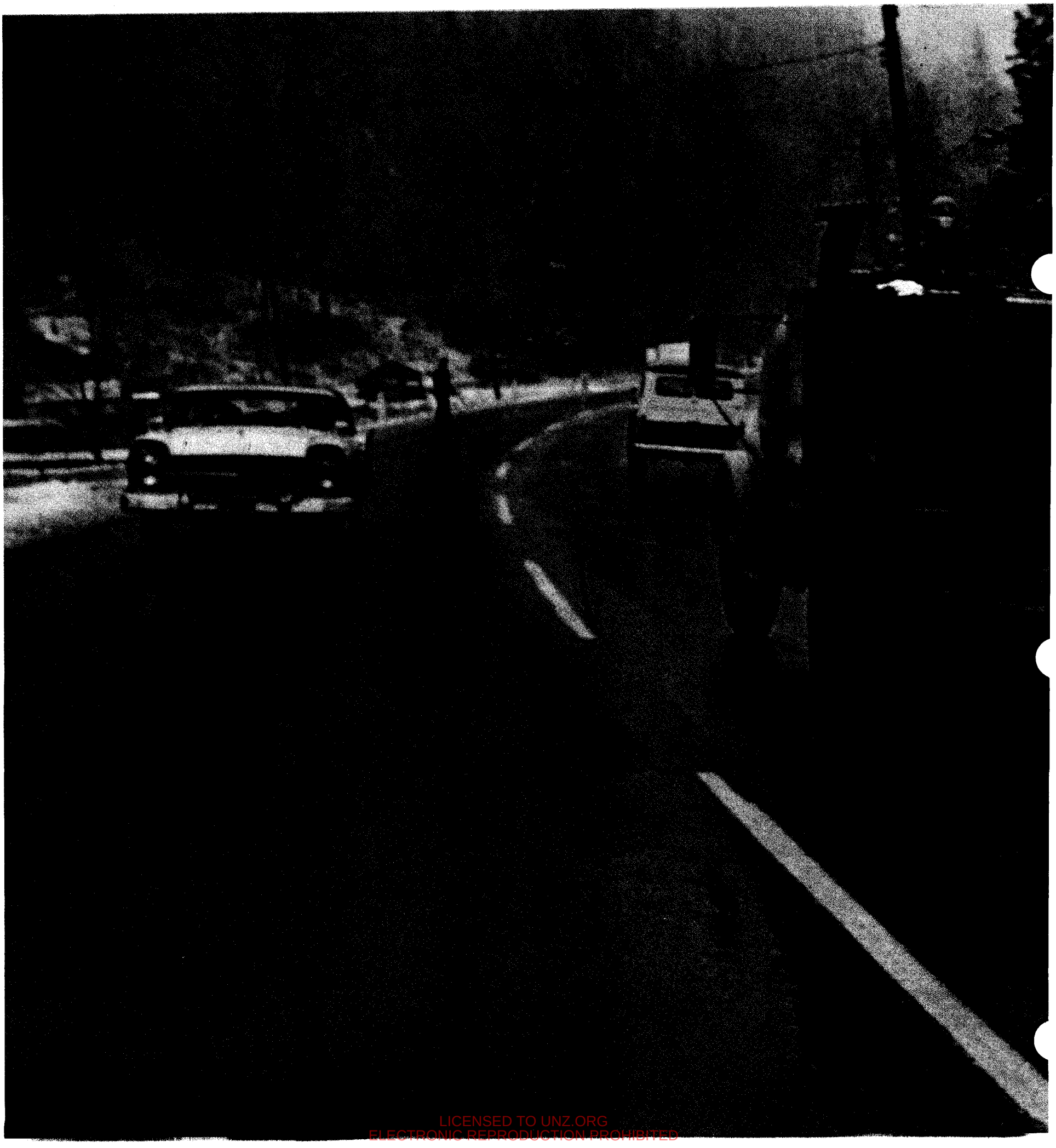
Five heads turned
as Jerry and
Emily appeared.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Infernal Machine

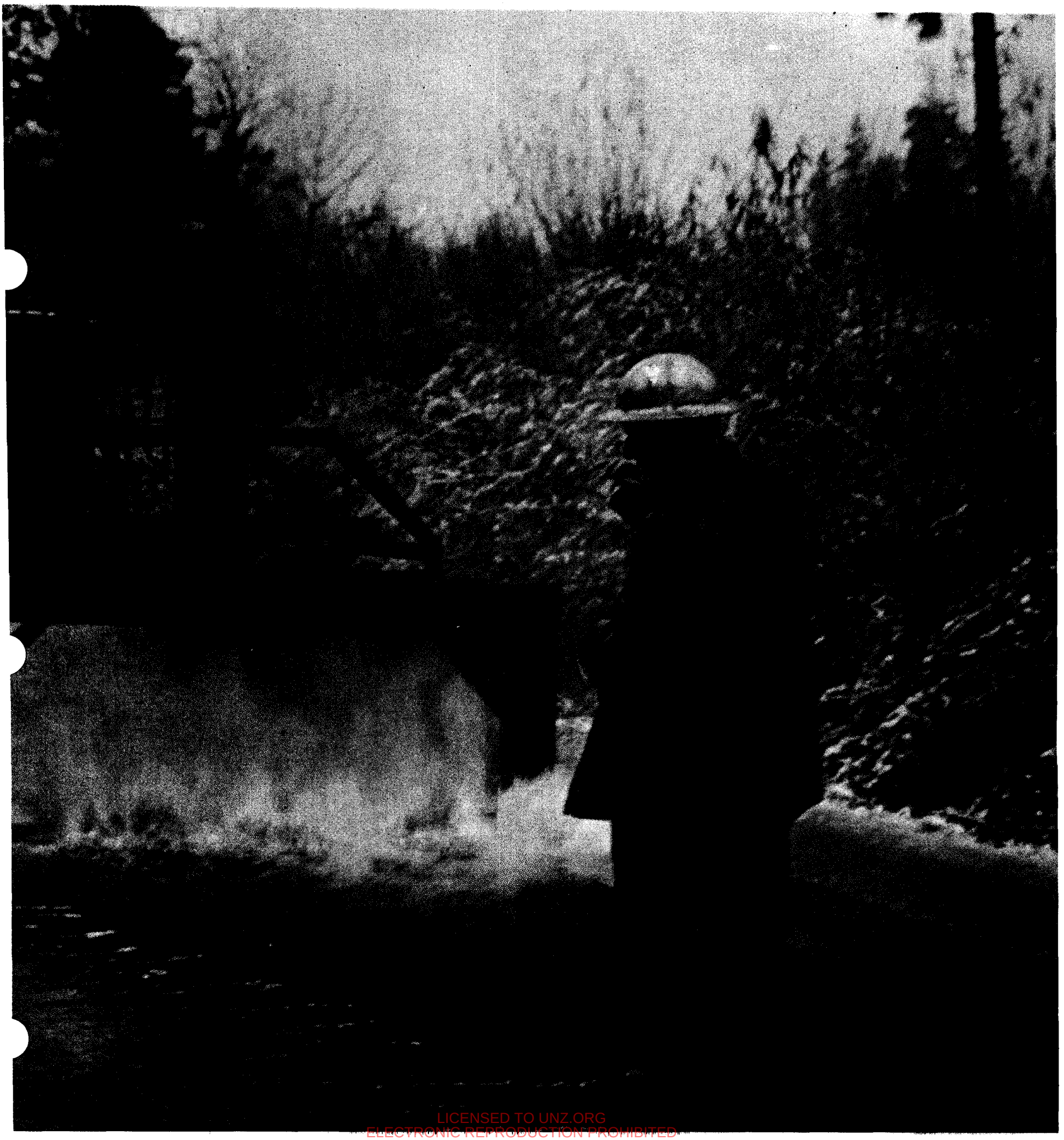
When the Oregon Highway Department lights up this rolling oven it produces real fireworks for passing motorists. Turned up to 1900 degrees, the device—fueled with propane and suspended from a truck—burns off excess asphalt which increasingly heavy traffic has caused to ooze



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of the macadam roadway, slicking over parts of the surface. In wet weather these slick spots become a hazard. To get rid of the danger, the Oregon Highway Department came up with the hot idea of a pavement burner like the one below, shown at work on a section of United States Route 99 near Grants Pass. The unique apparatus was built in the highway department's own shops, for the one specific task of eliminating slick spots—which it does speedily as well as economically. Other states have their tricks of maintenance too, but none so spectacular as Oregon's flame thrower. Since 1958, when the first one was placed in service, the asphalt-burning device has proved so effective that five others have been added to the highway department's maintenance force.

● Photograph by Jack Fields



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cheever began moving downward toward the corner of the building.

Seventeen Stories UP

By
AL HINE

Even for a mountain climber it was a terrifying risk.

I hope the Purple Young girl is satisfac tory," H. (for Hengist) Cheever Burton said to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The celebrated, flamboyant Leopold Stokowski and the author. Of such talented, but often difficult, conductors Nemkov says, "Their love for music—not necessarily for musicians—makes it a joy to play with them."

The late Arturo Toscanini. "Any number of times I saw the maestro break his baton and hurl the pieces at the musicians."

What Maestros Look Like to Me

An accomplished violinist tells his adventures in the colorful concert world while playing for such temperamental geniuses as Toscanini and Stokowski.

By SOL NEMKOV

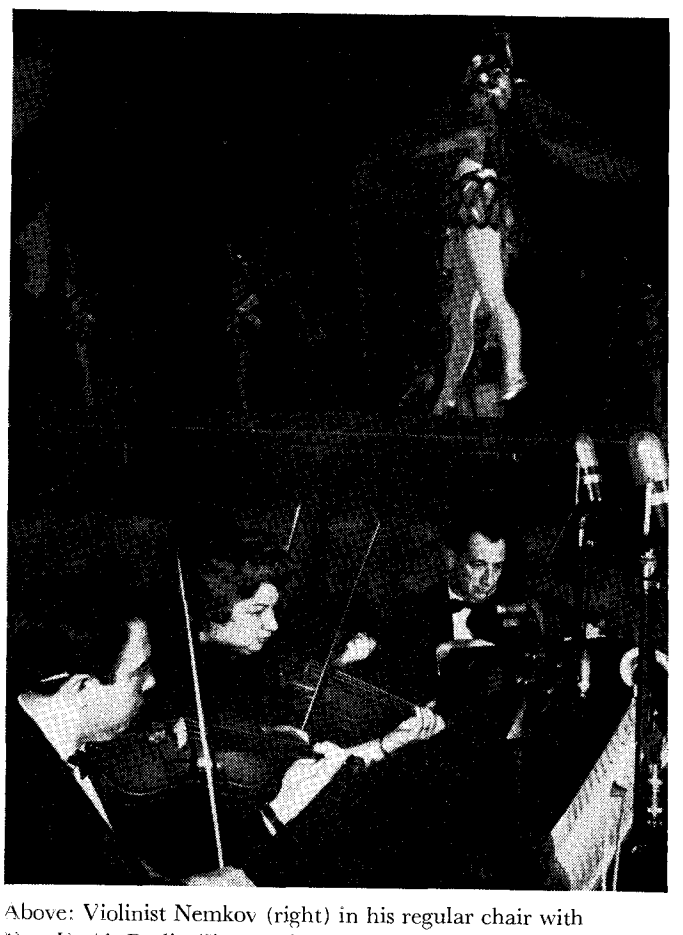
Our conductor, Adolph Dumont, musical head of radio station WGN, Chicago, rapped on his music stand "Gentlemen," he called. Then he raised his baton to give the downbeat. But there was no downbeat. Before the startled eyes of the musicians, the conductor crumpled to the floor.

I was concertmaster of the orchestra at the ime, and my controls must have become twisted, for I went after the baton that had skidded across the floor. It seemed most important to me that I should have the baton ready for Mr. Dumont when he got to his feet. By the time I had retrieved the stick, one of the musicians who was bending over the conductor said in a shaking voice, "I think he is dead."

What happened next was macabre. Mr. Dumont's body was carried out of the studio where our rehearsal had just ended so shockingly and placed on a bench in the reception room, an area separated from the studio by a large plate-glass partition. And there it lay, awaiting a doctor's examination, when the time came for our broadcast a few minutes later. In the tradition—to me idiotic—that the show must go on, we then proceeded to play with a substitute conductor the musical numbers we had rehearsed with Mr. Dumont while his corpse remained in full view of the orchestra.

I've had a fiddler's-eye view of the music orld in all of its (Continued on Page 80)

LUDWIG BECKER PRESENTS
SOLLIE NIEMKOVSKY
IN A VIOLIN RECITAL
SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1917, 3:30 P. M.
CONCERT HALL, LYON & HEALY BUILDING



Above: Violinist Nemkov (right) in his regular chair with New York's Radio City Music Hall symphony orchestra.

Left: Sollie the child prodigy, pictured on the program of a concert he played in Chicago. Nemkov has been a professional violinist since he was fifteen.

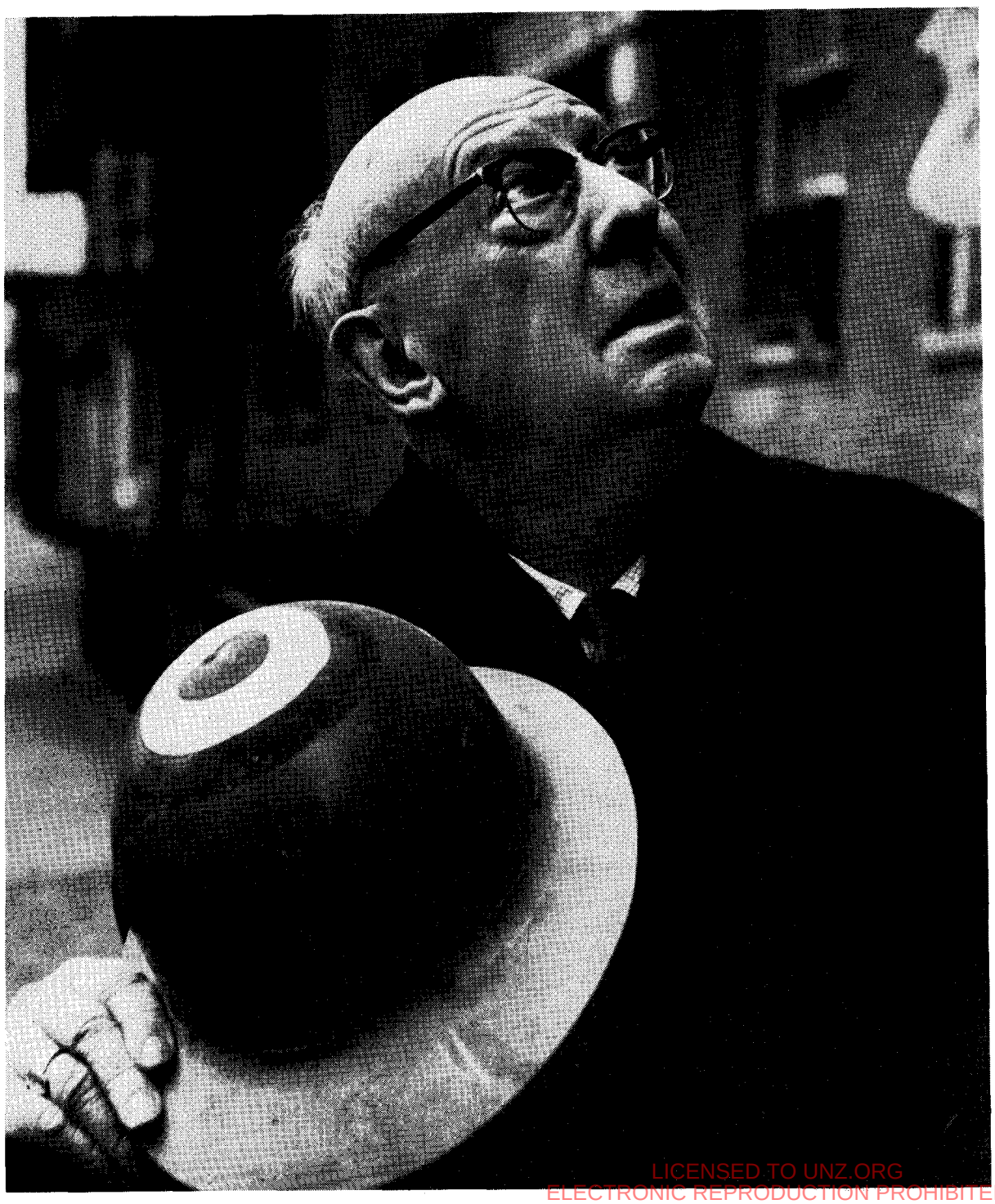
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The intrepid Sutton at his lookout post (the terrace of his apartment on 79th Street). After studying the tangled traffic below, he maps out a path to his office—34 blocks away—like a general planning a battle.

YOU CAN'T LIVE IN NEW YORK

Untold miseries plague those who set up housekeeping in Manhattan, says this long-time resident. Here is his evidence.

By HORACE SUTTON



The Empire State Building amidst the ruins? New Yorkers, used to their city's mania for yanking down buildings, wouldn't be surprised if this optical illusion turned out to be true.

Playwright Marc Connelly has been on guard ever since he was hit on the head by a chair playfully thrown from a roof. After his stitches healed, friends gave him this steel-worker's helmet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unlike Nikita Khrushchev, I don't think we ought to move the UN from New York. I think we ought to move New York. What we must do is start all over again on a new site and give the old place a different name. I was thinking "Ghastlyville" might do.

It is perfectly clear to anyone who has tried it that you can't live in New York. Enough foxholes have been excavated in the city's streets to shelter all the divisions that took part in the Normandy offensive. If you're coming to town, don't bring your car, come in a tank. The barricades erected to keep the citizenry from falling into the trenches would humble the most valiant efforts of the street mobs during the fever days of the French Revolution. And cars caught in the web bellow in frustration. In my inner ear their horns resound likes seventy sick trombones, playing a perpetual fanfare. It's quieter in the parks, but a stroller in those sylvan glens after dark has as much chance as a Chihuahua in the African veld.

Glass towers are rising where people used to live, and people are living where pigs used to be butchered. The rent of a new apartment in Manhattan built in the old slaughterhouse section would prostrate a Saudi prince; the only local types with that kind of money today are psychoanalysts and ladies in spike heels and slacks who walk poodles. I have a terrible feeling that poodles and psychiatrists are taking over in New York.

I stand before you, a born New Yorker, which makes me a zoological species. All counted, I have lived at eight different addresses in Gotham. I spent three recent years teetering on a ledge eleven floors above the city, on a street which I thought, when I rented the place, was an undistinguished thoroughfare likely to be bypassed by honkers, asphalt bashers and late-evening revelers. It is called 63rd Street, which is not a name that men remember. There were no honky-tonks to draw the celebrant and, except for the vacant lot next door, we were residential wall to wall.

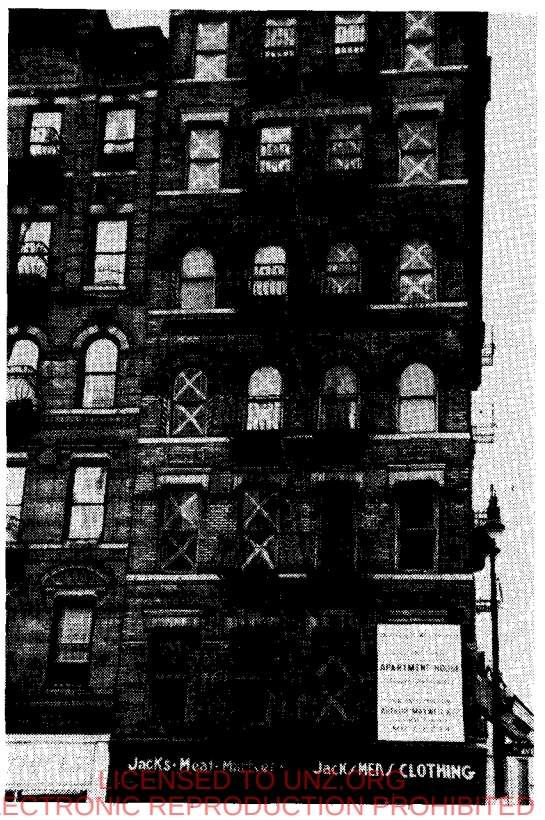
Well, the steam shovels and the pile drivers arrived the first week I moved in and went to work on the empty lot, filling it with a new apartment house, a matter which took a year of daylight drilling and whacking. In the gentle glow of eventide, when the dust settled and the workers had gone home, cars came to nest at the curb. Then, when cabs arrived to drop their fares at our door and at the door of the building across the street, the thoroughfare was sealed off as hermetically as a can of soup, which caused the horns to blow until the moon was on the wane and the sun was on the rise. Reveille is celebrated in New York these frantic days by the commencement of pneumatic drills. If you live here you don't need an alarm clock.

The only way to escape the din of the asphalt bashers is to move (Continued on Page 93)

New wires, pipes and subways mean more holes in New York's streets—and more unhappy drivers in traffic jams.

According to Sutton, ladies with poodles are among the few who can afford Manhattan's exorbitant rentals. "I have a terrible feeling that poodles are taking over in New York," he says.

"The pneumatic noisemaker is becoming the emblematic Sound of New York, the way the bells of Big Ben are The Sound of London."

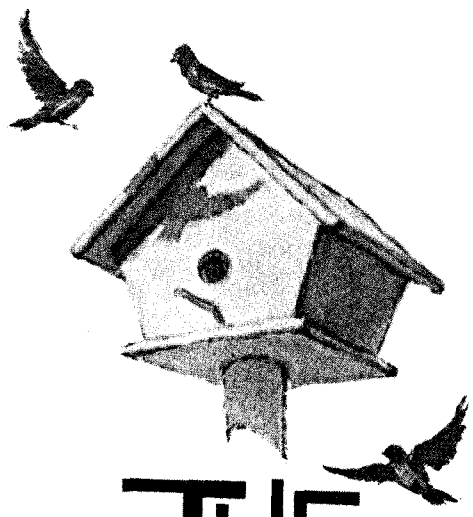


The white *X*'s on this building mean that it will be razed to make way for new construction. To nervous residents on the block, the *X*'s mean only that the jackhammers are coming.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's all right," he said. "You couldn't have known how I felt."



THE HEART MENDER

His calling card didn't say so, but the old man's specialty was repairing broken romances.

By ROBERT F. YOUNG

14 Sycamore Street
Tompkinsville, N. Y.
April 3, 1959

Bluebird Houses, Inc.
P. O. Box 2241
Cove City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Two weeks ago I sent for one of your build-it-yourself bluebird houses. I followed the instructions to a tee, but so far all the house has attracted is sparrows. Please let me know what I can do to correct this situation.

Yours truly,
ELMER ADAMS

BLUEBIRD HOUSES, INC.
P. O. Box 2241 Cove City, New York
April 7, 1959

Mr. Elmer Adams
14 Sycamore Street
Tompkinsville, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Adams: I will arrive in Tompkinsville at 3:25 tomorrow afternoon to personally take care of your bluebird problem. Naturally I assume that you will treat me as your guest during my sojourn in your fair village.

Sincerely yours,
S. SIALIS, *President*

P.S. I will greatly appreciate it if you will arrange to meet me at the Tompkinsville bus terminal.

Elmer spotted him right away. Not that Mr. Sialis looked like a bird expert—or any other kind of expert, for that matter. But he did somehow suggest a bird. He was on the small side and rather scrawny, and the gray suit he was wearing gave the impression that he was beginning to molt. His neck was long and thin, and his white hair—he wore no hat—had receded halfway to his occiput and stuck up like a crest. A pointed nose, plus a pair of far-apart blue eyes, completed the illusion.

Elmer went over to where he was standing by the magazine rack and introduced himself. Mr. Sialis beamed and offered a rather clawlike hand. "Sparrows living in your bluebird house, are there? Well, we'll take care of that!"

"I shoo them away every morning," Elmer said, "but every evening they come back."

Mr. Sialis nodded wisely. "You'd be surprised how many of our customers have the same trouble. Keeps us hopping, I'll tell you!" Then "Do you have a car?"

"It's parked out front," Elmer said. "Here, I'll carry your tool kit for you."

He picked up the oblong case that was standing by the magazine rack and escorted Mr. Sialis outside. "Ordinarily I never travel by bus," Mr. Sialis said, climbing into the car, "but all of the company cars were tied up, so I had no choice. This is our busy season."

Elmer climbed in himself, started the motor and pulled into the afternoon traffic. He turned left down Main and, three blocks later, right down Sycamore Street. His house was a rambling American-colonial affair fronted by an unkempt yard and bordered by overgrown spiraea and forsythia bushes. He bumped into the rutted driveway and turned off the motor. "I hope you'll excuse the looks of the place," he said. "My grandfather left it to me two years ago, and I haven't had a chance to do anything to it yet."

Mr. Sialis asked, "Why did he leave it to you? Aren't your parents living?" (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES STEWART

Brigadier General Stewart, USAFR, on Pentagon duty in his M-day job as deputy director of the Air Force's Office of Information. He won his star in 1959, over the much-publicized protest of Sen. Margaret Chase Smith.

Jimmy and Gloria Stewart with their children in Rome last summer. In front are Judy (left) and Kelly, the Stewarts' nine-year-old twins; next to Gloria are Ronald, 16, and Michael, 14, her sons by a previous marriage.

Conclusion

My Next Sixty Movies

He estimates his future in Hollywood and he cites the problems he shares with veteran film idols such as Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, John Wayne and Spencer Tracy.

By JAMES STEWART
as told to Pete Martin

Like opera singers, heavyweight fighters and best-selling authors, the successful movie actor gets his income, if any, in big chunks. Comes the tax collector, and the performer's wallet is suddenly flattened. That's why actors listen to anyone who says, "I've got a good investment for you, taxwise."

This happened to me one time when I was making a picture in England. I had spent the war years flying for the Army, instead of making films, and I had a new family to support, so I was glad to take advice from my business manager, Guy Gadbois. We have been business associates for twenty-five years and close friends too. Guy is a good man, and it's fine to have him in my corner. One night he rang me from Hollywood on the transatlantic phone to say that he had a line on a Texas ranch. "For tax purposes," he said, "I think you should buy it. The price is reasonable, and it may develop into a tremendous asset."

I told him to go ahead. "But I'm curious about one detail," I said. "What do they do on the ranch?"

"It's a goat ranch," Guy said. "There are a thousand goats already surging around, so you won't have to buy any more."

"What do I do with the goats?" I asked. "Do I sell goat's milk or market goat chops?"

Guy didn't speak up. I waited so long that I thought we'd been disconnected. Finally he said in subdued tones, "I'll call you right back."

It turned out that the goats were not to be eaten or milked. I was supposed to clip them. The product was mohair, a costly type of wool then used in

(Continued on Page 119)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saul came up like an uncoiling spring and butted George back against the tank.

THE PRIVATE WAR AT ANZIO

It was the wrong time and the wrong place to renew a lifelong feud.

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Back in Peach Tree, Oklahoma, people said that the Nemo twins had started fighting with each other twenty minutes after they had been born. That was no reason, Sgt. John Caracas felt, why the two should continue their feud at Anzio. The beachhead provided enough bloody fighting without bringing in private wars.

The vicious German counterattacks of mid-February had ground to a halt, but nobody was kidding himself that this was anything but a lull before another storm broke. The outfit was clinging to the line southwest of Cisterna by its fingernails; the next big German assault could split the beachhead and push the lot of them into the sea.

Sergeant Caracas said that to Lt. Saul Nemo as the two of them squatted in the shelter of a haystack enjoying a brief spell of sun. The battalion was in reserve, a mile behind the front, and Caracas was platoon sergeant of Fox Company's second platoon. The sergeant had seen a lot of war, and things didn't smell right.

"It's too quiet, lootenant," he said, chewing on a straw. "What'd the cap'n go to regiment for—you know?"

Saul Nemo looked thoughtfully at the road which ran to Anzio. He was lanky and in his early twenties and he had a freckled, homely face which was always a little worried. The second platoon (Continued on Page 99)

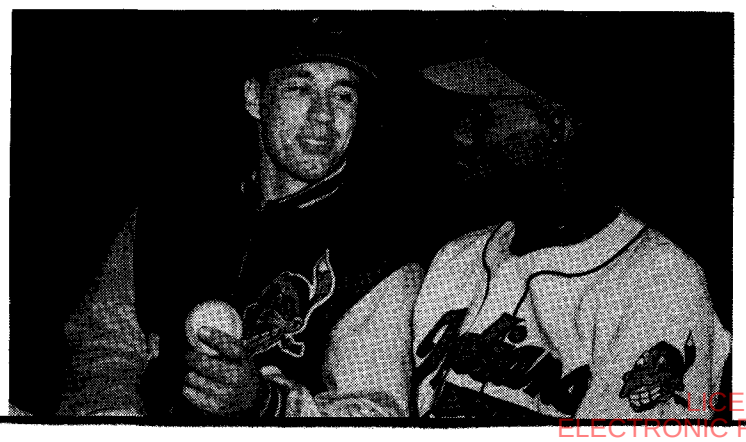
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1956: Ol' Satch, still going strong after thirty years in pro ball, rests in an armchair provided for him by the Miami Marlins of the International League.

MAYBE I'LL PITCH FOREVER

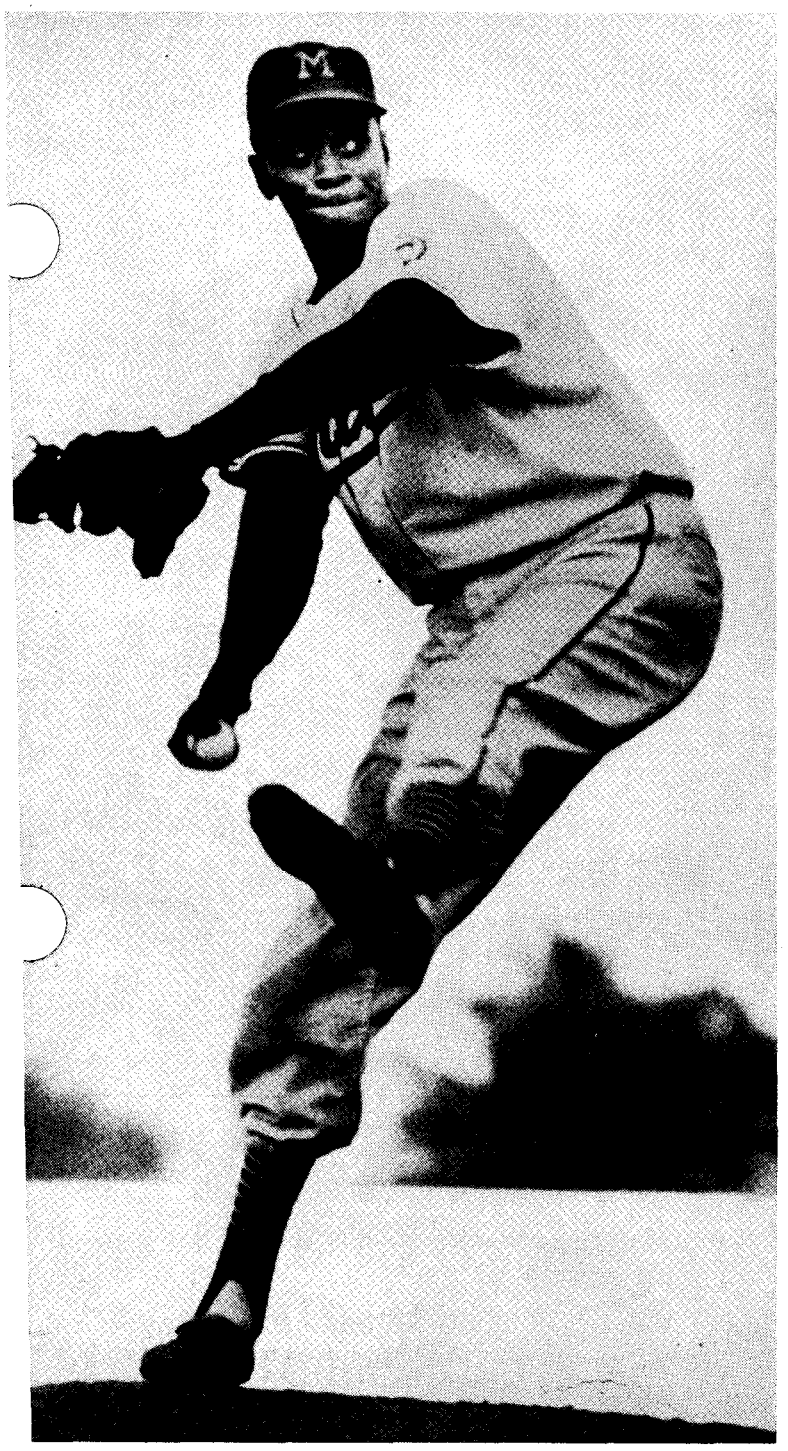
Some say he was the greatest pitcher–Negro or white–of all time. Even during his heyday Satch was a living legend. Here is his own story.

Satch, the 42-year-old "rookie," with Cleveland teammate Bob Feller. The year was 1948, and he was the American League's first Negro pitcher.

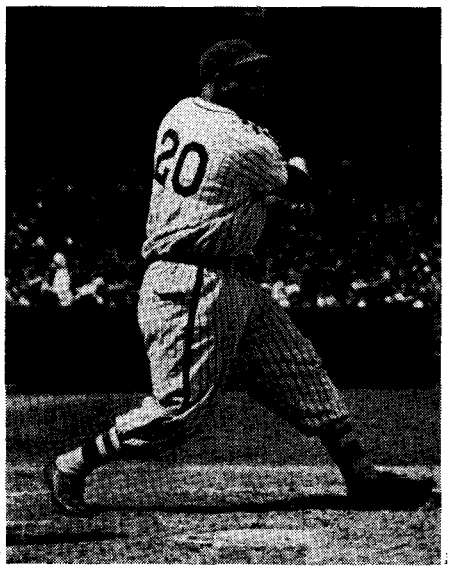


By LEROY (SATCHEL) PAIGE
as told to David Lipman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Paige about to fire his "trouble ball." When he hoists his big foot in a windup "it looks like I've blacked out the sky," he says.



Josh Gibson, a Negro star of the '30's. Satch calls him "the world's greatest hitter," but Josh never made the then all-white majors.

In 1946 Paige had a special plane to fly to lucrative exhibition games. After two harrowing flights he decided to pass up the profits and stay on the ground.

He played a cavalry sergeant in *The Wonderful Country*, a film starring Robert Mitchum (above, on location in Mexico).

He hopes his son LeRoy Jr., 8, will be a pitcher. Satch also has 5 daughters.

A DOUBLE-LENGTH ARTICLE

Most of the players were already in the Cleveland Indians' locker room when I got there for our baseball game with the Chicago White Sox on Friday night, August 20, 1948. The Indians'd won seven in a row and had three straight shutouts. With that kind of luck, any player should be goose loose. But Ol' Satchel Paige wasn't. And for a guy who'd already thrown in better than 2000 professional games, that funny feeling in my stomach was a mighty unusual thing.

But this was a mighty unusual game for me. First of all, even this early we already knew there'd be more people out there than ever before at a major-league night game. And if I pitched a shutout, it would tie the American League team record of four shutouts in a row.

I'd been working up to this kind of a setup for a month, since Bill Veeck signed me about six weeks before. That was the day I celebrated my forty-second birthday. Some liked to say I was forty-two going on forty-nine. Two days later I became the first Negro ever to pitch in the American League and the fourth ever to play in the league.

Since then I'd won four and lost only one. In my last game I'd shut out these same Chicago White Sox. But this was my real chance to show all those people who said I was too old to be in the majors, who said I never really had the ability anyway.

When they finished counting the crowd, there were 78,382 there. It was all noise, like a dream. Nine innings later the fans were yelling the roof off the place. I'd pitched the shutout. I'd given up three hits, struck out five and walked one. In the locker room the baseball writers all headed for me.

"Looks like you're rookie of the year, Satch," one of them said. Well, if I was, I was a little rusted up. You get rusted when you got to come all the way from the slums of Mobile, Alabama; from hiding from truant officers and cops; from reform school. And while I was coming all that way I guess I'd been a lot of things people said I was—a no-good kid, a guy who left his team when the money looked better someplace else, a chaser. I'd been those things, but I also'd been a fine pitcher—one of the best ever.

I was born July 7, 1906. After I hit the top those writers played guessing games with my age. I never put a stop to it, and my family and my buddies didn't help, because they kept giving different dates. But there's a birth certificate in Mobile saying I was born July 7, 1906. Now, I know it's made out for a LeRoy Page, but my folks started out by spelling their name "Page" and later stuck in the "i" to make themselves sound more high-tone. There are all kinds of other dates floating around, but July 7, 1906, is it.

Our place on South Franklin Street was called a "shotgun" house because the four rooms were one behind the other—just a straight shot from the front door to the back. I was the seventh of eleven children in that little shack. My dad, John, was a gardener, but he liked to be called a landscaper. My mom, Lula, who still was telling folks how to behave when she (Continued on Page 104)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

The Wise and Foolish Versions

(About last summer's vacation)

HIS	HERS
We were driving along one night somewhere in Arizona on Route 66, and suddenly this great big bear came right up the road at us. I had to get out and shoo him away.	It was in Utah, and it was around noon. This cute little cub came over to the car, and I gave him a couple of oranges. Fred cranked up the window on his side so fast that he broke the handle.
Well, for the first time in our lives we got into Old Mexico. When we got into a quaint little village, I tried my high-school Spanish on the man who ran the curio store. You should see the solid-silver spurs that I picked up for a few pesos.	That was a quaint little village all right—Tijuana. The man in that place spotted Fred the minute we got out of the car. It took Fred two days to figure out that he paid over fifty dollars for those spurs. They don't even jingle-jangle. They just go "clunk."
We had a swell motel the day before we pulled into L. A. Just imagine a private pool, free TV and free breakfast.	All as advertised. You had your choice of lines running up and down or sideways on TV. Breakfast included food and drink—a doughnut and a cup of coffee. The pool was private because there was room for only one person at a time.
I kept kind of rough records, but I know darn well we got at least 20.8 miles to the gallon.	My records show that we used 20.8 gallons of oil.
We were sitting in some little bar in Hollywood, and I left for a minute to get some cigarettes. So this bozo comes over to Stella and says, "Ain't I seen you in some picture with Charlton Heston?"	It was a natural mistake, dear.

WALTER W. ARNDT

See You Later

I see the first crocus in bud,
  With snow still a threat and a worry;
This harbinger show-off that blooms in the mud
  Is always too much in a hurry.
I see the first robin of spring,
  His tail feathers frosted and frowzy;
To me, overcoated, this means not a thing
  Except that his timing is lousy.

WILLIAM W. PRATT

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Crepes suzette."

Let Me Guess: This Door Leads to Your Laboratory

I'm sure that any person who has watched horror films (I mean, the ones that are meant to be) on television will recognize the following typical bits of dialogue which seem to run through all of them:

"But, surely, Stoneleigh, you don't believe all these fantastic legends!"
"I don't know what I believe any more."

"I hate to say this, Whitesides, but I've come to the conclusion that we're dealing with the living dead."
"The . . . living . . . dead?"

"And I want you to promise to remember, Penelope, that, no matter what happens when the moon rises, I love you very much."
"Oh, Henry, I'm so frightened! Hold me tight!"

"It's our only chance, Hanscom! Try to communicate with the monster! Try to make him understand that ——"
"We friendly! We friendly! You friendly! We friendly! We ——"

"The villagers are scouring the countryside, Dr. Roggo!"
"The fools! The idiots!"

"What was *that?*"
"What was what?"

VERNON H. KURTZ

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, nothing much . . . just sitting around waiting for the kids to grow up."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To make the best, begin with the best —then cook with extra care"

The Who's Who of a Campbell flavor

It takes many special skills to bring you better food at such a low price

There are a lot of you who like our foods, we're happy to say, and we thought you might like this little glimpse of a Campbell's "who's who."

After all, it's *people* who make things what they are. And the greater the skill and personal interest our good people bring to our good foods, the more enjoyable, nourishing and reasonably priced they are.

We use good ingredients—the best, we honestly believe. But it takes special people to be sure they're the best. Campbell scientists who sometimes work for years to make one improvement in one vegetable. Campbell growers, fieldmen, buyers—all with the conscience and skill that helps us begin with the best.

Then, as we say, we "cook with extra care." This, too, is a matter of people. Great chefs . . . cooks . . . home economists . . . even flavor scouts who travel the world to keep us in touch with other good cooking. People who *know* good food, and have the art and dedication needed to produce it.

These are just some of the people behind a Campbell flavor. There are others, all making their contribution in their own special ways, and all working with one thought in mind: *"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."*

1. Grower 2. Home Economist 3. Cook 4. Fieldman 5. Scientist 6. Flavor Scout 7. Buyer 8. Chef 9. The Campbell Kid who represents so many, many more of us.

Campbell's Quality

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COYOTE: World's Champion People Taunter

Most people loathe this wily canine for his sleep-shattering howl and his predatory habits. Yet there are some who claim he is one of man's best friends.

By Bill O'Hallaren

On clear evenings a familiar, lonesome cry is often heard in the hills above Hollywood, a cry which suggests to some a banshee that has lost its way to the year's best party. To the human residents in their hillside perches, the cry is a clear call to lost sleep and apoplectic rages. It means Old Stupid, the coyote, has started his nightly hunt. The collective force of the human ill wishes rises like a vapor, but Old Stupid never seems to mind.

By any reasonable standards, Old Stupid's hunting methods would seem a disgrace to his breed. He is noisy. He paws the dirt like a dyspeptic buffalo. He advertises his hunger to all the gophers, ground squirrels, rabbits and rattlesnakes within sound of his voice. Worst of all, he never seems to catch anything.

Old Stupid usually starts at the top of a hill, and sometimes on moonlight nights residents can see him bumbling along up there, flicking his oversized tail and practicing variations on mess call. After his silhouette disappears, it's possible to chart his progress downhill by ear, which is exactly what the smaller creatures of the hillside do, bounding away in the general direction of a far draw, presumably chuckling to themselves. Sooner or later, from that draw, there will be a quick scuffle of sound and perhaps an agonized cry, the cry of a wild creature caught between powerful jaws.

At the sound of the capture, a surprising change overcomes Old Stupid. Suddenly he is just another coyote and courses down the hill as silently as a moon shadow. At the draw he joins Mrs. Stupid for a quiet supper, and afterward they lope back to the top of the hill for a few hours of contented moon baying and people taunting before the sun sends them to bed.

Old Stupid and his lady illustrate two principal characteristics of the coyote: an ability to survive and even to multiply despite the rapid shrinkage of our wild lands, and a faculty for stirring the most intense reactions from humans, most of them murderous.

Old Stupid and family occupy brushy hillsides hardly a mile square. Their pitiful domain is ringed by masses of people, homes, cars and streets. He can, whenever he wishes, look down on the Hollywood Freeway, and he has, on occasion, trotted across it, a feat few other creatures could hope to accomplish. He and his mate could, if they wished, make an escape to Griffith Park, a comparatively huge reserve to the east, but they are apparently as determined to hold out in their overcrowded homestead as any other Californians.

In the course of Old Stupid's tenure, residents have done almost everything to get rid of him short of leveling his hills, and even that is under earnest consideration. He has been the object of dumdum bullets and protest meetings. When he howls at night, protests are made to the police, letters are composed to the editor, warning shots are fired and sometimes, in moments of final desperation, residents have been known to howl back.

The police have tramped over the hills looking for him, and huge, warlike dogs have been sent forth to massacre him. A community newspaper has made his elimination a No. 1 editorial goal, bracketing him with smog and Communism, and its editors, ladies all, describe him as something of a cross between a sabertoothed tiger and a giant timber wolf.

It is the complaint of his enemies that Old Stupid, in league with his mate, represents the greatest breach of the public peace since the invention of the motorcycle. The charges are that, in addition to being fierce wild animals, they spoil the night with their howls, destroy cats, harass dogs and represent a threat to the safety of children and the sanity of adults.

The war of Old Stupid versus the Outraged Majority of Humans is one that has been fought along the outskirts of many cities west of the Missouri and is familiar to tens of thousands of farms and ranches. For various reasons the coyote dotes on living alongside man, the closer the better. (Continued on Page 96)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright 1961 by The Seven-Up Company

7UP®

When problems begin to pile up... brace yourself with this quick, refreshing lift!

Are you feeling cope-less? Don't just sit there—fight back! Have a chilled 7-Up! You'll get brand new energy in just 2 to 6 minutes. You'll get a fresh, clean taste in your mouth. And best of all—suddenly, mysteriously—you'll feel brighter and better about everything! Whenever you need a new outlook, "fresh up" with 7-Up! It's *always* 7-Up time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER

The evidence against Perry Mason's client was overwhelming. Was Mason just too proud to admit defeat?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

At the preliminary hearing in the case of the People versus Susan Fisher, Susan stood accused of murdering Ken Lowry, manager of the Mojave Monarch Mine.

A woman claiming to be Amelia Corning, owner of the mining company, had phoned Susan the day of the murder to give her instructions to be at certain places at certain times. Susan, the company manager's secretary, became the murder suspect because she followed "Miss Corning's" orders.

Perry Mason, Susan's attorney, thought she had been framed. But thus far in the hearing he had been able to cast doubt on the testimony of only one of the prosecution's witnesses.

CONCLUSION

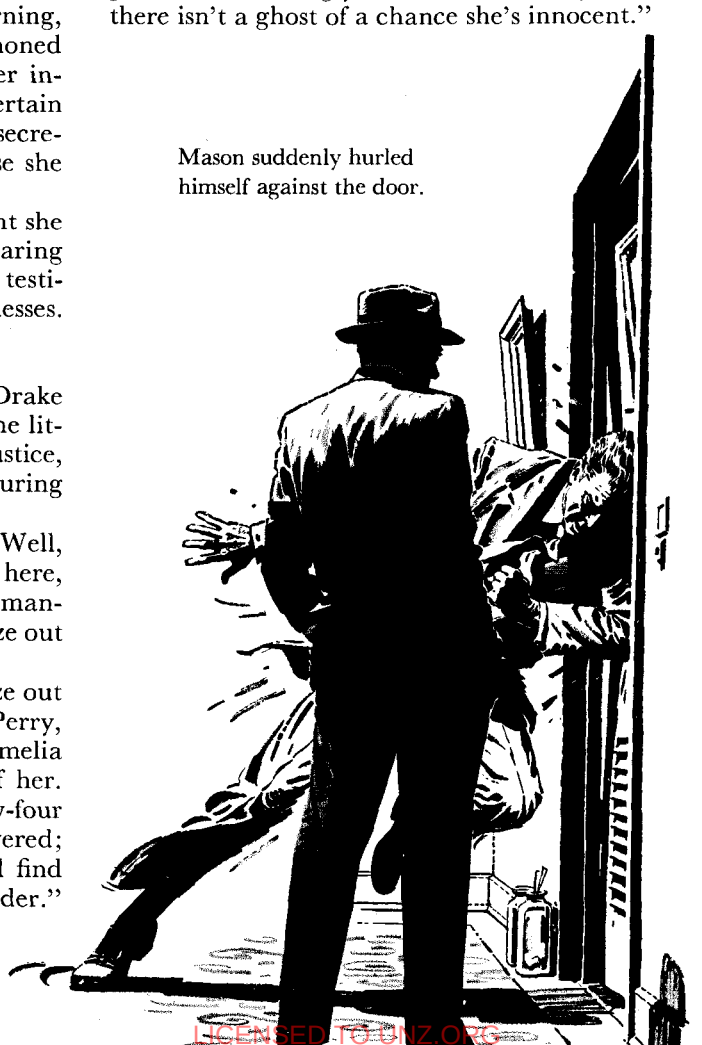
Perry Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake gathered in the private dining room of the little French restaurant near the Hall of Justice, where they so frequently had lunch during Mason's court cases.

Mason looked around and said, "Well, we've had some very great near defeats here, but usually during the lunch hour we've managed to get our heads together and squeeze out of the trap someway."

"This is one you're not going to squeeze out of," Drake said. "Your client is guilty, Perry, and what's more, she probably lured Amelia Corning out someplace and disposed of her. I'm betting that within another twenty-four hours Amelia Corning's body is discovered; and when that body is discovered, you'll find your client is charged with another murder."

"She may be charged with a murder," Mason said, "but that doesn't mean she's guilty."

"Perry, how can you say that? The evidence points so unerringly and so damningly that there isn't a ghost of a chance she's innocent."



Mason suddenly hurled himself against the door.

Mason said, "That's because you're looking at the evidence from the standpoint of the prosecution. Now, let's start doing a little detective work. What have you been able to find about Ken Lowry's telephone calls?"

"No outgoing calls," Drake said, "and we haven't been able to trace any incoming calls."

"We know that he had one incoming call," Mason said. "That was from Endicott Campbell. Campbell has testified to that. Now, then. Campbell either said something which started Lowry rushing to Los Angeles, or else there was another call right after Campbell's call. When Della Street and I left him, he had no intention of coming to Los Angeles. He must have received another call immediately after we were there."

"All right," Drake said. "Your client met him as soon as he arrived, took him out and murdered him and was back with the car by eight-fifteen."

"It doesn't leave her enough time," Mason said. "She would have had to have Lowry meet her at the scene of the murder."

"Well, is anything wrong with that?" Drake asked. "Lowry returned to his cabin and the mine. There was a call waiting for him. The voice of Susan Fisher, a voice he had come to know, instructed him that he'd pulled a boner talking with you and told him to drive to Hollywood at once, then on to this designated spot. Your client had written out the directions in shorthand.

"You and Della went to Los Angeles, to the hotel, then out to Hollywood. Lowry could have taken a short cut through Burbank and saved at least half an hour."

Mason said, "We're going to have to find out about that call. Let's see if we can trace it down."

"If we do," Drake said, "we'll find it was a call from your client and—well, then what are you going to do, Perry? Are you going to try to suppress the evidence or are you going to put it in the hands of the officers?"

"That," Mason told him, "brings up a difficult question of ethics. An attorney shouldn't suppress evidence. On the other hand, he shouldn't go around digging up evidence against his client. However, the evidence may not be against my client. How about giving your office a ring and see if they've uncovered something?"

Drake called for a telephone, which was then plugged in, and gave the number of his office to the operator and said, "Hello. Paul Drake talking. What have you found out? . . . O.K., let me have it."

Drake's eyes narrowed. He made notes, then said, "O.K. I'm here at the usual restaurant in the private dining room. Call me if anything turns up."

Drake hung up the telephone and said, "Well, we've got it, but it's a peculiar lead."

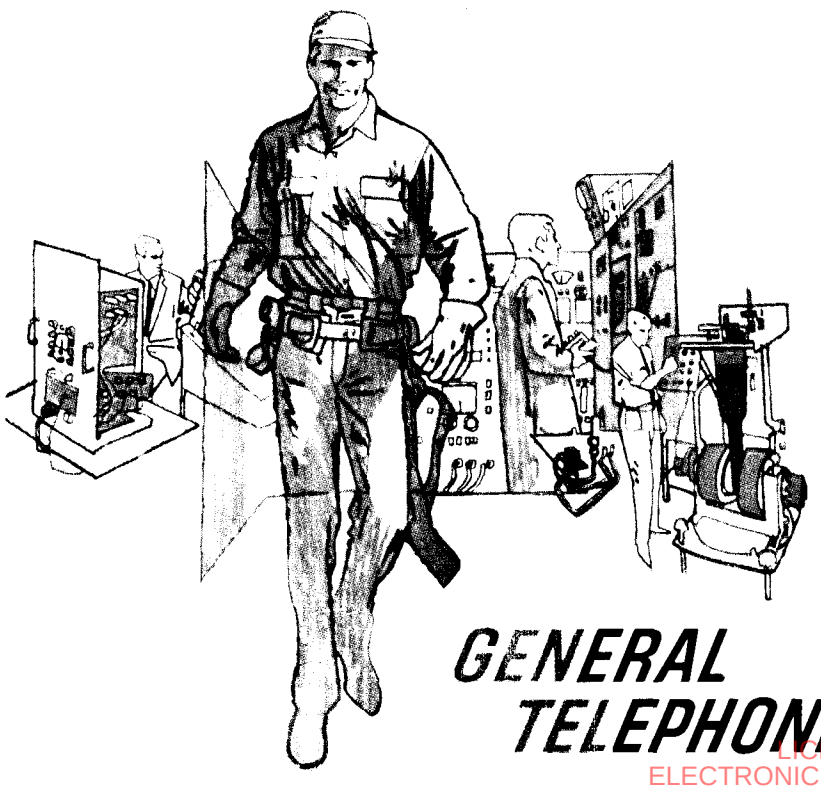
"What is it?" Mason asked.

"Long distance from Los Angeles was calling Kenneth Lowry on Sunday afternoon, probably at about the time you were talking with him at Mojave. Lowry didn't answer his telephone at first. The calling party told the operator to keep trying, and the call was finally completed after about twenty minutes. We managed to trace the call. It was a call that was placed from a telephone booth. It was a woman's voice, and the woman said she would wait until he

(Continued on Page 49)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bright idea with a glowing future



At Gen Tel, research is put to work to advance communications through sight as well as sound.

Our compact Starlite* phone, for example, utilizes a whole new source of light that marks a milestone in visual communications. Called PANELESCENT® (electroluminescent) lighting, it produces light without heat, has no bulb to turn on or off, and costs less than 1¢ a year for electricity!

Applied to the handsome Starlite phone, PANELESCENT lighting glows at night to guide your steps and let you answer or dial in the dark.

Pioneered and developed by the Lighting Products Division of our subsidiary, Sylvania, this dramatic new light opens up almost infinite product possibilities in sight communication. Already it is being used for clock faces, radio dials, automobile instrument panels and road signs.

It is another example of the way General Telephone & Electronics coordinates the scientific and engineering leadership of many divisions in order to make telephone progress.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Avenue, N.Y. 17.

*Trade Mark

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flameless Electric Clothes Drying is odorless

Here you see how pleased you can be with the fresh, clean smell of clothes dried by flameless electricity. There are no fuel odors to linger in your laundry. And the heat is so gentle, so controlled, you can dry anything from fine woolens to your best lingerie without a worry. By using a flameless electric dryer, your family will enjoy one more of the wonderful benefits of modern total electric living. *See your electric appliance dealer today.*

Flameless electric clothes drying is odorless

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

This Medallion on a house identifies it as a total electric home in which a modern family enjoys a new concept of living comfort

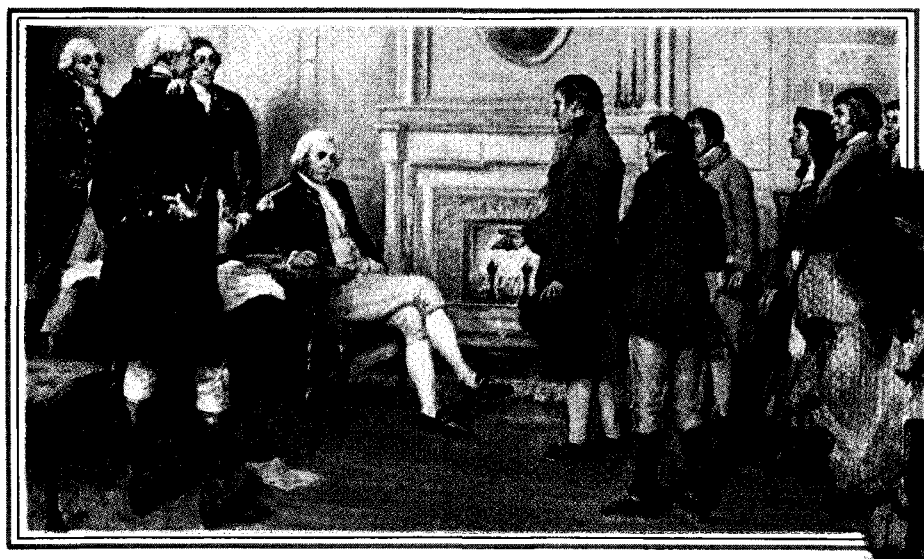
Sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They're so pleased with the freshness of clothes
from a flameless electric dryer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS



American youths protest to British General Gage against harassment by his troops. Boston, 1769-70. Painting by F. C. Yohn.

"This nation will survive . . . if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold."

William Allen White

Freedom of speech is a major part of our heritage. This freedom is deep in the American tradition—we must never allow it to be taken for granted.

What their hearts hold, *William Allen White has said. So long as we dare release the protest in our hearts—as did the young Americans standing before General Gage—our nation will prosper. Only the muteness of indifference and ignorance can open the floodgates of oppression against us.*

America Fore Loyalty Group

The Continental Insurance Company • Firemen's Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey • Fidelity-Phenix Insurance Company
Niagara Fire Insurance Company • The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York • National-Ben Franklin Insurance Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.
Milwaukee Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wis. • Commercial Insurance Company of Newark, N. J. • The Yorkshire Insurance Company of New York
Seaboard Fire & Marine Insurance Company • Niagara Insurance Company (Bermuda) Limited • Royal General Insurance Company of Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the Spurious Spinster

(Continued from Page 44)

answered. Evidently this woman sat there by the phone booth for twenty minutes before the call was completed. It was a day-station call, and the woman deposited toll charges. Now, then, Perry, the location of that telephone booth is within two blocks of your client's apartment. She evidently didn't want to put the call through from her apartment, so she walked two blocks and put it through from a telephone booth."

"What name was given?" Mason asked.

"She told the operator it was a Miss Smith calling."

"I wonder if the police have that."

"No, I don't think so, Perry."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Now we know why Lowry drove into town. He drove in to meet somebody. It was a matter of major importance, because he must have left the minute he got that telephone call. He must have been right behind us on the road."

"And Susan Fisher picked up Amelia Corning there in the alley," Drake said, "and went off with her, then picked up Ken Lowry. We know what happened to Lowry. Good heavens, Perry, this woman must be a fiend. In order to cover a defalcation of a large sum of money, she's committed two murders and ——"

"Now, wait a minute," Mason interrupted. "Let's not condemn her of two murders before we know what the evidence is. She tells me that she absolutely did not have Ken Lowry in the car with her that night, that she had never met Ken Lowry, that she doesn't know what he looked like; and she tells me that she didn't pick up Amelia Corning there in the alley."

"Phooey!" Drake said. "There's too much evidence against her. Gosh, you could see Hamilton Burger just sitting there and beaming. This is one case that he has dead open and shut, and he had to come into court personally so that he could have his picture in the papers when Mason loses a case."

"We won't be losing a case," Mason said. "This is just a preliminary hearing. The only purpose is to determine whether there is sufficient evidence that a crime has been committed and evidence that tends to connect the defendant with the commission of the crime."

"I know," Drake said, "but remember, in the popular mind it's a case—and one that you've lost."

"He hasn't lost it yet, Paul," Della Street said sharply.

Mason said, "There are certain things about this case that puzzle me."

"Such as what?" Drake asked.

"Oh, the way this woman acted who showed up at the airport Saturday morning. Of course, that was an unusual procedure, sitting there in a wheel chair with her baggage all around her. I wish we could find out more about that woman."

"She was a ringer," Paul Drake said.

"But a clever ringer," Mason pointed out, "and she was very adept at the use of a wheel chair. She could send it whizzing around ——"

"How do you know?" Drake asked.

"Susan Fisher described it to me in detail," Mason said.

Drake's smile was skeptical. "I wouldn't build any hopes or any case on anything that was said by Sue Fisher."

"What additional evidence does the prosecution have?" Della Street asked.

"Only the murder weapon," Mason said. "They'll put that in; they'll tie that up with Susan Fisher and then rest."

"Are you going to put on any evidence?"

"I don't think so," Mason said. "There's no use putting on Susan Fisher and letting her deny all this stuff."

"You try to put her on the stand, and Hamilton Burger will rip her to pieces on cross-examination," Drake warned. "That's why Burger is sitting so smugly in court."

"Ordinarily," Mason said, "there's nothing to be gained by putting a defendant on the stand in a preliminary hearing, but —— Hang it, I wish I knew something more about that ringer who took the part of Amelia Corning."

"She went to the Union Station," Drake said, "and simply disappeared. She didn't go out in any taxicab. Therefore she must have gone out in a private car. Someone was there waiting for her, and she probably simply took off her dark blue glasses, got up out of the wheel chair, folded the wheel chair and walked around just like any normal human being."

Abruptly Mason snapped his fingers. "There's one thing you didn't try," he said.

"What?"

"Chartered limousines."

"What do you mean?"

"For a short trip you take a taxicab," Mason said. "For a long trip you charter a limousine with a driver. Ring your office, Paul. Get them to cover the different limousine services. See if they received a call on Saturday afternoon about five o'clock to make a trip to Mojave."

Drake put through the telephone call, instructed his office to cover the situation, then hung up.

"Well," Della Street said, "I don't know about you, but I'm going to eat."

Drake sighed. "I think I had better take aboard some groceries while the moment is opportune. Sad experience teaches me that these cases take unexpected twists; subsequent developments always result in greasy, soggy hamburger sandwiches in place of well-cooked meals."

They gave their orders to the waiter, settled down around the table and, after the food was served, ate in moody silence. At twenty minutes past one the telephone rang for Paul Drake.

Drake listened, made notes, said, "O.K., I guess that's it."

He hung up the telephone, turned to Mason and said, "O.K., Perry, you're clairvoyant."

"Go on," Mason said, his manner showing suppressed excitement. "Let's have it."

"Saturday afternoon, four-forty-five the A-to-Z Limousine Service received a call to have a limousine at the garage entrance at the Union Depot. They were instructed to have the limousine full of gasoline and be

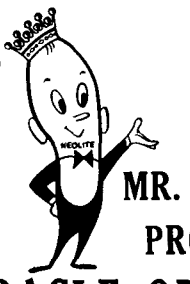
(*Continued on Page 51*)

Turnabout

By Pegasus Buchanan

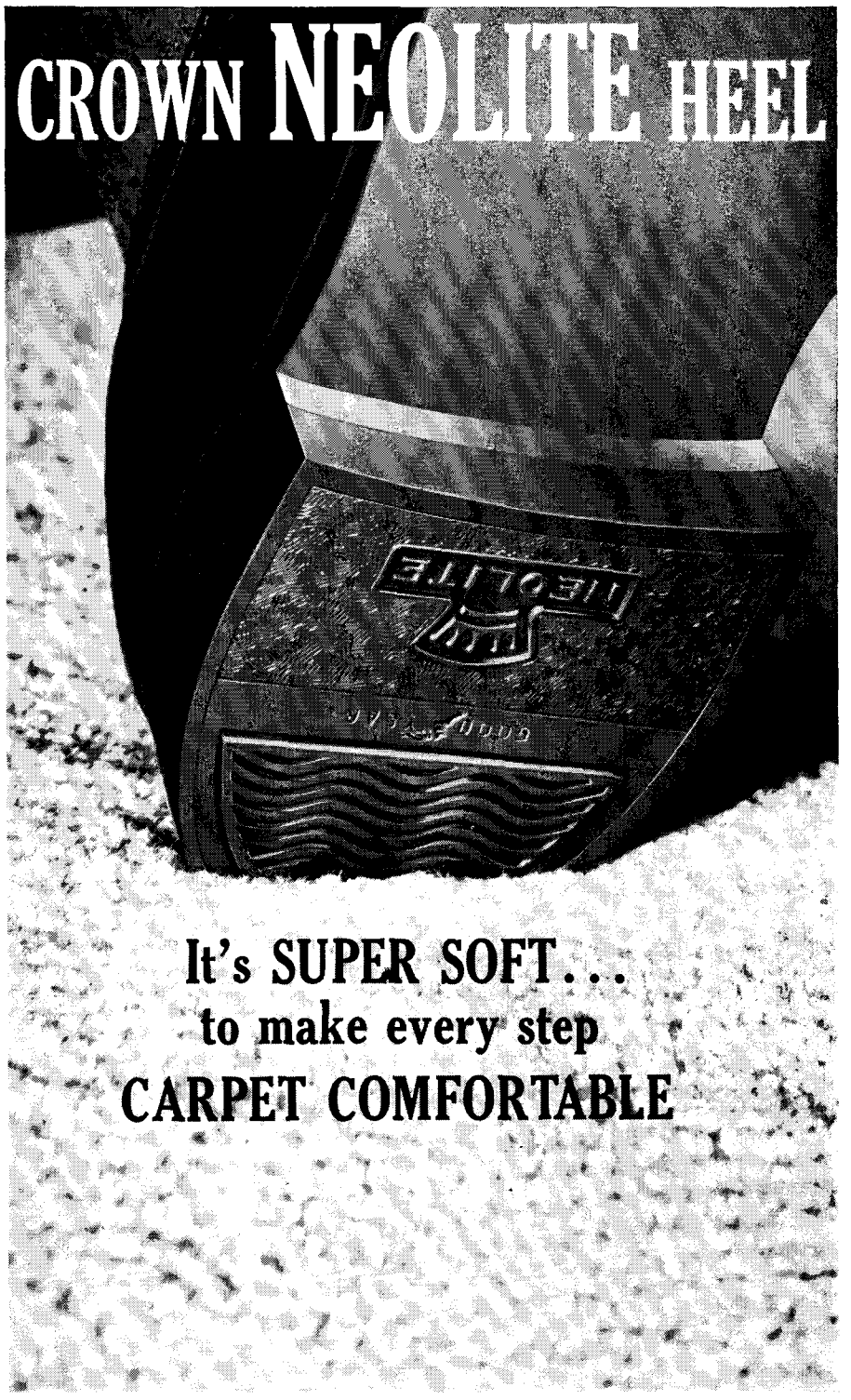
She told her darkest secrets,
And I told mine.
Oh, it was fine
To be such friends,
But somewhere down the
line
Such friendship ends
In black design:
I tell her darkest secrets,
And she tells mine.

GOODYEAR



MR. NEOLITE
PROUDLY ANNOUNCES
A NEW MIRACLE OF WALKING COMFORT!

CROWN NEOLITE HEEL



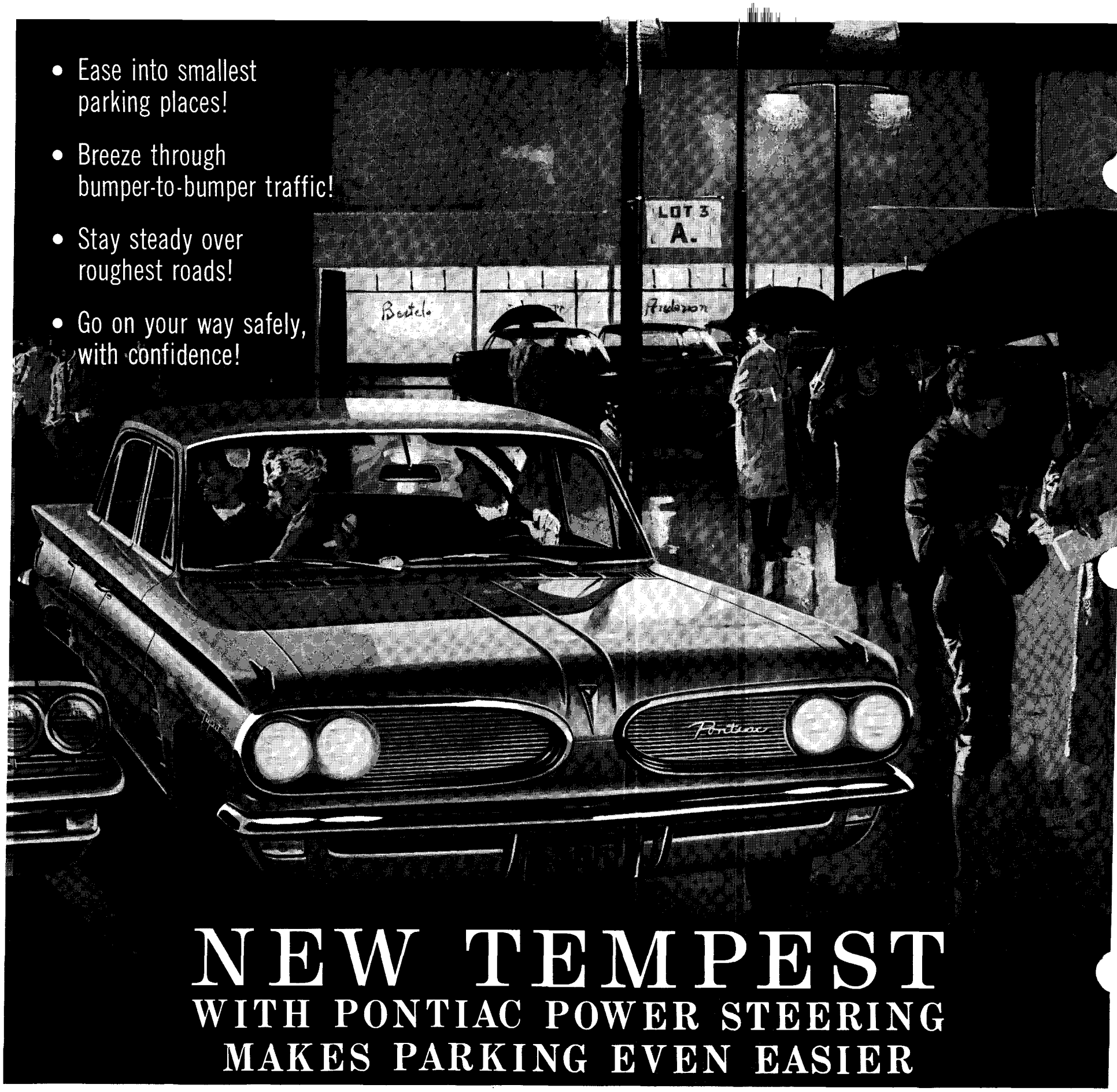
It's SUPER SOFT...
to make every step
CARPET COMFORTABLE

...AND IT'S POPULAR PRICED! Your shoe repairman has it now... an amazing new heel that's made of world-famous, long-wearing NEOLITE. But there's something remarkably different about this Crown NEOLITE Heel . . . it's super soft, springy . . . carpet comfortable! Yet with all its extra quality and comfort, the Crown NEOLITE Heel costs no more than ordinary heels. So don't settle for less when having shoes re-heeled. Ask your shoe repairman for carpet comfortable Crown NEOLITE Heels! (Available for men's, women's and boys' shoes.)

Lots of good things come from GOODYEAR

NEOLITE, AN ELASTOMER-RESIN BLEND, T. M.—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


• Ease into smallest parking places!
• Breeze through bumper-to-bumper traffic!
• Stay steady over roughest roads!
• Go on your way safely, with confidence!
LOT 3
A.
Pontiac

NEW TEMPEST
WITH PONTIAC POWER STEERING MAKES PARKING EVEN EASIER

Ladies slip the Pontiac Tempest into the tightest parking spots as deftly as a grocery cart down a supermarket aisle! ***The A-B-C's of this story:*** the Tempest with Power Steering has what it takes to make driving a sit-back-and-relax thing.

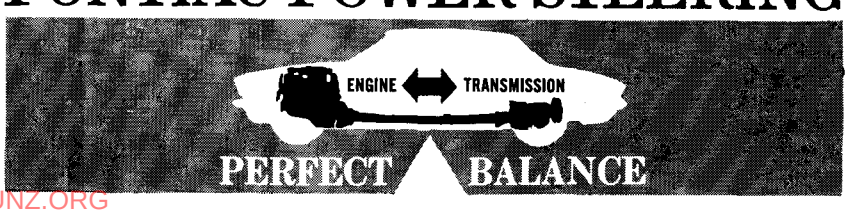
Tempest and Pontiac Power Steering lets ***ladies ease into shopping center parking places*** with no strain, no pain. Combines with Tempest's 50-50 balance (front engine—rear transmission) to make steering light and easy.

Ladies ***turn heavy traffic into the light fantastic*** because Pontiac Power Steering enhances the Tempest's Wide-Track Ride. More control added to less lean, less sway, better cornering.

Gives you beat-the-clock kind of time-savings because the Pontiac Tempest with Power Steering means a lot less effort whenever you swing that wheel. Match it with independent suspension at all 4 wheels for a smoother, level ride on expressways, country roads, side streets . . . in snow, sleet, mud or sunshine.

Pontiac Power Steering and the Tempest! Proof-of-the-pudding: When you see your Pontiac Dealer, and turn the Tempest loose on the road. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corporation, Saginaw, Michigan.

THE HOT TOPIC IS PONTIAC'S
TEMPEST
WITH PONTIAC POWER STEERING



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 49*) ready to make a trip. The driver went there as per instructions and picked up a woman in a wheel chair—a woman who had dark blue glasses. She gave him keys to some lockers at the depot. He went there and picked up her bags and suitcases, put them in the car and drove her to Mojave."

Mason looked at his watch; his eyes narrowed. "All right," he said, "let's get back to the courtroom. I'm going to have to do a little cross-examination, and then we may know more than we do now."

"Oh, for the love of Mike," Drake said wearily, "quit butting your head against a brick wall, Perry. This is a case where there's only one thing for you to do—get up the minute court opens and suggest to the judge that while you think your client has a good defense, in view of the evidence that has been received, there certainly is enough evidence to warrant binding the defendant over, and ask the court to make the order. In that way you'll steal some of Hamilton Burger's thunder and keep him from standing up and making an argument that will be directed primarily to the newspapers. That's all Burger wants. Just an opportunity to stand up and speak his piece. He'll thunder denunciations. He'll intimate that there is still another body waiting to be discovered and he'll have his picture in the paper.

"After all, Perry, this thing—this limousine business—doesn't really mean anything. We all know that there was a ringer brought in to take the part of Amelia Corning on Saturday, and what's more natural than that she should have been brought in from Mojave. I will admit my face is a little red because I didn't think of that limousine business, but the police didn't think of it either. This driver of the limousine had never been interrogated before."

Before borrowing money from a friend, decide which you need more.

ADDISON H. HALLOCK

Mason didn't waste time answering Drake. He called the waiter, signed the check and said, "Come on, let's get up to the courthouse. We've got work to do."

Back in the courtroom, Mason, waiting for Judge Elmer to return to the bench, said suddenly, "Paul, I want to find out who Endicott Campbell's female friends are."

"He doesn't have any," Drake said.

"Don't tell me that," Mason told him. "He doesn't call on any women?"

"Not since we've been shadowing him, Perry."

"Then he's wise to the fact that he's being shadowed. No telephone calls? No women coming to the house?"

"Only one woman has called at the house," Drake said, "and that's a friend of Elizabeth Dow, the governess."

"The fact that she's a friend of the governess doesn't keep her from also being a friend of Endicott Campbell," Mason said.

"Not this one," Drake said. "Here, I'll give you the dope on it." He took a notebook from his pocket, opened it and said, "Cindy Hastings, Fifteen-thirty-six Rentner Road. That's the address of the Tulane Apartments. She's in Three-forty-eight. A nurse. Built something like Elizabeth Dow, the governess, only a considerably older woman. Angular. English. Flat-footed. Long-legged. Flat-chested. Horse-faced ——"

"That's enough," Mason said. "Cross her out, but it's a nice lead. What other friends does the governess have? People about her own age."

"Apparently none," Drake said. "At least, we've been unable to uncover any. I have an idea they're probably wise to the fact that we have shadows on them. They haven't given us any inkling that they know, but they must have some idea and they're certainly being circumspect. They ——"

A policewoman brought Susan Fisher into the court. As she seated herself behind Mason's chair she leaned over toward the lawyer and said, "You think I've let you down, don't you, Mr. Mason?"

"Frankly," Mason said, "I don't know."

"Well, I can tell you one thing, Mr. Mason. That testimony is a mass of lies. I never knew Ken Lowry in his lifetime. I never had him in my automobile. I have told you the exact truth at all times. I ——"

Judge Elmer entered from his chambers, and the bailiff pounded his gavel to bring the court to order. Hamilton Burger seated himself at the prosecution's table, permitted a swift glance of triumph at Mason, then lowered his eyes to some papers on the desk.

Harrison Flanders said, "If the court please, our next witness is Norma Owens." Norma Owens identified herself as the manager of the office of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company.

Flanders said, "I show you a stiletto letter opener marked People's Exhibit G and ask you if you can identify that."

"That particular letter opener is one that was on the desk of the defendant, Susan Fisher. She used it to open letters."

"How do you identify it?"

"By its general appearance and a little nick at the edge of the handle. I remember when that nick was put in there. Miss Fisher was using it to pry the lid off a can of paint."

"No further questions of this witness," Flanders said. "You may cross-examine."

"No cross-examination."

"I will recall Lieutenant Tragg for another question," Flanders said. "You have already been sworn, Lieutenant Tragg. Just take the stand."

Mason, looking out of the window, his eyes focused on something in the distance, seemed hardly aware of what was going on.

"You have made a search of the apartment of the defendant in this case, Lieutenant?" Flanders asked.

"I have."

"Among other things, were you looking for a receipt for renting Car Number Nineteen from the We Rent M Car Company?"

"I was."

"Did you find it?"

"I did."

"Will you introduce it, please." Tragg produced the paper.

"I ask that it be introduced in evidence as People's Exhibit R," Flanders said. He turned to Mason. "Cross-examine."

Mason apparently didn't hear what Flanders had said. His eyes narrowed in thought, he was staring out through the window.

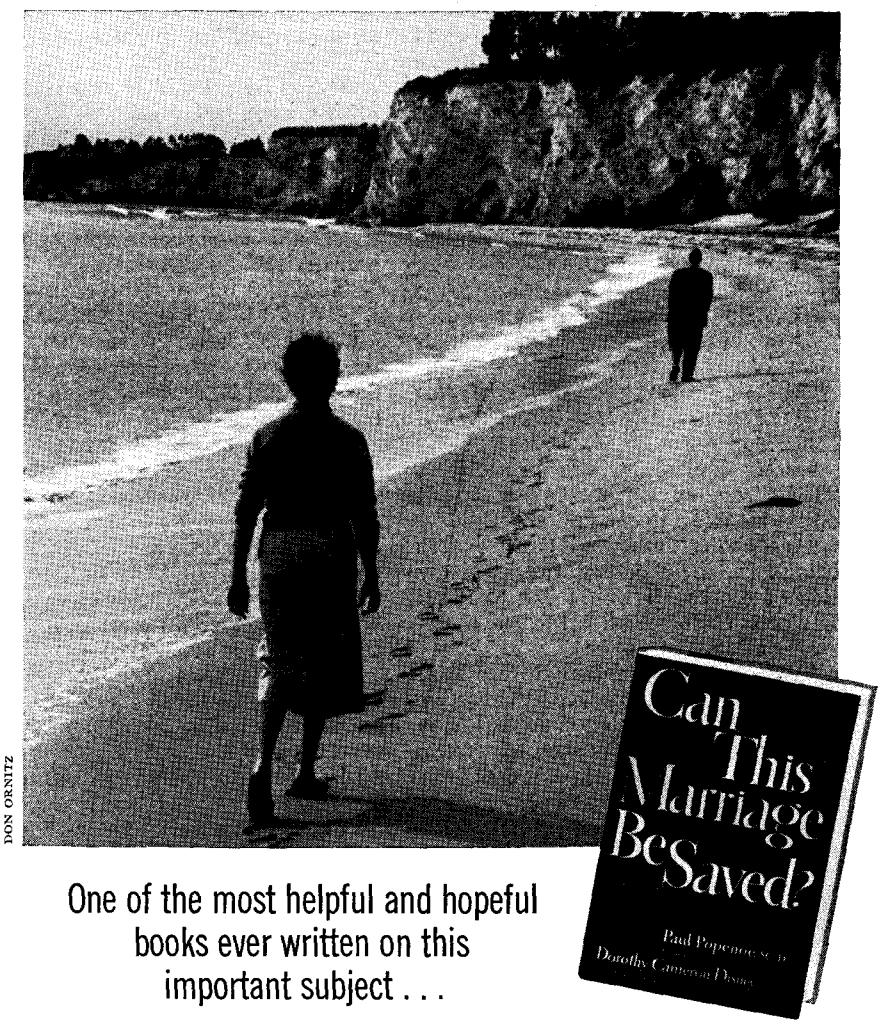
"You may inquire, Mr. Mason," Judge Elmer said.

Mason gave a little start, then said, "Yes, your honor. Thank you."

He rose to his feet, approached Lieutenant Tragg, who turned to face him expectantly, and then said abruptly, "No questions," and returned to his chair.

"That's all, lieutenant," Flanders said. "That's our case, your honor."

Hamilton Burger got to his feet. "If the court please," he said, "I wish only



DON ORNITZ

One of the most helpful and hopeful books ever written on this important subject . . .

Can This Marriage Be Saved?

Here is a book every married couple should read . . . as well as every young man and woman contemplating marriage.

Based on a popular series in LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the book contains much material that has never been published before.

In frank and fascinating case histories, the authors present the actual stories of 20 marriages which were headed for certain disaster. After discussing the wife's side and the husband's side in each case, the authors go on to tell how the marriage was saved from the ugliness and heartbreak of divorce.

The problems are common ones . . . self-centeredness, in-law trouble, money difficulties, disagreement over raising children, triangles, immaturity. And though these problems are often serious threats, the authors show they *can* be solved.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? presents a realistic picture of the complexities and tensions of modern married life. Its honesty and thoroughness distinguish it from the "theory" type of book on marriage. These are *real* problems . . . *real* people. Watching them discover the truth about themselves, about the rights and responsibilities of marriage is fascinating and informative.

Use the handy coupon on this page to order your copy now!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Dept. 1921, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Please send me a copy of *CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?*

Name_____

Street or R. D._____

Town_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Payment of $4.95 enclosed (Penna. residents please add 4% sales tax)

☐ Bill me $4.95 plus a few cents for postage and handling

If you are not completely satisfied, return the book within 10 days for a full refund—or pay nothing if you've asked to be billed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to comment on matters which have been received in evidence, but the court will notice that we have here a murder—a cold-blooded, deliberate murder. In addition to that, we have the disappearance of Amelia Corning. This is a very serious matter, and there is no question but what the murder and the disappearance are related."

"Just a moment," Mason interrupted. "Are you preparing to argue the case now?"

"Certainly," Hamilton Burger said.

"I doubt if there's any need for argument," Judge Elmer announced.

"Isn't it proper," Mason asked, "to give the defense a chance to put on evidence?"

Burger looked at him in surprise. "There isn't any evidence you dare to put on—none that you can put on."

Mason said, "If the court please, before being called to put on any evidence on my side of the case I would like to recall Endicott Campbell for further cross-examination."

"We object," Hamilton Burger said. "This is a favorite trick of counsel, to wait until the testimony is all in so that he is familiar with the case of the prosecution and then recall some key prosecution witness for further cross-examination."

"I think I will permit it, however," Judge Elmer said. "While this is a preliminary hearing for the purpose of determining whether there is reasonable cause to connect the defendant with a crime, the fact remains that it is a hearing in a court of law. The defense cannot be expected to know all of the prosecution's case. It is the theory of the law that the defense be given every opportunity to explain the facts."

"If the court please, these facts are susceptible of only one explanation," Hamilton Burger said, "and I feel that Mr. Mason's desire to further cross-examine Mr. Campbell is simply for the purpose of gaining time and laying a foundation for some possible conflict in the evidence when the case comes on for trial in the Superior Court. We have certainly established a prima facie case and are entitled to a ruling of the court at this time. If Mr. Mason wants to call Endicott Campbell as his own witness, he can do so."

Judge Elmer shook his head. "I'm going to permit counsel to recall Mr. Campbell for cross-examination," he said. . . . "Take the stand, Mr. Campbell. You have already been sworn."

Mason said, "I just want to ask you a couple of questions, Mr. Campbell. You learned over the telephone from the defendant that your son, Carleton, had given her a shoe box containing a large number of hundred-dollar bills. You learned this Saturday night. Is that right?"

"I learned nothing of the sort," Campbell said indignantly. "She *told* me that my son had done that. I didn't learn that he had, because he hadn't. She told me a lie. I proved it was a lie. I instituted an investigation and found that my son had done nothing of the kind, that he had a shoe box containing a pair of my dress shoes. I know that my son kept some of his own toys for treasures, as he called them, in a shoe box, and I remember that I laughingly told him that we might trade. But I at no time had any shoe box containing any sum of money concealed in my house, and he at no time had any shoe box containing any large sum of money which he gave to the defendant."

"However," Mason said, "you were afraid to have the boy interrogated at this point so you had him spirited away out of sight where the police couldn't interrogate him, didn't you?"

"I did nothing of the sort!" Campbell shouted. "I certainly didn't intend to let you hypnotize my son and brainwash a seven-year-old boy in order to ——"

"Now, just a moment, just a moment," Hamilton Burger said. "There is no need for Mr. Campbell to volunteer any information, although I can appreciate his righteous indignation. However, if the court please, this cross-examination is ill-advised, improper, calling for matters which are incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"I think it may go to the bias of the witness. I'd like to know just what happened there," Judge Elmer said. "There's no reason why the witness can't answer the question. He seems to be taking care of himself all right."

Hamilton Burger sat down.

Campbell said, "That's all I have to say. I certainly didn't intend to have some smart attorney trying to make my son a football in an embezzlement case. I admit that I told Elizabeth Dow, the governess, to take him where I wouldn't know where he was and to keep him until it was all right for him to return."

"But how were you going to let her know when it was all right for him to return if you didn't know where they were staying?"

"I told her to phone me from time to time."

"I have no further questions," Mason said.

"That concludes our case," Hamilton Burger announced.

"I would like to recall Elizabeth Dow for further cross-examination," Mason said.

"We object, your honor. Counsel is now apparently going on a fishing expedition."

"Apparently so," Judge Elmer ruled. "Perhaps, Mr. Mason, if you would state the line of cross-examination you wish to pursue, the court could make a more intelligent ruling."

"I want to find out where Endicott Campbell's seven-year-old son was kept hidden from Saturday evening on," Mason said.

"I don't see why," Judge Elmer said.

"It may make quite a difference in the case," Mason said.

Judge Elmer shook his head. "I think not. The permission to recall Elizabeth Dow is not granted. Now, do you have any defense, Mr. Mason?"

"If the court please," Mason said, "I am going to ask the court to take a recess until four o'clock this afternoon. At that time I will either proceed to put on a defense or I will submit the case without a defense."

"Why do you ask for this delay, Mr. Mason? Surely you must be aware, as a veteran trial attorney, that the evidence is so overwhelming against your client that there is absolutely no possible showing that the defense could make which would justify the court making an order releasing the defendant. This is not a hearing where it is necessary to prove the defendant guilty beyond all reasonable doubt. It is only a hearing for the purpose of determining whether a crime has been committed and if so, if there is reasonable ground to believe that the defendant committed the crime. Those conditions certainly have abundantly been met."

Hamilton Burger, not to be denied an opportunity to make a few remarks, was on his feet. "Furthermore, if the court please," he said, "I feel that two murders have been committed rather than one. I feel that this defendant should be shown no consideration. We know of one murder she has committed, and I think the court will realize from the evidence that the probabilities are that two murders have already been committed."

"The defendant is in custody," Mason said. "She isn't going to commit any murders while she's in jail. I feel that I am entitled to an hour and a half to work on a theory of the case which I have and which I will state to the court may well result in clarifying certain issues which need to be clarified. I can give the court my professional assurance that I have reason to believe that I can uncover evidence of the greatest importance in the next hour and a half."

"Under those circumstances," Judge Elmer said, "and being well acquainted with counsel's reputation, the court is inclined to take his assurance."

"I'm also well acquainted with counsel's reputation," Burger shouted. "It's a reputation for trickery."

"For ingenuity," Judge Elmer corrected. "An ingenuity coupled with integrity. There are times when his ingenuity may be exasperating to the prosecutor's office, but as far as this court can observe, the integrity of counsel has never been questioned. The court is going to grant the motion. The court will recess until four o'clock. The defendant is remanded to custody."

Mason beckoned to Della Street and Paul Drake, then barged rapidly over to where Lieutenant Tragg was sitting. "Lieutenant Tragg," he said, "may I see you for a moment on a matter of considerable urgency?"

Tragg hesitated a moment, then said, "Well, why not?"

"This way," Mason said.

The lawyer led the way to the elevator. The four of them hurried into the cage well ahead of the vanguard of spectators.

"Run it all the way down," Mason told the elevator operator, "right to the ground floor quick. It's a matter of emergency."

"Hey, wait a minute," Tragg said. "What's happening here?"

"Do you or do you not want to enforce the law and protect the citizens of this community?" Mason asked.

Tragg grinned at him. "No need of making a speech. I'm for motherhood and against sin. I'll ride along with you, Perry; but I'm warning you, I'll lower the boom on you."

"Lower away," Mason said.

The elevator stopped at the ground floor. Mason headed toward the door, stretching his long legs so that Paul Drake was hard put to keep up, while Lieutenant Tragg and Della Street were all but trotting.

The lawyer led the way to where the cars were parked. "You've got a police car here, lieutenant?" Mason asked.

Tragg nodded.

"Let's use it," Mason said. "You do the driving. Use the red light and a siren."

"I can't do that except on a major emergency," Tragg said.

"This is a major emergency," Mason told him. "You're going to get evidence that will be determinative—if you get there before it is destroyed."

"You mean evidence that will clear your client?" Tragg asked dubiously.

"Evidence that will conclusively point to the murderer, whoever that murderer may be," Mason said. "I'll give you my word on that, Tragg. I've never lied to you yet."

Tragg said, "O.K., come on. This is irregular, but I'm doing it."

They climbed into Tragg's car. Tragg started the motor and, after they reached the street, turned on the red light and siren. "Where to?" he asked.

"Fifteen-thirty-six Rentner Road," Mason said. "The Tulane Apartments. We want Apartment Three-forty-eight."

"What's there?" Tragg asked.

"Evidence," Mason said.

Tragg said, "O.K., I've stuck my neck out this far. I'm going to ride along with you, Perry, but this is going to have to be good."

Mason said, "It will be good."

Tragg's siren cleared the way across intersections.

When within half a dozen blocks of the Tulane Apartments, Mason said, "Better stop the siren, Tragg. We don't want to unduly alarm anyone."

Tragg kicked off the siren and glided the last block and a half up to the curb. Mason had the door open almost before the car was stopped; he dashed into the apartment house. They piled into the automatic elevator and Mason pushed the button for the third floor. The cage rattled slowly upward, Mason manifesting his impatience.

They hurried down the hallway to Apartment 348. Mason knocked on the door. A few moments later the door opened to the limit of a safety chain. A woman's voice said, "Who is it?"

Mason said, "Police. This is Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide. We want to come in and question you."

"You can't come in," she said.

"This is police business," Mason said.

"Now, wait a minute," Tragg protested. "I ——"

"Do you have a warrant?" she asked.

"No," Lieutenant Tragg said, "an furthermore I ——"

Mason, after backing across the corridor, suddenly hurled himself at the door. The hasp *(Continued on Page 54)*

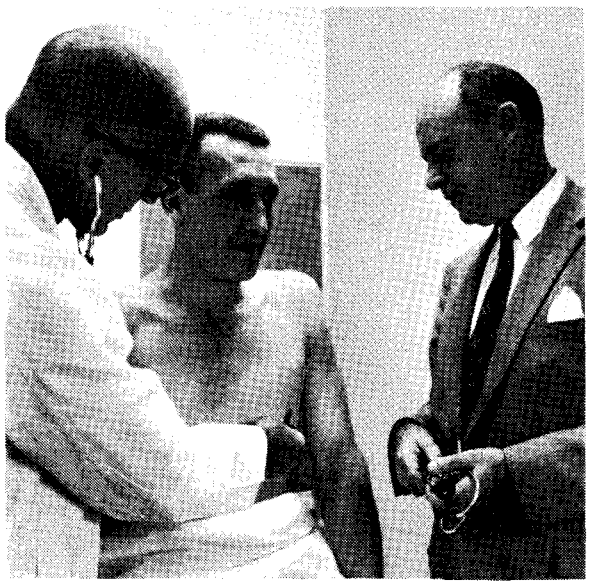
"If you think you've seen musicians—
just wait'll this guy gets going."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A KEY IDEA IN BUSINESS-WRAPPED IN WOOD

Cellophane begins as wood fibre . . . emerges from this block-long casting machine as a completely new material. Pictured here, while visiting the plant, are Mr. Kling (right) with George Raese, an Employers Mutuals Accident Prevention Manager.



Periodic examinations for all employees are part of the comprehensive preventive program at Olin Mathieson's Pisgah Forest Plants. Dr. MacRoy Gasque (left) heads the Medical Staff there . . . works hand in hand with Employers Mutuals Medical Department directed by Dr. O. T. Mallery (right).

Wausau Story

by **ALAN L. KLING,** *Director of Loss Prevention, Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation*

"Cellophane is wood—wood you can see through!

"But it takes some doing to convert trees into the now-familiar transparent film, as you'd see if you visited the Olin Mathieson cellophane plant at Pisgah Forest in North Carolina. In fact, our men there would tell you there could be no such material until scientists had developed the completely new field of cellulose chemistry.

"This is typical of American business.

"For example, not many years ago industrial accident prevention was a completely new field too. We started with the principle that accidents do not have to happen. Then, to convert that idea into practical and workable terms, here at Olin Mathieson, we co-ordinated the safety activities of the entire company into a Department of Loss Prevention. Our time, thought and effort are devoted to the safety and health of our people as a basic responsibility of management.

"The key idea is in the organization and function of this Department. One reason it has proved successful is that our staff can get the help they need from Employers Mutuals of Wausau. That help is thorough, prompt and expert. It has saved us time and money too. Employers Mutuals people make this their business . . . and we've found they're 'good people to do business with'."

The helpful service Mr. Kling writes about is available through every one of the 138 offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau. We write all forms of fire, group health and accident, and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for the nearest Employers Mutuals representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA

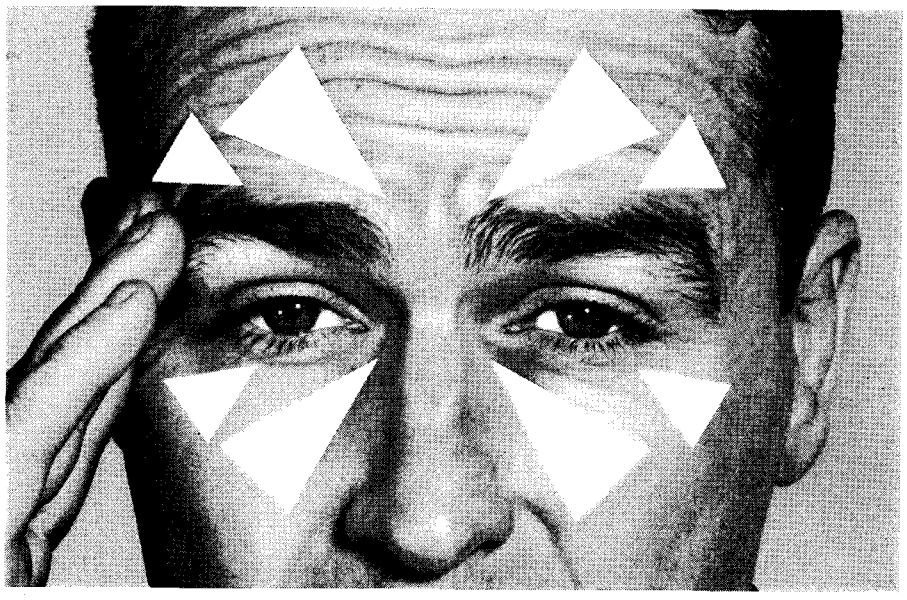
FOR 50 YEARS

"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

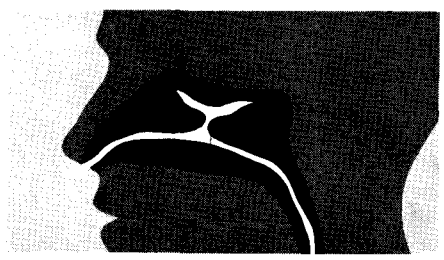
Exclusive 3-layer DRISTAN® Tablet brings relief in minutes from

SINUS CONGESTION and its PAIN, PRESSURE ...COLDS MISERIES

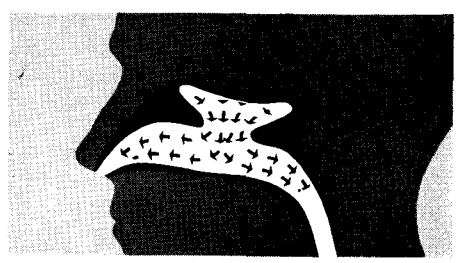


DRISTAN HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

(critical areas of pressure and pain)



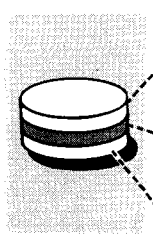
BEFORE: Nasal-sinus passages are swollen, clogged with infectious germ-laden mucus. This congestion causes headache, painful pressure over temples and cheekbones . . . is responsible for much colds suffering, difficult breathing and postnasal drip.



AFTER: Exclusive DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets work directly through the bloodstream. In *minutes* DRISTAN decongests and shrinks *all* swollen membranes . . . opens up and helps drain *all* clogged sinuses. Pain and pressure of acute sinus congestion attacks are thus quickly relieved. Free breathing is restored.

This 3-layer DRISTAN Tablet Formula Cannot Be Duplicated!

For the first time, DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets make it possible to unite this combination of medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting 3-layer uncoated tablet . . . to relieve sinus congestion, colds miseries and allergies associated with colds. No sugar-coated or single-layer tablet can duplicate DRISTAN's exclusive formula.



DRISTAN contains:

1. The *scientific decongestant* most prescribed by doctors. It shrinks all swollen nasal-sinus membranes, promotes drainage—thus relieves congestion, pressure and pain.
2. An exclusive *anti-allergent* to keep breathing passages clear —*plus* highly effective pain relievers to reduce fever and body aches.
3. *Vitamin C* to build up body resistance to colds infection.

Buy DRISTAN today. No prescription needed. Accept no substitutes!

There's Nothing Like

DRISTAN®

Decongestant Tablets

(*Continued from Page 52*) holding the safety chain pulled out. The screws jerked out a section of the wood as the door banged open.

Mason shot past the startled woman, ran through a sitting room and slammed open a door to a bedroom.

A woman was sitting groggily on the edge of the bed, holding onto the brass post at the foot of the bed. As Mason, followed by Lieutenant Tragg, entered the room, she said drowsily, "Don't let them . . . don't let them . . . don't let them shoot any more drugs into me."

"Who's this?" Lieutenant Tragg asked.

Mason said, "This is Amelia Corning; and if you'll look sharp, you can get the woman who was in this apartment before she makes it to the elevator. If you don't, you ——"

Tragg took one look at the woman on the bed, then whirled. He was too late. The woman who had been in the apartment had sprinted down the corridor. Seeing the elevator was not in place, she had taken to the stairs. Tragg started after her.

Mason sat down on the bed beside the woman and said, "Are you able to talk, Miss Corning?"

"Could I have coffee?" she asked. "Been doped."

Della Street said, "I'll get some coffee on. There should be some in the apartment. Come help me, Paul."

The woman on the bed weaved around, then groped over toward Mason for support, put her head on his shoulder and promptly dropped into a deep, drugged sleep.

Ten minutes later Lieutenant Tragg came back to the apartment. He found Mason and Della Street supporting the woman, who was drinking coffee from a cup held by Paul Drake.

"Did she get away?" Mason asked.

Lieutenant Tragg's mouth was grim. "She did not!"

"She beat you to the street, didn't she?" Mason asked.

"She beat me to the street," Tragg said, "but she didn't beat modern police methods. I got in my car, called the dispatcher and we sewed the district up. We had radio cars converging on it from every direction, and I was able to describe her—the dress she was wearing, her age, height, weight, appearance ——"

"You got all that," Mason asked, "in the brief glimpse you had?"

"Sure, I got all that," Tragg said. "What the hell do you take me for? I'm a cop, but I'm not a dumb cop. That's police training. Your woman was picked up within three minutes after she hit the street and she's on her way to headquarters now, where she'll be held for questioning. Now tell me what it's all about and what I question her about."

"That woman," Mason said, "will turn out to be Cindy Hastings, a nurse. She posed as Miss Corning, wearing dark glasses and sitting in a wheel chair. She had Amelia Corning's passport. She telephoned Susan Fisher and told her to put on a raincoat, slacks and a sweater and wear a man's hat pulled down low over her forehead, and go to a place on Mulholland Drive and get a gallon can of gasoline from the service station."

"And then Susan Fisher picked her up in the alley?" Tragg asked.

"Picked her up, nothing," Mason said. "Cindy Hastings simply sat in the wheel chair at the alley. Elizabeth Dow, dressed exactly as they had told Susan Fisher to dress, came and picked her up. As it happened, a witness saw the pickup—and you know how fallible eyewitness testimony is, particularly when it comes to the identification of a stranger. The witness saw some woman in a raincoat with a man's hat pulled down over her eyes, and imagination and clever police suggestion did the rest.

"So then the two women went to meet Lowry. Within a short time after they picked him up, they were ready to go ahead with their murder, having carefully planned the details so Susan Fisher could never convince anyone of her innocence.

"I must have missed the murder by only a few minutes. And I definitely interfered with their plans to return and set the fire that was to consume some of the evidence, and at the same time attract attention which would result in the body's being discovered."

"Then the real Miss Corning," Tragg said, "was the woman who ——"

"The woman who came Saturday," Mason said. "We should have known it if we'd done any great amount of thinking. That woman was very adept in the use of a wheel chair. She did everything that the real Miss Corning would have done and none of the things that the spurious Miss Corning would have done.

"They kidnaped her when she tried to get out to Mojave to look at the mine. They followed her to Mojave, got rid of the limousine driver on a pretext and then they drugged her, brought her back to Los Angeles and kept her concealed here. In the meantime, knowing that Ken Lowry was going to state that he could identify the voice of the woman who had

---

One picture window may be worth a thousand words to neighborhood gossips.

THOMAS J. MULLEN

---

told him to ship currency to the Corning Affiliated Enterprises, they decided they needed Lowry out of the way. And how could they do it any better than by framing the crime on Susan Fisher?"

The woman on the bed smiled drowsily. "Can't see well," she said. She yawned, nodded prodigiously, then straightened and said, "But I have a good ear for voices. Whoever you are, you're smart."

Mason said, "Everything is going to be all right now, Miss Corning. I'm Perry Mason, an attorney who is going to help you." He turned to Tragg and said, "They were planning to use the substitute Miss Corning and make it appear that the real Miss Corning was an impostor. But the Miss Corning's sister and her business agent wired they were coming from South America to be with her, and that necessitated a hurried change in plans."

The woman on the bed struggled to wakefulness. "So Sophia came, did she?... Pain in the neck . . . So darned afraid I'm going to meet some fortune hunter and get married." Again the woman yawned.

"All right," Tragg said. "Now tell me about the money, and I'll put the rest of it together by myself."

"I can't be sure about the money," Mason said. "Probably Campbell had a pair of shoes in the shoe box somewhere. Also, Elizabeth Dow was keeping *her* money in a shoe box. Campbell told his son they could trade treasure boxes, and the boy inadvertently got the box with all the money in it that Elizabeth Dow had stolen from the mining deal. She didn't know it until after she heard Campbell talking over the telephone with Susan Fisher. Then she knew Carleton had got *her* cache of money instead of his daddy's treasure—a pair of shoes."

"And what happened to the box money?" Tragg asked.

Amelia Corning yawned, tried to say something, (*Continued on Page 56*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Serenity and ceremony — picnics and parades are contrasting pleasures of a Canadian holiday

Canada ...the wonderful world at your doorstep!

A thrilling catch and a cool dip seem equally probable

A rebellious steer and a confident cowboy provide exciting moments

You'll be busy. Picnicking by a sunny lakeside, fishing (or watching someone else), cheering intrepid cowhands at a rousing rodeo, photographing such spectacles as the "Changing of the Guard" in Ottawa. You'll be shopping, visiting historic sites, guiding your car along the wide Trans-Canada Highway, playing at distinctive resorts, exploring fascinating cities. On your Canadian vacation you'll be so busy with all of these things you probably won't have a minute to spare for work or worry. Good idea? Let us tell you more about the diversions that will keep you occupied in Canada. Just mail the coupon.

Free!

The Canadian Vacation Package, including the new "Invitation to Canada"

CANADA

D-1-11-03

Canadian Government Travel Bureau
Ottawa, Canada

Please send the Canadian Vacation Package to:

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & STATE_____

Stick this coupon on any postcard or enclose in envelope

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 54*) yawned again, smiled and said, "I've got it . . . put it where they'll never find it . . . not until I get ready . . . more coffee?"

"That's all there is to it," Mason said. "Elizabeth Dow, because of what she had learned while working as a governess, saw a wonderful opportunity to feather her nest. She phoned Ken Lowry, told him she was Miss Corning calling from South America, told him to do a lot of things that any sane businessman wouldn't have done. But Lowry, being a square-shooting miner, accustomed to the outdoors and to dealing with people whose words were as good as their bonds, and knowing that there may well have been a tax angle involved, followed instructions to the letter.

"Elizabeth Dow rented a post-office box under the name of Corning Affiliated Enterprises.

"Lowry was loyal enough so that he ——" Mason looked at his wrist watch and said, "We're going to have to give this woman some more coffee, lieutenant. We're going to have to get her to a doctor and we're going to have to use your official car in order to get all of us to court before four o'clock."

Mason came hurrying into court exactly at four o'clock, just as Judge Elmer, impatient at the delay, was taking the bench.

"Do you wish to put on a defense, Mr. Mason?" Judge Elmer asked.

"I do," Mason said. "I would like to recall Frank Golden, manager of the We Rent M Car Company, for a few questions on cross-examination."

"We object!" Hamilton Burger shouted. "Here we go all over again. We ——"

"The objection is sustained," Judge Elmer interrupted. "If you have a case, Mr. Mason, put it on."

"Very well," Mason said. "I will call Frank Golden as my witness and then, if I may have the indulgence of the court to make sure that my next witness has recovered from her drugged condition, I will call Amelia Corning as my second defense witness."

"Call who?" Hamilton Burger shouted.

"Amelia Corning," Mason said, smiling. . . . "Frank Golden, will you take the stand, please? You've already been sworn."

Golden took the witness stand.

"You rented this car to the defendant Sunday night," Mason said. "She brought it back. After that, I rented the car. Did the car go out after the defendant brought it back and before I took it out?"

"I am afraid it did," Golden said. "I was busy when the defendant brought it back. I made a note of the mileage, but I didn't clear the records. I left the car parked in back. Later on, when I went to look for it, it was gone. I assumed that my assistant had taken it. Later I found out he hadn't done so."

"How long was the car gone?"

"About an hour. It was returned shortly before you rented it and the odometer showed it had been operated some thirty miles."

"You said nothing about this?" Mason inquired.

"I wasn't asked," the witness blurted. "And since it might get me fired, I decided I wouldn't say anything unless I was asked."

"Thank you," Mason said.

Della Street entered the courtroom and handed him a note.

"If the court please," Mason said, "a physician states that Miss Corning is unable to take the stand. I think, however, I will call Lieutenant Tragg as my next witness."

Tragg, who had been whispering at the counsel table with Hamilton Burger, started for the stand. But the district attorney got to his feet, took a deep breath and said, "Your honor, it will not be necessary. I wish to move at this time for a dismissal of the case against Susan Fisher and ask that she be released from custody."

Hamilton Burger sat down.

There was a moment of stunned silence; then reporters, who had in some way been alerted to the fact that there would be spectacular developments, started pell-melling from the courtroom in such an exodus that Judge Elmer had to wait for a few seconds before smiling down at Susan Fisher and saying, "The motion is granted. The case against the defendant is dismissed—and thank you, Mr. Prosecutor, for your attitude in the matter."

Mason got up, picked up his briefcase, turned and was suddenly smothered by a veritable avalanche of feminine enthusiasm as Susan Fisher, with her arms around his neck, crying and laughing at the same time, said, "Oh, you wonderful, wonderful man!"

Della Street, standing slightly to one side, smiled and said, "So say we all of us."

"But I can never, never pay you," Susan Fisher said tearfully. "Heaven only knows how much you've spent and ——"

"Don't worry about that," Della Street said. "He had a hunch. He said all along that Miss Corning would pay the bill."

Lieutenant Tragg, moving up alongside of Mason, said, "All right, Perry. Your client is in the clear. There is no longer any reason to hold out anything. How did you know?"

Mason said, "When a veteran trial lawyer examines a witness, lieutenant, he gets a pretty good idea of whether that witness is telling the truth. When I asked Endicott Campbell about that money in the shoe box and about his son, I suddenly found that his answers were ringing true.

"I had cast him as the villain in the piece because he was a smug, overbearing little man trying to be big by bullying the office help. But it happened that on that shoe box full of money he was telling the truth.

"If he was telling the truth, then Elizabeth Dow had to be lying. And once that possibility confronted me, I suddenly saw the facts of the case in an entirely new perspective. It's like one of those optical illusions where you see a flight of black stairs going up, and then suddenly something snaps in your brain, and you find you're looking at a flight of white stairs going down.

"One of the two spinsters had to be an impostor. We had assumed the first one was, but she was adept in the use of the wheel chair, and the minute I learned she had checked out of the hotel in order to make a secret trip to Mojave, I realized that she had to be the genuine one. A spurious Miss Corning would never have wanted to go to Mojave.

"Once the thing dawned on me that Elizabeth Dow was lying and that the real Amelia Corning had disappeared, I suddenly remembered that my investigations had disclosed Elizabeth Dow had a friend who was a nurse and whose physical appearance dovetailed exactly with that of Amelia Corning.

"As soon as I reasoned that far, I knew all the answers. Lowry had told me he thought he could recognize the voice of the woman who had given him his instructions over the telephone and had acknowledged receipt of the money from time to time. That woman quite naturally would want him out of the way. Campbell talked to Lowry on the telephone. Lowry told him he had told me everything. Elizabeth Dow was sitting where she could hear Campbell's end of the conversation—enough to know that Lowry had to be disposed of immediately.

"Quite naturally she wanted to blame the crime on Sue Fisher. Everyone was casting Sue in the role of a crook, and it was only natural for the finger of suspicion to point to her.

"So Elizabeth Dow hurried to a pay station, called Lowry and told him to come to Los Angeles at once, to go to a designated spot in Hollywood and wait for her if she wasn't there when he arrived.

"Then the two women really hatched a diabolical plot. They got Sue to dress in a distinctive costume, to rent a car, put herself in an incriminating position and then return the car. Then Elizabeth Dow, dressed in that same distinctive costume, picked up her fellow conspirator, who was posing as Miss Corning, but was going to have to disappear because Miss Corning's sister was going to arrive. And, of course, her disappearance couldn't look like flight. It had to have sinister overtones so that when the body of the real Amelia Corning was discovered, that also would reflect on Sue Fisher.

"As soon as the car Sue had rented was returned, they picked it up, met Lowry at the appointed place, drove him out to the place where they had planned his body was to be found. Remember that Lowry was a loyal employee. He only knew Elizabeth Dow from her voice. He thought she was the head of the subsidiary he'd been working for. He would recognize her voice and follow her instructions to the letter."

"Any guess what those instructions were?" Tragg asked.

"Only a guess," Mason said, "but a pretty darn good guess."

"What?"

"Well," Mason said, "Elizabeth Dow probably told him that her companion was Amelia Corning, the owner of the company. That they had decided to destroy some of the books of the company and wanted him to witness the destruction. They said what had been done might have been wrong, so they were going to burn the books and put the money in as income and pay taxes on it."

"That's a guess?" Tragg asked.

"That's a guess," Mason said. "Make your own guess if you don't like it. Put yourself in Lowry's position. He was in an automobile with the woman he felt was the big boss of the over-all company and, in addition, the woman who had been giving him instructions which he had been following faithfully all these months. He was going to do whatever they told him to do."

"Which one killed him?" Tragg asked.

Mason shrugged and said, "They were both in on it, so it doesn't make any difference. In all probability Elizabeth Dow was the one who struck the fatal blow with the letter opener—although I have an idea that when you put the pressure on them, they'll each try to blame the other and claim the murder came as a surprise. However, Elizabeth Dow was the one who had the most to lose because he could recognize her voice. She also was the stronger and more athletic."

Tragg's eyes narrowed. "If that is correct," he said, "and if you surprised the murderers at the job, why didn't they simply toss a match to the gasoline and burn up the evidence?"

"Because they didn't want it burned up," Mason said. "They wanted to make it appear plans had been made to burn up the evidence, but they wanted to be sure the gasoline-soaked body and books tied in with the gallon of gasoline Sue Fisher had bought at the service station were still there and intact.

"The whole thing had to be planned by someone who lived in Miss Fisher's neighborhood, who knew the locality, who knew that the branch of the car agency would check out mileage on the rented car when it was returned and then leave it sitting at the back of the lot with the key in the lock. It had to be someone who lived in the neighborhood and it had to be someone who was a close friend of Elizabeth Dow. It's like all those optical illusions—once you see them in their proper perspective you ——"

Della Street came pushing forward and caught Mason's eye. At the expression on her face, the lawyer stopped in mid-sentence.

"Amelia Corning is much, much better," Della Street said. "The doctor has given her a stimulant which has brought her out of it. Her mind is razor-keen. She is asking for you and she's very, very grateful."

Tragg, giving Mason the benefit of his wry, one-sided smile, said, "All right, counselor, now tell me—how did you manage to get that automobile plastered with fingerprints?"

"That," Mason grinned, "is a trade secret. If Lowry's fingerprints hadn't been on that car, I'd have given you a lot to think about—and now, if you'll excuse us, we're going to see Amelia Corning. I have an idea I'm laying the foundation for a very substantial fee."

THE END

"Hi, Stretch—we were just talking about you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When boys sneak snacks, there's nothing like the liveliest—Del Monte® Catsup

Sure thing. Because Del Monte Catsup is made with pineapple distilled vinegar to accent rich tomato flavor, zesty spices. If you think your hungry houseful likes catsup now, give them a chance at the livelier taste of Del Monte. Try it today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN YOU HELP

All the strength Red Cross has comes from *you*. You and your family and your neighbor next door. Red Cross is *people*. People needing . . . people heeding. Generous people giving comfort and care *person-to-person*.

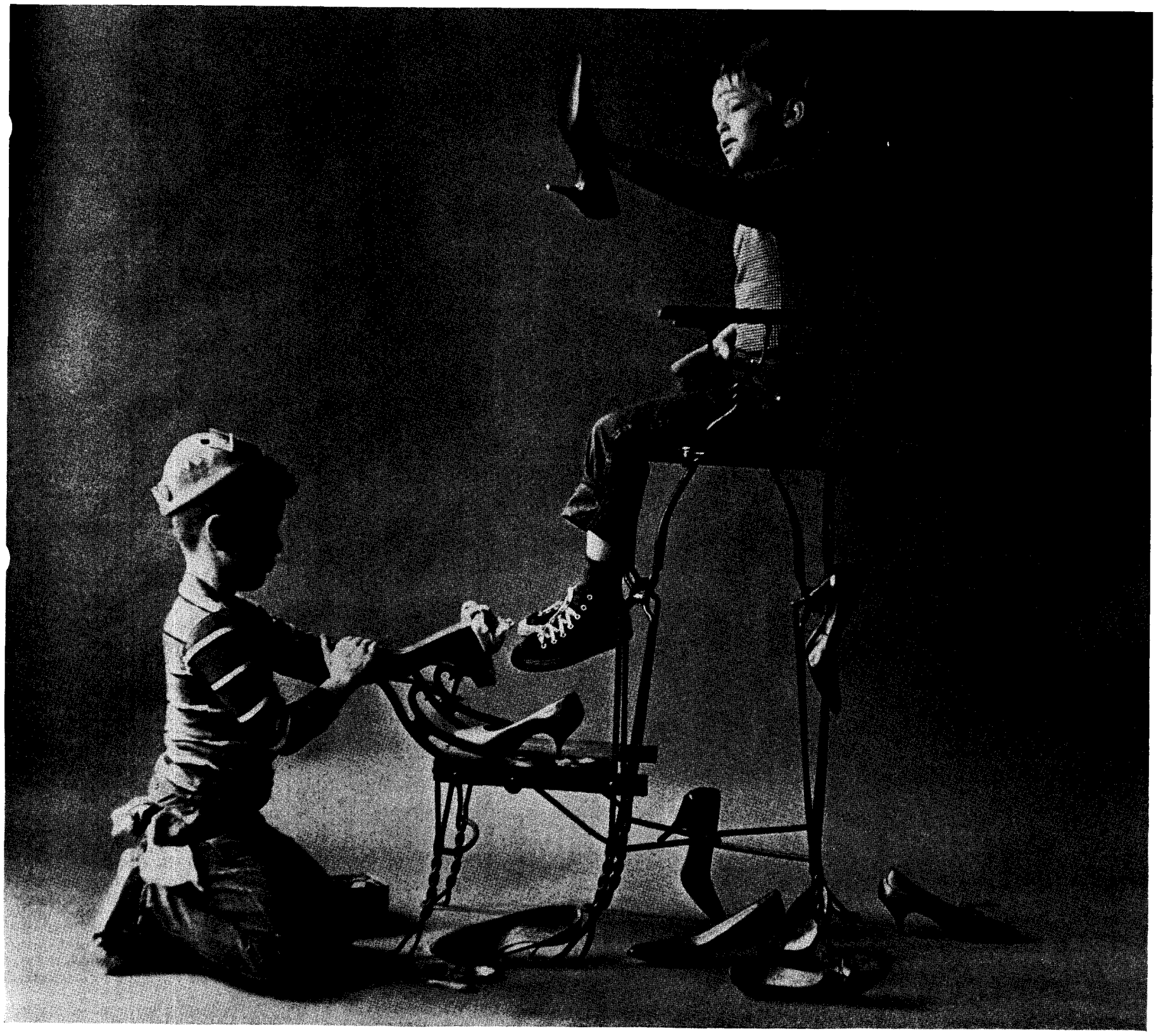
In time of personal tragedy or national disaster, people turn to Red Cross for swift, unfailing help. This is why—*now*—Red Cross turns to *you*.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE ·

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN YOU HELP

This advertisement is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the magazine publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You have to take a shine to a lady
(before a lady takes a shine to you)

It's the mark of a lady. Before she'll give you a tumble, she has to know you care. / How do you woo her? Polish helps; it catches her eye. But to win her heart, you've got to do more than dazzle her with footwork (or artwork). You've got to talk to her knowingly, counsel her firmly, entertain her excitingly, think of her constantly, and understand her completely. You've got to make her eyes shine. / Best case in point: The Ladies' Home Journal. The Journal takes an unabashed shine to the ladies. Its approach is direct, its technique perceptive. / It must work: countless ladies are in love with the Journal, right to the tips of their toes.

When the Journal speaks-women listen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Flowers Known as Birds

(Continued from Page 25)

reluctantly planted the 25,000 little birds that Meyberg trucked down. The two shook hands and agreed to go fifty-fifty on the profits, if there were any. A few years back, when Meyberg died and his heirs dug up their share of the plants and sold them, Briggs left his plants in the soil. Now he harvests up to a half million stems of blossoms between September and April, when the winter flower markets are clamoring for color. Which goes to show that you can't always tell when Lady Luck is going to smile on you in the flower-growing game.

Today Don Briggs, who owns more birds of paradise than anyone else outside Africa—and probably including Africa too—is dividing his old plants to develop more acreage. In his nursery—a sort of long, low semigreenhouse with the sides open—his green-thumbed daughter, Charmion, has sprouted a quarter million Strelitzia seeds to appease the unexpected market for birds of paradise as potted house plants.

Of the Pedley brothers, who together own the other half of California Birds, Inc., Clint also got into the bird game by accident, while Elmer plunged into it with his eyes open. Clint Pedley, like his brother an old oil-field worker, turned to flower growing when his luck ran out in oil hunting. About 1934, when his shipper in the Los Angeles flower market went broke, Pedley was offered the choice of 300 bird plants or nothing at all in payment of a debt. He consulted Don Briggs, a neighbor who then was growing gladioli for the cut-flower market.

"I wouldn't take them on a bet," advised Briggs, little realizing then that soon he, too, would be up to his ears in birds.

So Pedley, who likes to make up his own mind, accepted the 300 Strelitzia and planted them in the field behind his house. In a few years he had more birds than he could market and was tossing gorgeous blossoms on the dump heap.

Meantime, also about 1934, brother Elmer had become entranced with a display of Strelitzia blossoms in the garden of a San Diego grower named Gustav Teufel, who was a sort of Luther Burbank of exotic plants. For years Teufel had been crossbreeding Strelitzia, travelers' palms and even bananas, trying to develop a better bird of paradise. These experiments fascinated inventive Elmer Pedley, who finally shelled out forty scarce dollars for one of Teufel's larger clumps and $100 for four smaller Strelitzia plants from another San Diego garden.

"That was like throwing away fourteen hundred dollars in those days," recalls Pedley. "My wife thought I was off my trolley when I took an ax and chopped the forty-dollar clump into four pieces."

> A successful teacher is one who assigns her students more homework than their parents alone can do.
>
> J. W. PELKIE

But it was the best investment Pedley ever made. He feels good about it now that he can gaze admiringly from his cottage across the six acres of Strelitzia that have replaced his avocado orchard. Aside from the quarter of a million birds he harvests each winter, Pedley gets more fun than most growers out of his hobby and livelihood because he is an experimenter.

"See that clump by the corner of the house?" asked Pedley. "Well, that's the Old Papa plant. It was one of the original plants I bought—not much to look at, but it has the blood to make great progeny."

Pedley keeps a harem of six selected mother plants. When they burst into bloom, he leaves their flowers on the plants and with a wooden matchstick spreads pollen on them from the Old Papa's blossoms. Left to nature's ways, Strelitzias set but few seeds in California, but with this assist from Pedley, the harem has produced fine crops of seed from which he has grown some 20,000 offspring. Some of these have been short-lived; Pedley heartlessly pulls out all but the top-quality plants in his determination to upgrade his birds.

"You can't always tell by looking at them," he pointed out. "Here's a row of runts that you'd think I should yank out. But they bear fine birds and lots of them. Some of these husky five-footers may turn out to be poor producers, and they'll have to go."

Tall, expansive Elmer Pedley has hit on some ingenious devices for bringing up his birds. Fastened to a single leaf of many of his plants, for example, is a colored clothespin. If it is red, the clothespin signifies a late bearer, coming into bloom just before Christmas, when the flower market is ravenous for bright blooms. A green clothespin marks a prodigious

New VitoGRO
COMPLETE NUTRITIONAL TREATMENT
FOR GRASS

The amazing, new lawn food that feeds a full six months and will not burn!

No other lawn food has all these benefits:

- **Complete nutritional treatment**—contains all elements needed by grass.
- **More for your money**—it's concentrated. Covers up to 5,800 sq. ft. per bag.
- **Clean, odorless**—no organic wastes.
- **Lasts far longer**—feeds a full six months.
- **Feeds evenly all summer**—no temporary surges of growth.
- **Feeds the whole growth zone**—builds deeper root systems.
- **Never burns**—never needs watering in.

WON'T BURN

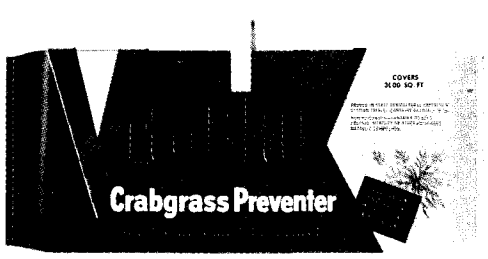
FEEDS 6 MONTHS when applied at full season rate

Feeds Deep
Feeds the whole growth zone to encourage deeper rooting, springy turf, rich-green color.

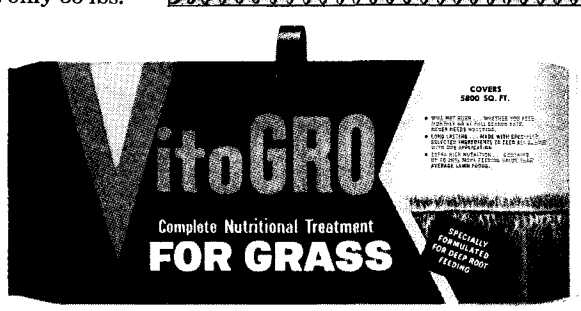
Handy Handle Bag
Pick it up like a brief case, slit the bag. Pour. It's simple with the handy new, lightweight handle bag. Easy to carry, too. Weighs only 33 lbs.

Swift & Company
Money-Back Guarantee
Every VitoGRO product must perform as promised or your money back. Complete guarantee printed on every bag.

FOR OTHER LAWN PROBLEMS



KILL CRABGRASS
with new VitoGRO Crabgrass Preventer. Kills seedlings as they sprout. Prevents crabgrass all summer.



AVAILABLE ONLY AT LEADING GARDEN SUPPLY DEALERS

VitoGRO is a trademark of Swift & Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bloomer, yellow indicates long flower stems, and so on.

"Here's a clump that puts out eight or nine dozen stems of blossoms a year," he pointed out. "Here's one with the red showing in the stems of its leaves. The blood comes up, then goes down, just like mercury in a thermometer. In about five weeks that plant will be in blossom."

When the blossom stems shoot up, Pedley watches them daily. As the first touch of yellow shows atop the bud, he slips a paper cap over it to foil feathered birds and insects that might drill into it in search of nectar or the pollen, which resembles brown sugar. Another Pedley invention is a larger wax-paper cap which covers the blooms when the flowers are shipped to market. This cap protects the delicate florets if they open inside the huge cartons into which the bundles of birds are packed and held in place by light wooden crossbars.

Left to their natural urge, the clumps of Strelitzia double in size almost yearly until they become solid jungles of leaves and flowers a dozen feet in diameter. The bird farms eventually become almost impenetrable. Pedley and the other growers dig and divide the clumps every five years or so, a strenuous job of excavating because the fat, bulbous roots are a tangle as deep and as wide as the tops are high. On the Pedley farm the largest clumps are four feet in diameter, grown in rows ten feet apart.

Pedley's goal is to "true up" a strain of *Strelitzia reginae*, which is the main bird of paradise of commerce and not always stable as to type. He thinks the early California propagators crossed various strains, ranging from midgets to giants as tall as a house, in by-guess-and-by-gosh breeding experiments, which resulted in hybrid types unknown in their original African habitat.

About ten years ago the Pedley brothers were so successful in their Strelitzia growing that they were confronted with a glut of birds. Clint Pedley made a swing around the country to tell eastern florists about the new wonder flower. The florists listened, but ordered few birds. In desperation the Pedleys took their problem to Donald Briggs, who lived up the road a mile or so. By this time Briggs, too, was tossing birds on the dump pile.

"We've got to do something or we're sunk," Briggs agreed. "Let's start a co-op to educate florists and their customers."

The upshot was California Birds, Inc., a marketing and shipping facility for the three growers, with Ralph C. Dewey, an accountant with a flare for merchandising, as manager. Dewey's ideas soon brought returns. Instead of dumping the surplus birds, Dewey packed them in gift cartons which he shipped by air to florists, decorators, schools, business houses, almost anybody of importance he could think of, not overlooking the White House. Soon he had a fat file of exuberant letters, followed by orders from wholesale florists in eastern cities. He now delivers birds, by overnight service, to flower markets in sixty cities. Only during the two harvest peaks, November and March, when the birds burgeon with bumper crops of flowers, is there now a surplus. Dewey still ships these unsold flowers to people who, he thinks, ought to know firsthand about birds.

The success of California Birds, Inc., has been paralleled less spectacularly perhaps by the Montebello growers, nearly all nurserymen of Dutch extraction. Their birds are trucked to the Los Angeles wholesale market where they are packed with other flowers for shipment to eastern outlets. Two growers, Cornelius J. Groen and W. J. Vander Bruggen, pulled off one coup that is now legend, in 1956 when they booked passage for a visit to their homeland on a Holland-America liner.

To make their sailing festive, they shipped a thousand stems of birds to decorate the saloons of the vessel, then invited the florists of New York City down to see the spectacular arrangements. Ship reporters were even more impressed. Newspapers blossomed with stories about the exotic African flower that came from California. By the time the bird growers returned, their business had taken a decided upswing.

About 1950 the splashy bird that blooms turned into an amusing political football in Los Angeles, where the citizens awoke suddenly to the realization that they had no city flower. The Strelitzia enthusiasts leaped nimbly into the void and organized a campaign on behalf of the bird of paradise. This moved smoothly until it reached the office of the mayor, then a dour, doughty ex-judge named Fletcher Bowron, who liked any flower as long as it was a geranium. Choosing the official city flower settled down into a civic hassle, with the battle line drawn between The Birds and The Geraniums. The scales were tipped for The Birds when word came from Miami that the Strelitzia was about to be named the state flower of Florida, which also grows birds of paradise, but not on a large commercial scale. The Angelenos valiantly forgot their differences and chose the bird of paradise before the Floridians could nab it. In season, the city's wholesale florists see that the city-hall rotunda is decorated with a splendiferous arrangement of Strelitzia.

Paradoxically, one of the bird growers' serious problems is to teach florists, office flower arrangers and housewives how to use the dazzling and ornate blossom in moderation. Too many dazzling and ornate birds alone in a vase don't make a good bouquet, admits Manager Dewey, who has compiled a booklet embodying the theories of outstanding decorators about how to use Strelitzia. The basic idea is to arrange them in odd numbers—threes, fives, sevens, elevens—and with other foliage, so that they will look like golden birds about to take wing from their perches.

The Strelitzias are unusually long-lived flowers, lasting two to three weeks with proper care—which, according to Dewey, is simple. "Slice off a little of the stem with a diagonal cut and change the water every other day or so, and they'll outlast most flowers," he advises. "Another trick is to gently open the bract from which the blossoms rise. There are two or three florets, folded inside, which will open out." Dewey has also been prodding the florists to use birds in corsages, thus opening a market for flowers that have broken loose from their stems in handling.

An unanticipated market has been the demand for Strelitzia leaves and for potted plants. The leaves are slender and smooth, dark green in color, with lighter veins. In an eastern florist shop a leaf will bring half as much as a blossom, which sells for around a dollar. However, the growers of birds for flowers are reluctant to harvest leaves. "If we cut a leaf, we lose a bird," says Dewey. "Greenhouse-grown leaves are smoother than field-grown leaves, so we grow the birds, and they can grow the leaves."

This may explain another market that has baffled the California growers—the demand for Strelitzia plants not only in nurseries but also in supermarkets and department stores all over the country. Dewey ships thousands of year-old plants about a foot high, their fat, pale roots wrapped in damp moss, which in turn is sheathed in aluminum foil. He thinks bird enthusiasts may be growing their own leaves. The potted plants thrive indoors, but bear flowers only after seven years' growth, and even then bloom only rarely.

The home buyer of birds should be sure that he knows just what he is getting, because there are birds and birds. On the small end of the scale are the midget parvifolias which grow but a foot high and bear bright gold-and-blue flowers, miniatures of the *Strelitzia reginae* which the florists sell. Then there is the giant nineteen-foot-tall augusta or traveler's palm and the still-taller nicolai, both of which bear white florets with blue tongues. However, it is well to keep in mind that all birds of paradise look alike when they are little, so buyers should be careful not to pick an infant which someday will be pushing up the roof. THE END

"As a teacher I find my girls want information about themselves."

"It's surprising how many misconceptions can arise about the whole area of becoming a woman. Many girls, too, have revealed they don't know enough about anatomy to understand the principles of internal sanitary protection. They fear it won't remain in place (of course it will!); that it might be harmful (pure surgical cotton can't be harmful); but they still are anxious to know about it and use it."

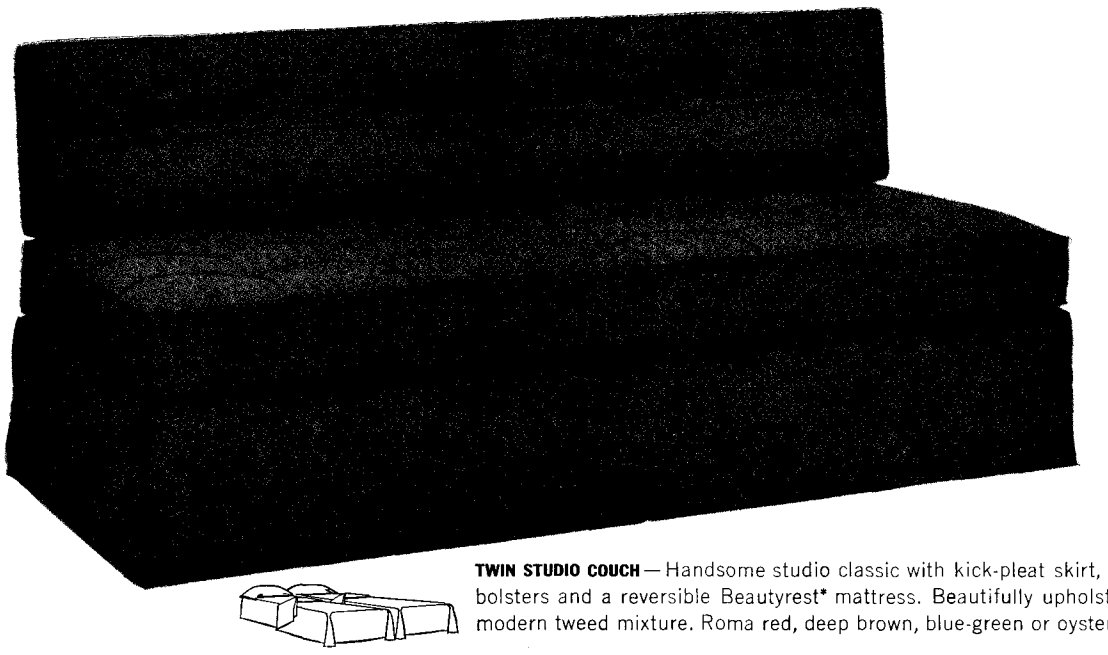
* * * *

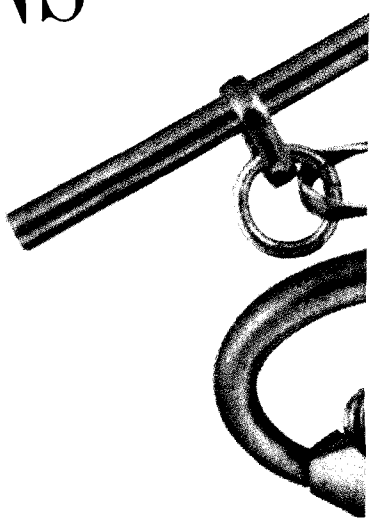
Tampax is the world's largest maker of internal sanitary protection, and has provided much educational material over the past twenty-five years to help girls understand themselves. Tampax holds that the decision to use the product is a very personal one—and that a girl will come to it *in her own good time*. The Tampax® advantages of modesty, invisibility, lack of odor and chafing, easy disposal, personal freedom are well known. And Tampax makes ceaseless experiments and improvements to make sure that anything worthwhile in this field will come to you from Tampax—first. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

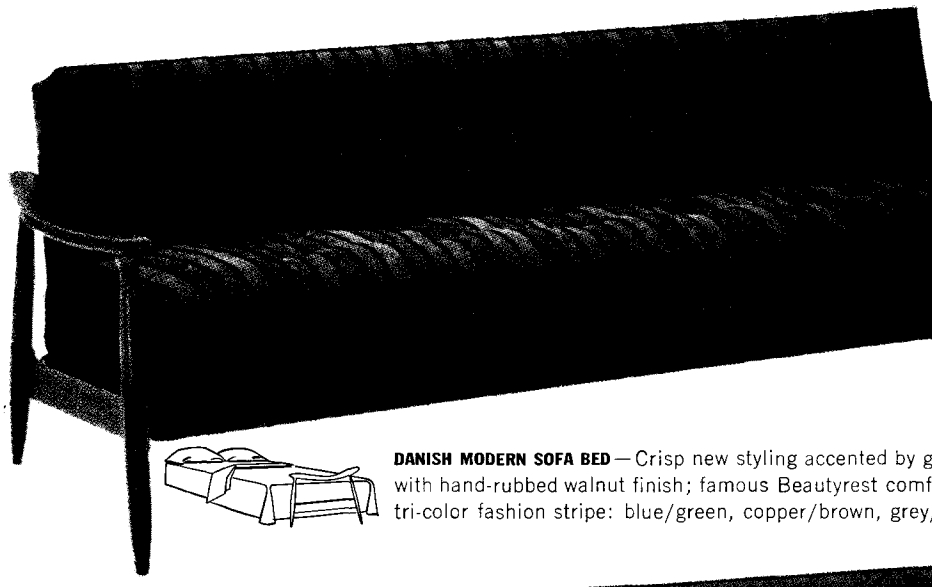
BEAUTYREST COMFORT

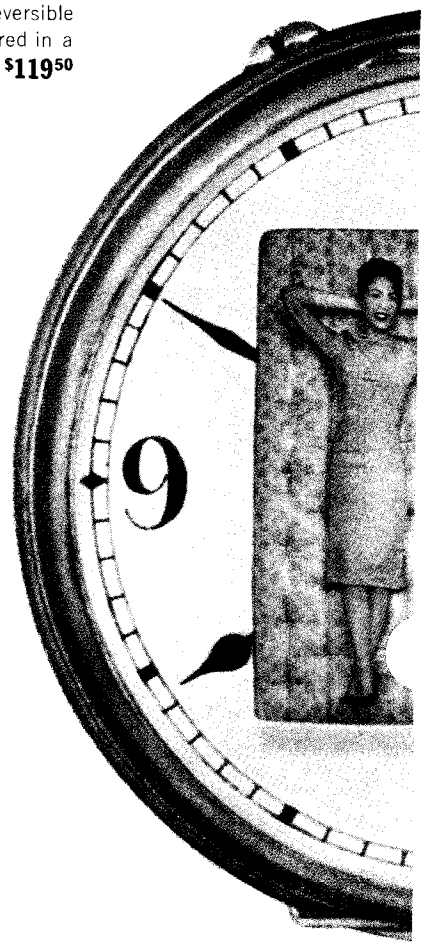
6 TOP VALUE CONVERTIBLES BY SIMMONS



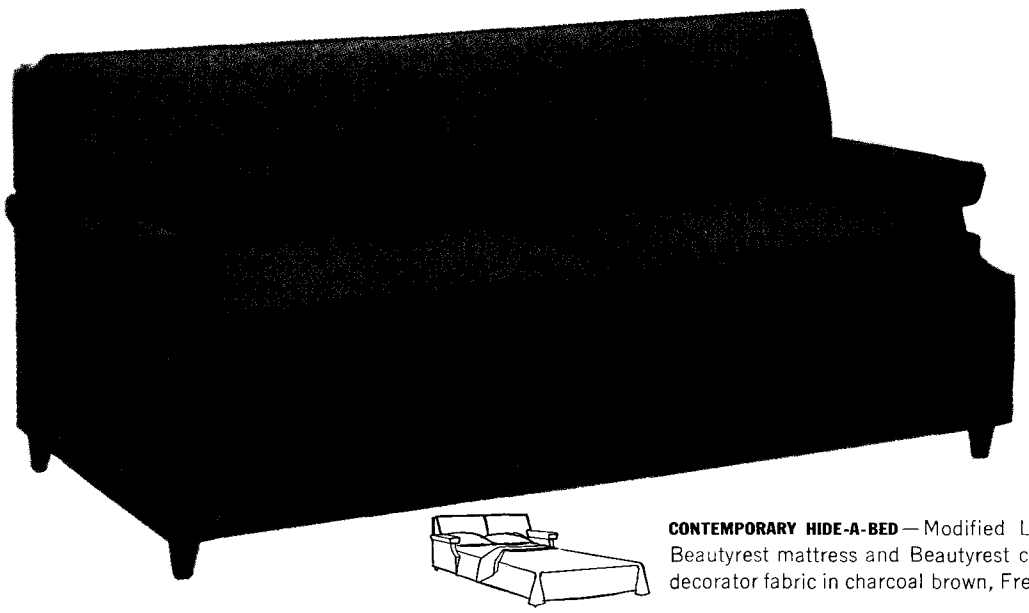


TWIN STUDIO COUCH—Handsome studio classic with kick-pleat skirt, reversible bolsters and a reversible Beautyrest* mattress. Beautifully upholstered in a modern tweed mixture. Roma red, deep brown, blue-green or oyster. **$119.50**





DANISH MODERN SOFA BED—Crisp new styling accented by gracefully carved arms and legs with hand-rubbed walnut finish; famous Beautyrest comfort. Upholstered in an exciting tri-color fashion stripe: blue/green, copper/brown, grey/brown, brown ombre. **$129.50**

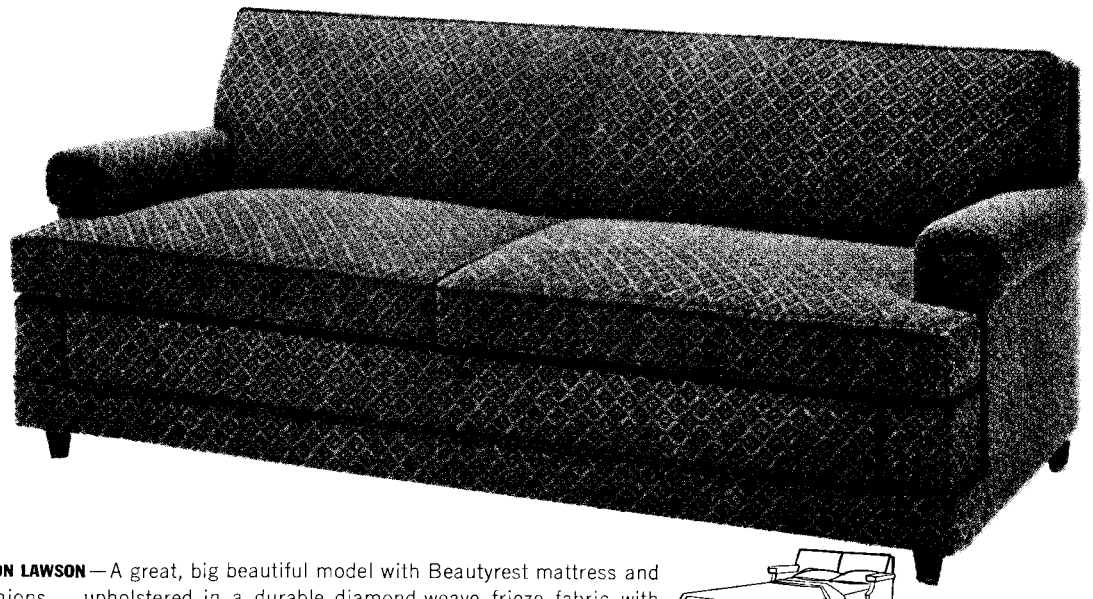


CONTEMPORARY HIDE-A-BED—Modified Lawson with all-steel frame, world-famous Beautyrest mattress and Beautyrest cushions. The upholstery is a modern tweed decorator fabric in charcoal brown, French toast, Lido blue or blue-green. **$239.50**

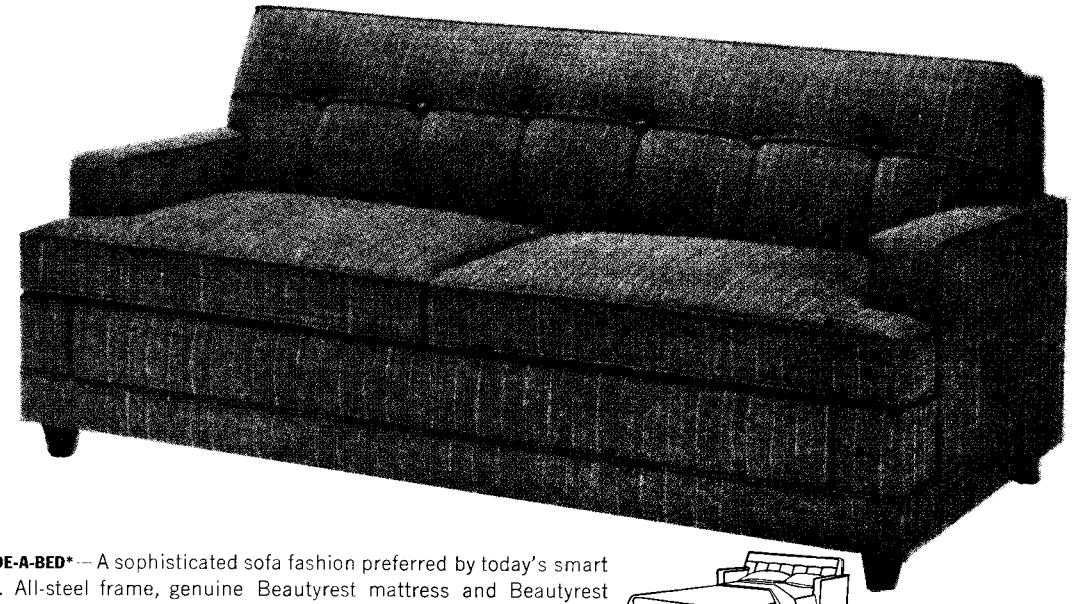
BEAUTYREST SITTING COMFORT BY DAY, **BEAUTYREST** SLEEPING COMFO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

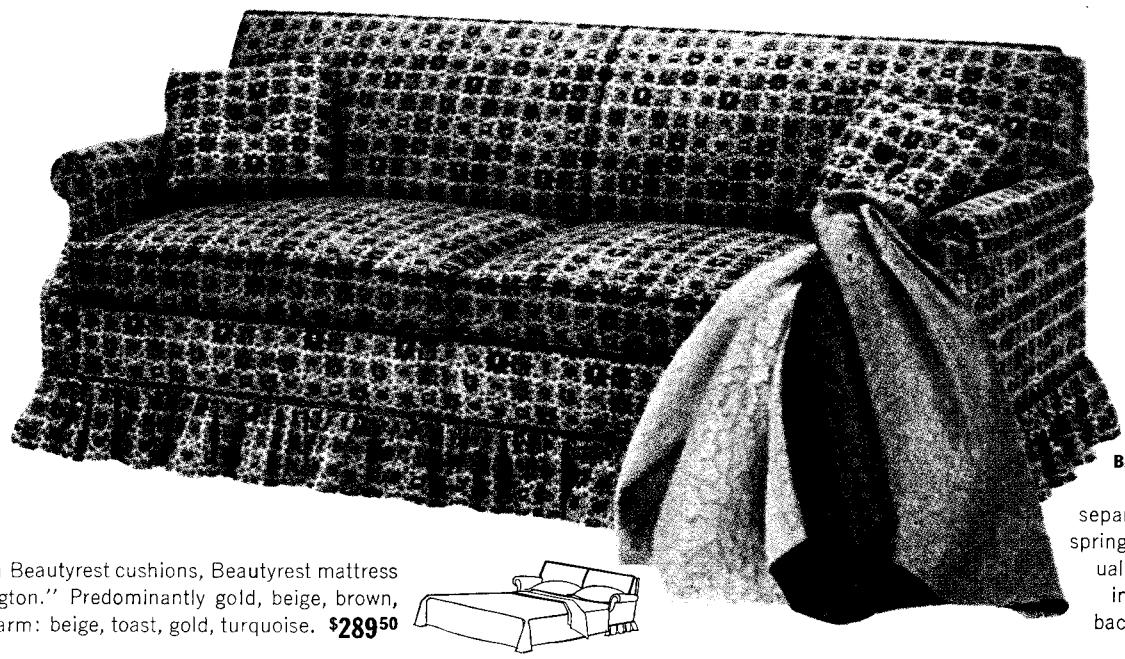
AROUND THE CLOCK



KEY-ARM T-CUSHION LAWSON—A great, big beautiful model with Beautyrest mattress and Beautyrest cushions . . . upholstered in a durable diamond-weave frieze fabric with deep, luxurious texture; in decorator tones of toast, dark brown and turquoise. **$289.50**

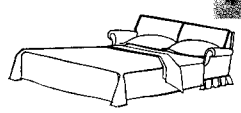


MODERN T-CUSHION HIDE-A-BED*—A sophisticated sofa fashion preferred by today's smart young homemakers. All-steel frame, genuine Beautyrest mattress and Beautyrest cushions. New cross-dyed upholstery in charcoal brown, beige, marine, gold. **$259.50**



BEAUTYREST is the only mattress made with separate back-supporting springs. Over 800 individual coils push up-up-up into the small of your back, creating the ideal support for restful, refreshing sleep.

CLASSIC LAWSON HIDE-A-BED—Twin-pillowed sofa with Beautyrest cushions, Beautyrest mattress and documentary print upholstery called "Lexington." Predominantly gold, beige, brown, green. Also in the textured damask draped over arm: beige, toast, gold, turquoise. **$289.50**



NIGHT...BROUGHT TO YOU ONLY BY **SIMMONS**

©1961 BY SIMMONS COMPANY, MDSE MART, CHICAGO, ILL. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seventeen Stories Up (Continued from Page 30)

Katie Gibbs and preceded by a telephone call from Mr. Melancthon.

She was not the type of young woman Cheever favored for employment at MD&H. For one thing, she was preposterously young and inexperienced. Cheever looked upon employment at MD&H as a badge of honor for which the minimum requirements were at least ten years of superlative service, preferably at other, if lesser, brokerages.

"We may do things a little differently here," was his usual speech of welcome to a new employee, "but we have found our way, the Melancthon, Duke and Horror way, most effective. We hope you will fit into our picture." In Cheever's mind the picture was a dignified oil of rich, darkish hues, fitly set in a massive frame of gilt hardwood.

Miss Morrow was an extremely modern composition in varying soft and bright pastels—hazy, ash-blond hair; pink-beneath-sun-tan cheeks; eyes, a bewildering combination of blue and green.

Her lips were full and fearlessly outlined in a dark lip rouge. They forced one's attention, and attention to them was disturbing. It was the shade of her lip rouge that had caused Cheever to label her the Purple Young girl.

For the rest of her—well, Cheever was not one to dwell upon "the rest" of any female employee, but he could not deny that Miss Morrow displayed certain developments and contours which could endanger the equilibrium of that cherished gilt frame.

Now, Cheever was not ninety years old. Cheever did not have a white beard nor did he affect a pince-nez. He stood just under six feet without the specially built shoes he wore to keep his ankle muscles in top condition. He was thirty-two years old, sound of limb, with intelligent gray eyes and an even, pleasing baritone voice. He was the despair of two generations of mothers of Main Line debutantes, and a hard-working, promising cog in the immaculate machinery of Melancthon, Duke and Horror.

The key to Cheever was that when and where other men might think of girls, he thought of mountains. When he and Henry Ridder had been at prep school together, Henry had dreamed of adolescent romantic conquests in New York while Cheever visited the same gay city to meet his father at meetings of the Explorers Club.

When his father had been lost due to a fatal fall while scaling Iran's comparatively easy Mount Demavend, Cheever mourned sincerely while feeling happy that his father had gone thus rather than at office desk or club billiard room. Cheever visited Iran and scaled Demavend the summer of his junior year at Yale, with his mother's blessing. Mother Burton was not a climber herself, but she knew the sincere and mystical devotion of the addict. She outlived her husband just long enough to see Cheever graduated from college.

Cheever kept the family house in Cynwyd through his postcollege Army service (Mountain Division) and returned to it and to a job at MD&H after his discharge. Physically, Cheever lived in the Cynwyd house with Mr. and Mrs. Baker, a venerable handyman-and-cook combination. Actually, he lived in a world whose capitals were Everest and Kanchenjunga and Mount McKinley and, if the Russians would ever let a fellow have a go at it, Tengri Khan in Turkistan.

Back from lunch, the Purple Young girl went up to MD&H in the same elevator as Cheever and Henry.

"Hello, bright eyes," said Henry.

"Hello, Henry," said Miss Morrow with a familiarity which Cheever felt struck at office discipline. She sniffed at the aroma of Martinis and added, "Have you been corrupting our Mr. Burton?"

"Old Cheev?" Henry said, laughing and including Cheever in their undisciplined intimacy. "You don't know the boy, Lonnie. The scourge of Derby, we called him at Yale. Don't let that sour puss deceive you. Old Cheev has a secret life knocking around somewhere."

"It must be the best-kept secret since the A-bomb," the Purple Young girl said. Cheever maintained a dignified silence until he could escape to his own office.

The devoted and efficient Miss Didier, who had been with Kuhn Loeb for twenty years before she came to MD&H, paused startled at his office door to hear Cheever addressing a print of Independence Hall above his desk.

"Sour puss indeed!" Cheever was saying. "Secret life!"

Miss Didier cleared her throat. "It's Mr. Fessenden's account again, sir," she said. "Mr. Melancthon said I should see if you have any ideas. Mr. Ridder has done wonders on the account, but you know Mr. Fessenden. . . ."

Cheever did indeed know Horace Fessenden, one of the oldest and least valued clients of the brokerage. Mr. Fessenden had inherited a portfolio of securities which should have been sufficient to yield him a cozy income for life. But Mr. Fessenden could not let well enough alone. His antic and manic personality was ever at the whim of rumor and the beck of touts, and his account in a continuous state of flux. The commissions earned on Mr. Fessenden's variable moods were considerable, but in no wise consistent with the trouble he caused.

"What now, Miss Didier?" Cheever asked.

"He came in last Thursday, sir, and told Mr. Ridder we were trying to cheat him out of a decent living, and how it was risk capital that made America great. You know."

"I know," Cheever said.

"Then he suggested we put all his assets into Porcupine and Platypus Smelting," Miss Didier said. "I never heard of it either," she answered Cheever's perplexity. "It's one of those things a man in a checked suit told him was going to go sky-high."

"And what did we do?" Cheever asked.

"Mr. Ridder argued his best, and even Mr. Melancthon got into it, but at the end we had to convert everything to cash and load up on Porcupine and Platypus for him. And now, of course, it's sunk out of sight."

"Call Henry for me," Cheever said wearily. "Mr. Ridder, I mean." He felt that lunch and the elevator session had sapped his self-control.

Examining it with Henry Ridder, Cheever thought the Fessenden situation looked at its lowest ebb in years.

"It's not only that he's losing out on this animal stock," Henry said. "When he forced us to sell everything and plow it into this, he didn't save a cent for the very hefty tax he'll have to pay on his previous profits."

"Didn't you explain that?" Cheever asked.

"Naturally. That's when he accused us of selling out to the socialists. So now Fessenden has almost everything except his shirt tied up in Porcupine and Platypus which, according to the latest communiqués, has just gone off the market to be reorganized in bankruptcy. His shirt and the place on Long Island will go to the tax boys. Get it?"

"I do," said Cheever, "and I don't have any answer. Where's Fessenden?"

"Not here, thank heaven," said Henry. "He feels guilty, so he's hiding from us. He doesn't know how bad things really are. When he does—well, I hope I'm in hiding by then."

"I see no way out," Cheever said.

"The old man thought you might be able to soften the blow when Fessenden comes in," Henry said. "You always got along with him."

"It's a large blow to soften," Cheever said. "But I'll think. I'll sleep on it. You did your best, Henry. Don't worry about it."

"I won't worry," Henry said sincerely. "I'll drown my sorrows. I'm taking out your Purple Young girl. She'll help if nothing else will."

"*My* Purple Young girl," Cheever said bitterly to Henry's back; and Miss Didier, standing at the door with a sheaf of papers, had to clear her throat again.

The short remainder of the afternoon passed in routine for Cheever, but his soul was awry. Fessenden troubled him, but Fessenden had troubled him before. What he had to admit was preying on his mind was the possibility of an irregular relationship between Henry Ridder and Miss Morrow. He, H. Cheever Burton III, had done all he could to make even the thought of such a thing impossible in connection with MD&H. But the Purple Young girl had stormed his citadel, and he had to confess that she was the type of girl a rash man, like Henry Ridder and unlike Cheever Burton, might easily become involved with.

The Fessenden mess would blow over, but Miss Morrow was a canker in the body of the firm. Cheever suspected that the Purple Young girl, early in her apprenticeship at MD&H, had even had designs upon him!

There had been nothing overt about her tactics, but they had been markedly different from anything Cheever had encountered in the office. The good, steady employees of MD&H—Miss Didier, for example—made a joke of Cheever's mountain-climbing activities, treated them as an eccentric hobby. Which was the way such things should be treated in an office, he reminded himself.

"Going after those old mountains again?" Miss Evershaw, the switchboard girl of thirty-eight summers would ask him archly just before his vacation. "Had fun climbing those old mountains?" Mrs. Renshaw, the matronly receptionist, would ask him in a humoring tone when he returned. This was what one expected in a world of decent solidity and sensibly private partitions.

But the Purple Young girl, only a few days after starting work, had stopped him at the water cooler with, "I understand you're a mountain climber. Do you use a descending ring for *rappel*, as a rule, or do you just pray for a decent crag to hook your rope on?"

Cheever had gargled his water helplessly, crushed a half-filled cup and muttered something about "use a ring when it's necessary, naturally," and escaped.

It was not a terribly intelligent question, he considered, but a normal one for someone who knew nothing about climbing and had just started to read about it. But such a one as the Purple Young girl could only be reading about a subject so remote from her racy urban personality in order—in order obviously to trap a man like Cheever.

The next time she approached him it was with a question about *pitons*, those metal wedges climbers use for help on a surface with no ready-made holds. Cheever recommended a mountaineering handbook to her and made his recommendation so brusque as to leave no doubt that he was on to her little game. He could remember her reaction, a dusky flush spreading upward on her already red cheeks.

"Pardon me!" the Purple Young girl had said with hauteur. "I shan't bother you again, Tenzing."

"No bother, I'm sure," Cheever had replied with smug satisfaction. But now he remembered (*Continued on Page 67*)

"The porterhouse steak for two sounds good. What will you have?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take away the Rayonier Cellulose - and what's left?

TURN THE PAGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just the people

Yes, everything else in the picture on the preceding page was made entirely or partly of cellulose—including the page itself! ¶ So are some 6,000 other everyday products such as photo film, cigarette filters, cellophane and Tyrex tire cord. Cellulose is one of man's most useful raw materials, and he consumes enormous quantities of it. Rayonier alone can produce nearly 2 billion pounds a year from its giant tree farms —and world demand continues to grow. ¶ You might wonder if the supply will last. Don't worry. For every tree we cut down we plant many new ones. (Last year we planted 21 *million* seedlings). So you can continue to your heart's content to wear, sit on, lie on, walk on, ride on, look at, look through and smoke through products made of Rayonier cellulose.

RAYONIER

NATURAL RESOURCES CHEMISTRY

Rayonier Incorporated
161 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 64*) that Miss Morrow's flush had been very interesting. She had been wearing a low blouse, and the flush had started, seemingly, at the two fascinating little hollows by her collar bones, soft hollows almost like the indentation of a thumb.

H. Cheever Burton III hastily rearranged his thoughts. They were straying in a manner unsuitable for an executive with more pressing problems. He was home now, well fed by Mrs. Baker and ensconced in the Victorian quiet of his own living room, where he ostensibly had gone to mull over the affairs of Horace Fessenden. Porcupine and Platypus Smelting—h'm'm'm, the name rang some vague chord in his mind, but he couldn't place it.

"He's worried about something," Baker reported to Mrs. Baker, knitting in the pantry. "Might be a girl."

"Humpf!" Mrs. Baker said. "It's a mountain or business. I've given him up, Baker. I love him, but he won't grow up."

"Never can tell," said Baker as he helped himself to two fingers of the master's bourbon since the bottle was out.

Cheever went to bed early, his problem still unsolved. But Cheever usually went to bed early, problem or no; he needed a decent sleep before his morning ritual. Cheever's morning ritual was his one major life secret, the one thing he withheld from the offices of MD&H, and his greatest everyday satisfaction. Other men might moon privately over Parisian art studies or keep covered a fancy for butterfly collecting; Cheever had his home-mountaineering course.

Every morning, rain or shine, Cheever rose at six, pulled on an ancient pair of tweed knickers and went down the back stairs to the northern exposure of the rambling, late-Victorian pile he called home. The house was shielded from the road by tall firs, so his security was unendangered. Starting usually from the kitchen windows, but sometimes from the back-porch water barrel, Cheever methodically climbed up one side of the house and down the other.

He had been doing this since the age of eleven. His father had caught him at it, watched him move down the front side of the house, deliberately making use of cornices and gargoyles and growth of ivy for handholds, and had patted him firmly on the shoulder.

"I should have gone right across the top of the living-room windows," Burton Senior had said thoughtfully, "and then on down the iron tracery at the corner, but you're a good deal lighter. Perhaps you're right at that." Mother Burton had remonstrated once or twice and then had given in graciously to arguments that it was better for Cheever to get his training at home than to risk his neck untrained the first crack he had at Chomo Ihari or Makalu.

"Better get breakfast started," Baker said to Mrs. Baker, observing the master's wool-socked leg slipping past the pantry window. "He has it down to a flat fifteen minutes nowadays."

Cheever arrived at the office refreshed and comforted by his climb. These few moments every morning brought the world into focus for him. He had no solution of the Fessenden mess yet, but the mess had been reduced to proper proportions. He was whistling audibly as he stepped into the elevator.

"Hark, hark, the lark," said the Purple Young girl, and Cheever choked his whistle and realized that he was no longer surveying the world from the peak of Everest or even from the weather-vane sight of Mount Cynwyd.

"Good morning, Miss Morrow," he said with dignity. Against his will he found himself searching her face for traces of bacchanalian dissipation with Henry Ridder the evening before. He had no personal interest in the matter, but there was office efficiency to be thought of. The Purple Young girl, surprisingly, looked as if she had slept a full ten hours on gossamer and dreamed dreams of purest innocence.

"Have I got a smudge?" she asked. "Or are my straps showing?"

"No, no, not at all. You're looking very well," Cheever struggled to say.

"Careful, Mr. Burton! Flattery!" she said.

Cheever gave way to a nonverbal strangle and devoted the remaining seconds of the ride to hating elevators.

The first caller in his office was Henry Ridder. "Any brainstorm on Fessenden?"

"None. I thought about it from every angle, Henry. I'm afraid there's no way out and no way to make it easy for him." Henry looked appropriately gloomy.

"It's a darned shame," Cheever said. "But we've kept him afloat longer than any other brokerage could have." He straightened his tie absently. "Have a good time last night?"

"Not even that," Henry said. "What a frost! Dinner, and then she had to see a floor show, but it turns out that was all she was interested in. Soon as the early show's over, she wants to go home. I couldn't even ply her with liquor. And all the way home she talked—bright and animated. You know how impossible that is."

Cheever didn't, but he nodded. "Well, about Fessenden," he said. "Just let me talk to him. It's always darkest before the dawn. Don't frighten him unnecessarily, Hank."

Henry Ridder left. Cheever sat at his desk bouncing a fresh pencil on its eraser end. "Tum tum tum tum," he chanted tunelessly but cheerily under his breath. Miss Didier had to clear her throat twice to catch his attention for the morning mail.

The morning was passing very quickly and satisfyingly. Cheever had just made a very astute change in a client's portfolio when the whole chaste sanctuary of Melancthon, Duke and Horror was rent by a vibrant shriek—first one vibrant shriek from Miss Didier, then a crescendo of shrieks from the stenographic pool and a bellow and more bellows of, "Do something! Get something! Call somebody!" from Mr. Melancthon.

"Mice," thought Cheever. "Hysterics. Or mice and hysterics." He weighted the papers he had been working on and dashed for Mr. Melancthon's office, scattering the knot of secretaries and other curious assembled at the door.

Miss Didier was jumping up and down in an agitated manner in a corner of Mr. Melancthon's office, and Mr. Melancthon's florid bulk was out of its swivel chair and staring bug-eyed over the sill of the office window. "What ——" Cheever started, and then he saw that the window was open, in brazen defiance of MD&H air-conditioning regulations, and that outside the window, well beyond reach on the ornamental ledge, was Horace Fessenden on his hands and knees, peering ridiculously but determinedly down at the asphalt ribbon of Chestnut Street seventeen stories below.

"It's you, Burton," Mr. Melancthon said with a trace of relief. "Can you do anything? You've always had some influence with him. Talk to him."

"I'll try," Cheever said and approached the window. Mr. Fessenden, his stubby, well-manicured fingers curled over the ledge, looked like a tailored botanist caught in the instant of discovering a new species of edelweiss.

"Mr. Fessenden," Cheever called in a voice struggling to sound normal. "Mr. Fessenden!"

"Don't come closer. One step and I jump. Going to anyway," Mr. Fessenden said. His tones were not hysterical. He spoke with the dignity of a man about to plummet seventeen stories, but desiring to savor for a brief interval the full significance of his gesture. "Oh, it's you, Burton."

"Yes, Mr. Fessenden, and you're being very foolish. If you'll just step back ——"

"Crawl, Burton. Not step. Couldn't step the way I'm all crouched here. You're a good chap, Burton. Always liked you. But don't press me. Just want a good look at the street. Shouldn't want to hit anyone, you know."

"Mr. Fessenden," Cheever insisted. "You're suffering from a misapprehension—making a mistake. You're not broke."

And suddenly Cheever knew that this was true. The thoughts which had been eluding him the night before fell into place. Porcupine and Platypus, of course, was the mining development near Great Slave Lake, and the uranium deposits in that area, allowing time for readjustment of the company's financing, would make the stock more than respectable.

"You're not broke, Mr. Fessenden," Cheever almost shouted. "Porcupine and Platypus is going to be big stuff. You'll be richer than ever. Uranium!"

"I've been a bad boy," Mr. Fessenden said, removing one hand from the ledge and swaying crazily. "I've been a bad boy and I'm paying for it. Don't try to lollipop me, Burton. I'm too old to be taken in by a line like that. I'm not worth saving, Burton. Let the rest of your clients remember old Horace Fessenden as an example of what not to do."

Cheever could see the blue uniforms of Philadelphia's finest crowding into the room. He could hear the discouraged mutter behind him. A policeman came to his side and looked out with him. Mr. Fessenden was peering coyly over the ledge again. "There's no way of catching him," the policeman said. "Not without scaring him right off."

Cheever forced himself to go on talking to Mr. Fessenden. Their conversation reduced itself further and further toward trivia, even including the weather.

"Couldn't have picked a nicer day," Mr. Fessenden was saying briskly.

Cheever heard a disturbance at the office door. "Can't come in, lady," a policeman was saying. "I've got to come in. It's vital," the Purple Young girl's voice replied. Cheever was disappointed. He had never thought much of Miss Morrow, but he had spared her the imputation of morbidity. He heard her conversation going on in hushed tones with the police, then—evidently she had gained an entrance—with Mr. Melancthon.

"Quite a crowd," Mr. Fessenden said. "A little early for the luncheon crowd, but still quite a turnout. Darned if that doesn't look like Joe Oliver's car down there, stalled right in the middle of traffic." Mr. Fessenden chuckled, and that was dangerous—he swayed and caught himself again.

The Purple Young girl was at Cheever's shoulder. "You great oaf," she was whispering. "You're the only person here who can save him. Let somebody else do the talking. There's simply scads of rope in the building closet. You can go up to the next floor and do a *rappel* down to the ledge from the office around the corner. He wouldn't look for anybody coming down that way, and the cops don't see how it can be done; I can't explain it to them. Hurry!" She was very close and tugging his arm and she was quite simply and beautifully right.

"I have to go for a minute, Mr. Fessenden," Cheever said exultantly. "Be back in a minute. Don't do anything till I come back."

"Course not," Mr. Fessenden grunted. "Always liked you, Burton. Wouldn't be impolite. But hurry back. Got quite a crowd down there. Can't wait forever."

"Talk to him about the fallacies of the Dow Theory," Cheever whispered to Mr. Melancthon. "He always likes that." Cheever found himself propelled into the hall by the Purple Young girl. Two policemen, coiled in rope, were waiting for him. (*Continued on Page 69*)

"No, he's not terribly busy. He's just sitting here practicing uncommunicative grunts."

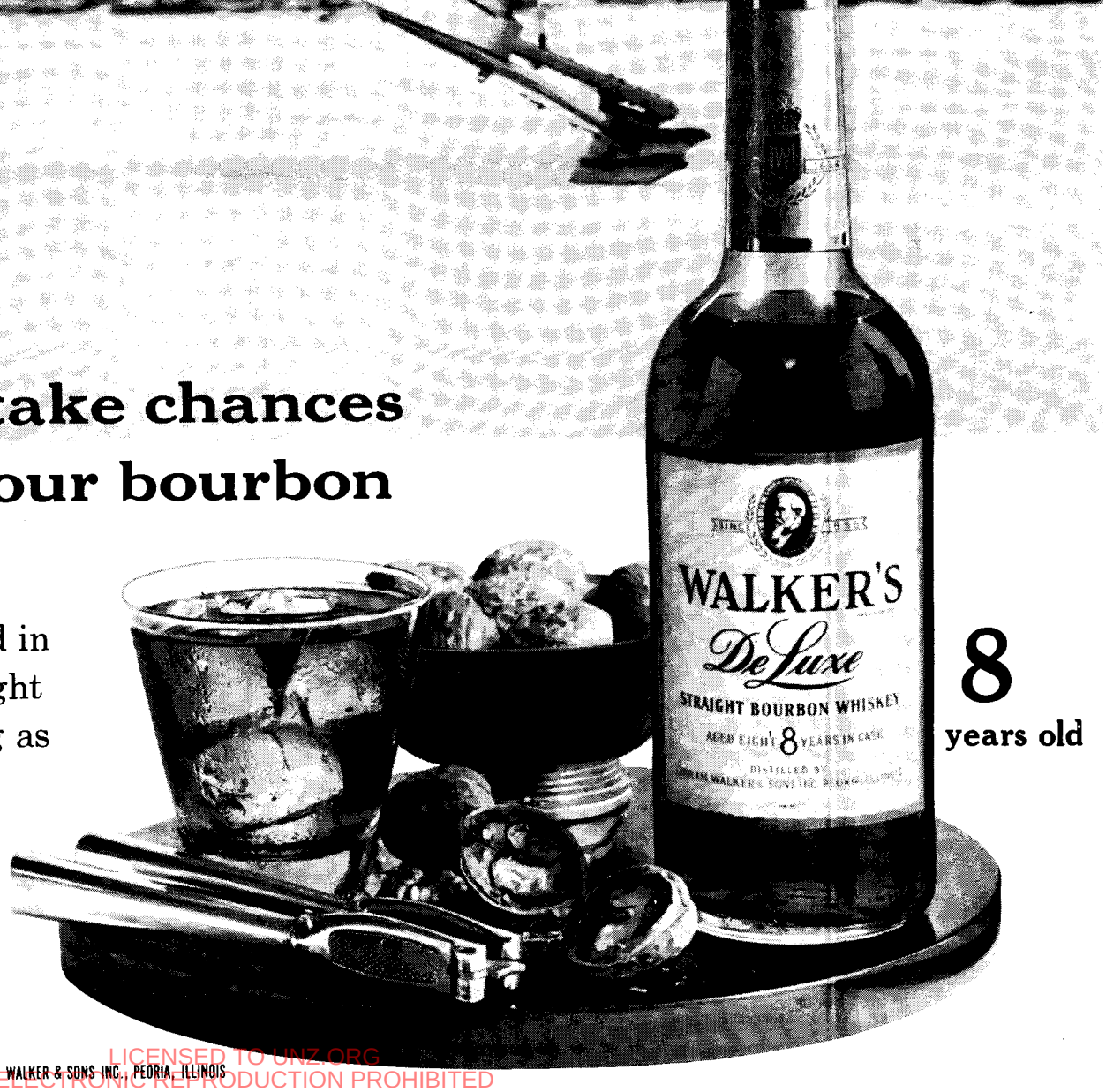
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A racing ice-boater takes his chances on Greenwood Lake, as his boat hikes high and sudden into a lightning turn

It's great to take chances but not on your bourbon

Walker's DeLuxe is aged in charred-oak casks for eight long years, twice as long as many other bourbons. Its extra years make it extra mellow.



8 years old

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 8 YEARS OLD • 86.8 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 67*) "I don't understand what the young lady means," one policeman said, "but she says you can go down there. There's no ledge on that side, you know."

Cheever was curt. "She knows what she's talking about," he said, leading the way to the next floor. "Just do as I tell you." They moved into the corner office of Butterworth Plastics. The Purple Young girl had the room already cleared and the window open.

"Just you boys hold the rope," Cheever said. He removed his coat, folded it precisely with the sleeves inside and laid it on a desk.

"Don't you want it tied around you?" one officer asked.

"Ridiculous," Cheever said. He passed the rope between his legs, caught one end and pulled it across his chest and over his right shoulder. The long end he gripped firmly with his left hand and he gave the shorter section to a dubious policeman. "No time for fancy business—

Heart's Defenses

By Lawrence A. Perkins

I set the lean and hungry
miles
To stand and guard in patient
files;
And all the hours, like trusty
aides,
Are building on the barricades.

Though days and distance are
on guard,
They are not working very
hard.
And every night, to their
disgrace,
I hear your voice and see your
face.

more flexibility this way anyway," he said and stepped to the window sill.

"Two nuts instead of one," the officer said mournfully.

"It's a *Dülfersitz*," said the Purple Young girl. "Isn't it? A kind of *rappel?*"

"Three nuts," said the officer, holding the rope taut.

"A makeshift *Dülfersitz*," agreed Cheever, blinking at Miss Morrow with respect. "You men just hang on to your end." He stepped into free space, twisted his body, planted his feet firmly and silently on the side of the building and began moving diagonally toward the corner of the building.

There was dead silence in the upper office. Three policemen held the rope, the foremost shoulder to shoulder with the Purple Young girl, both of them gazing over the window sill at the awesome figure of H. Cheever Burton III progressing downward beneath them. The Purple Young girl's knuckles were dead white with the clenching of her hands on the sill edge.

Cheever reached one bank of windows of the MD&H suite. He looked back reassuringly at the policeman and at Miss Morrow. His foot felt for a hold and slipped at the upper ledge of a window. For a moment he swam in space, the rope twisting away from him. He dangled like a Christmas angel in a department-store display, connected seemingly to nothing, soaring unpleasantly. The Purple Young girl couldn't hold back the beginning of a gasp, but she bit it off bravely. Just as suddenly as he had slipped, Cheever recovered his balance. His right foot found solid anchorage on the wall, his left followed it. He moved again, once more purposeful.

The policeman hunched a shoulder to wipe the sweat from his face. "Woof!" he said to the Purple Young girl. "Your fella?"

"I hope so," Miss Morrow said. "Golly, I hope so."

And Cheever moved on without mishap. He could hear as from a great distance Mr. Fessenden saying petulantly, "A break of four points means nothing, unless the utilities. . . . " Then he was at the building corner, the rope braced firmly across his back, over his shoulder and between his legs, swooping gently downward on an unsuspecting Mr. Fessenden. At the exact moment that his feet found the comparative and horizontal security of the ledge, he let go the shoulder section of the rope with his right hand, caught it in his left and, with his free right arm, clutched Mr. Fessenden to his bosom. He propelled the amazed client gracefully into the arms of Mr. Melancthon and the waiting constabulary at the open window, arms which welcomed Cheever too. The rope fluttered free.

"I saw you from above," the Purple Young girl was saying. MD&H had resumed its usual quiet, but the Purple Young girl was perched on Cheever's desk, breaching office decorum with a cigarette which he had lighted for her. "It was splendid, Mr. Burton."

"Uh, Cheever would be less formal," Cheever said. "But tell me, how did you come to think of a *Dülfersitz rappel?* I didn't really think you knew climbing. I mean, some of the questions you asked ——"

"I don't know climbing," the Purple Young girl said. She was studying the dark-stained end of her cigarette intently. "I was just reading some books about it because—well, I thought you were interested in it and might like to talk about it. I remembered the *rappel* because there was a picture of it, and it looked so funny. I've never really climbed at all. I'm sorry." She stubbed out her cigarette on the little brass ash tray from Tibet and stood up to leave. Up from the soft indentations near her collarbones that fascinating flush spread to her face. Cheever caught her wrist and felt an exciting transfusion of warmth in his neck and cheeks.

"Miss Morrow," he said. "Climbing is very interesting. I mean, I think you would be very interested in climbing. You have the—uh—attributes. There is a place not far from here that is excellent for practice." He was suddenly appalled at himself and then, just as suddenly, pleased. After all, no secret can go on forever.

"Yes?" said the Purple Young girl. She was smiling and she made no move to disengage her wrist.

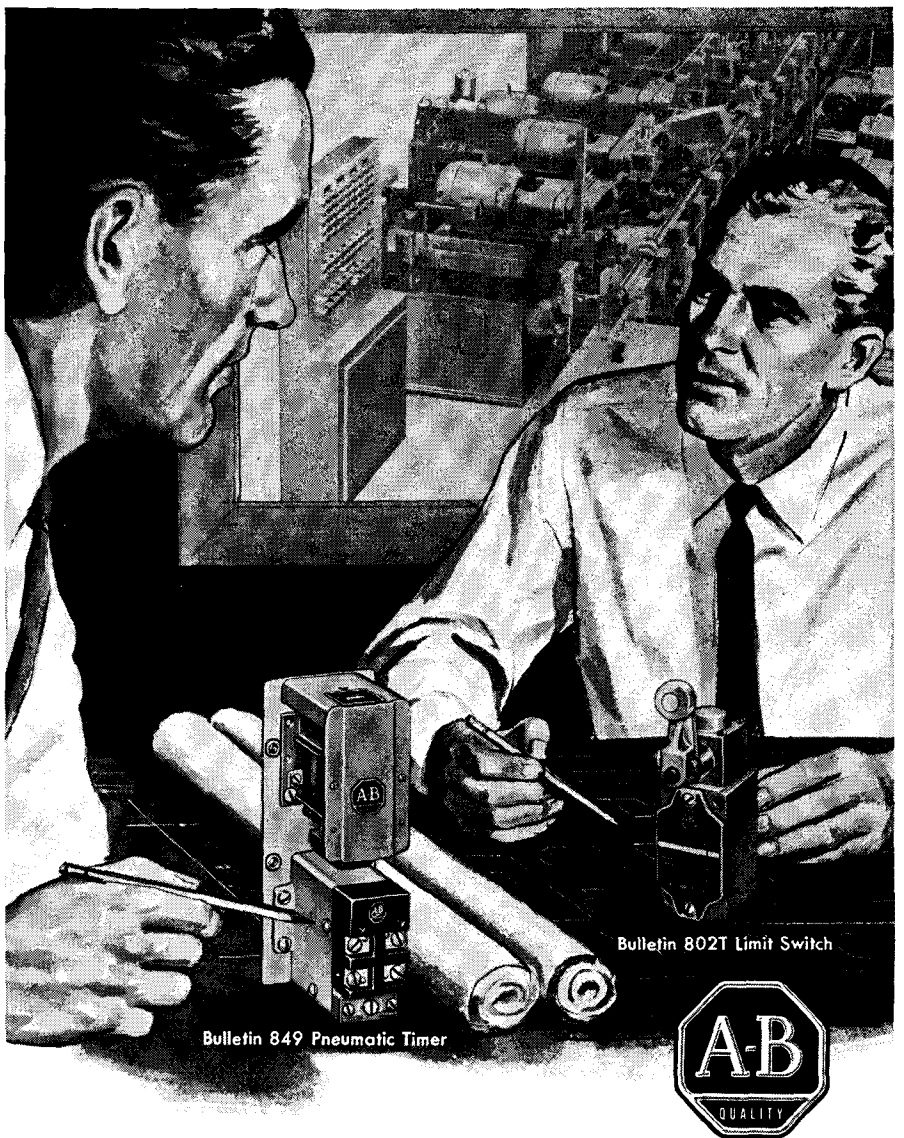
"Well, it's very near, and if you aren't doing anything this Saturday. . . ."

When Henry Ridder came along a few minutes later with notes on new municipal-bond issues, he had the decency to tiptoe away after closing the door softly.

Baker looked up from the silver he had begun to polish and observed two pairs of wool-socked legs moving across the top of the kitchen window.

"No hurry," he said to Mrs. Baker, who was giving the cat its morning saucer of milk. "It still takes them twenty-five, thirty minutes now to get clean across and over. But she's learning."

Mrs. Baker smiled happily and stroked the purring cat. THE END



Among the experts—
the "design engineers"

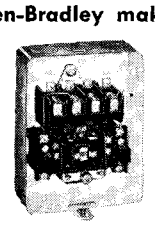
. . . ALLEN-BRADLEY IS FIRST CHOICE*

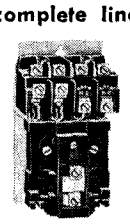
Successful designers—men who really understand the importance of selecting reliable components for automatic production equipment—have found over the years that they can be certain of complete dependability when using Allen-Bradley quality motor control. Also, the Allen-Bradley line is so complete that virtually any and all control requirements can be satisfied.

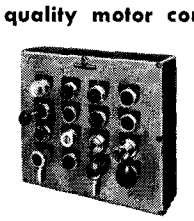
For example, the above Bulletin 849 timers are preferred throughout industry for their flexibility and precision. The delay time is easily adjustable over a wide range—and the settings will "hold." Also, the method of operation can be changed in moments. The Bulletin 802T limit switches—available in hundreds of variations—have long been a favorite of designers. The rugged, oiltight construction, and snap-action switch mechanism assure millions of trouble free operations. You can't go wrong when you insist on Allen-Bradley quality motor control. It's the first choice of designers, engineers, and contractors—the experts who *really know motor control.*

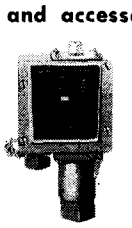
* *According to nationwide surveys*

Allen-Bradley makes a complete line of quality motor controls and accessories


Solenoid Starters
Bulletin 709


Control Relays
Bulletin 700


Push Buttons
Bulletin 800T


Pressure Switches
Bulletin 836

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Member of NEMA
Quality Motor Control

Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. • In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adding to the kitchen?

do it the Moneyland Way!

Now there's an easy way to *buy* kitchen appliances, cars, boats, furniture, swimming pools, or just about anything else!

It's the Moneyland Way–the smart, modern way that lets you buy merchandise from reliable retailers by financing your purchases through Pacific Finance Moneyland. Every day more and more families are using this up-to-date way to buy the things they need for richer, fuller lives.

So next time *you* want to buy something, ask your retailer to help you finance it the Moneyland Way, through Pacific Finance. It's the sensible way to buy.

pf PACIFIC FINANCE

Over 375 Moneyland offices. Check your phone directory for office nearest you.

SALES FINANCING • PERSONAL LOANS • COMMERCIAL FINANCING • CREDIT INSURANCE

Surprising Island of the Northern Seas

(Continued from Page 21)

has a mild oceanic climate. Snow rarely comes before December or January; the average January temperature is warmer than Chicago's. Yet the island's name has repelled many a would-be immigrant. A tale is commonly told in Iceland that the first settlers liked the land so much that they named it Iceland to discourage followers and so keep the land for themselves. For the opposite reason another Icelander, Eric the Red, gave ice-capped Greenland its name in A.D. 982; Eric wanted settlers to follow him.

To the tourist, the charm of Iceland rests as much in its independent people as in its startling and sometimes harsh scenery. A fact is a fact to an Icelander, even if it is not pleasant. Even tourist-bureau officials tell the truth—that there is a chronic shortage of hotel rooms, that Icelandic restaurants would not likely be listed by Duncan Hines, that the weather is undependable, that Icelandic roads are "quite bad." These warnings are given to prospective tourists with almost as much emphasis as reports of world-famous salmon fishing, of the strange, other-world beauty of barren lava flows, of overnight treks into the mountains, riding woolly Icelandic ponies.

Despite twenty years of exposure to the political pressures of a changing world, Iceland still cherishes values that have scarcely altered since viking days. Its 170,000 people, scattered throughout a land about the size of Kentucky, speak a tongue that has hardly changed over the centuries. They still read the famous Icelandic sagas, written in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; there is barely a home on the island that does not have some of the sagas on its well-filled bookshelves, and it is a rare Icelander who cannot quote from them.

They have pride. There is no tipping in Iceland—not to taxi drivers, waitresses or bellboys. "We get paid for our work," one Icelander said. "We don't want any favors." Another said, "We have no desire to be a nation of innkeepers. Tourists are welcome, and we encourage them to come. But they are going to have to take Iceland pretty much as it is. An Icelander finds it very difficult to truckle to people."

The tourist who wants an American bar and ham and eggs and bright lights will be disappointed in Iceland. The city of Reykjavík—population, 70,000—is as dull as a New England village at supper-time. There are two so-called night clubs, the Lido and the Rödull, with floor shows from Europe and the United States, but they close at 11:30 four nights a week. Hard liquors from Europe are available, but they are expensive. Icelanders prefer *brennivin*, a national brandy similar to Scandinavian *aquavit*, and called "black death" by American airmen stationed at Keflavík airfield.

Apart from a TV station run by American armed forces at Keflavík, there is no television in Iceland. The American transmitter is low-powered in deference to Icelander officials, who would rather not expose their people to American TV. But they have plans for their own national TV. Meanwhile, Icelanders tune to the Reykjavík radio station, which broadcasts intermittently throughout the day. Icelanders are so jealous of the purity of their language that the station frequently broadcasts an educational program warning against foreign words—smuggled in by visitors and American airmen—which might contaminate Icelandic.

The cultural level in Iceland is probably higher than in any other nation of its size. Most of its people speak Danish as well as Icelandic; many speak English too. Halldor Laxness, Iceland's 1955 Nobel laureate in literature, is no oddity; the nation has an extraordinary number of novelists, and the citizens are devoted to reading. In Reykjavík alone there are nineteen bookstores. Indeed, hardly a village on the island lacks a bookstore, or a book section in its general store, lined with volumes in Icelandic, Danish, German and English. The country publishes about 450 books each year; considering population, this is about thirty-five times as many books per capita as are published annually in the United States.

Iceland supports an opera company, two symphony orchestras and a national theater. In addition, the Dramatic Society of Reykjavík has been producing plays for more than fifty years. Last summer the nation's first annual music festival brought guest stars from Berlin, Stockholm and New York's Metropolitan Opera. For thirteen days Icelanders thronged to performances of *Rigoletto*, *The Bartered Bride* and the ballet, *Miss Julie*.

During my visit to Iceland I heard the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet in Mela School auditorium—elsewhere in Reykjavík that night a Russian soccer team defeated Iceland's best, 3–0. Later I went with the five musicians to a late tea at the home of Thórdur Einarsson, an Icelander employed by the United States legation. Einarsson, a charming and highly educated man, is fluent in at least five languages. The Icelandic guests that evening were interested in music, art and literature. They talked about the compositions of Samuel Barber and Walter Piston, the idiosyncrasies of the world's great conductors, the forthcoming novel by Halldor Laxness—who had been in the audience that evening—touched on Jean Paul Sartre, the American elections and the problems of reforesting Iceland. The discussions were in English, Danish, German and occasionally in French, with Einarsson translating precisely and unobtrusively for the Philadelphians and me.

Of course the Icelandic fisherman or sheep farmer is not on the same level as a cultured resident of Reykjavík, who commands so much knowledge of the world. But he has the same delight in exercising his mind; thus Iceland has the reputation of producing some of the world's best chess players.

Yet Iceland is a land whose history is notable for violence—human and natural. Its first settler, Ingólfur Arnarson, whose statue overlooks the harbor, fled Norway in A.D. 874 as an outlaw. His followers were viking sea rovers—Scandinavians who terrorized and plundered Western European ports for more than a hundred years. Most famous of the early Icelanders was hotheaded Eiríkur Raudi—Eric the Red—a Norwegian murderer who escaped to Iceland, killed again and again fled westward. He discovered and settled Greenland; his son Leif later discovered America, landing in the year 1000 at a still unidentified spot on the North American continent.

Icelanders know their turbulent ancestors as well as we know Sam Adams and John Brown and Billy the Kid, for the ancient sagas chronicle their stories. The later troubles of Iceland are fully recorded too. There was the half century of bloody civil war in the thirteenth century; the great volcanic upheavals and the epidemics of the fourteenth; the pitiful period of about fifty years in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sixteenth century, when descendants of the vikings were harried by English and French pirates.

In 1783 volcanic eruptions racked the island; so much ash fell on the pastures that 11,500 cattle, 28,000 horses and nearly 200,000 sheep died of starvation and disease. In the resulting famine one fifth of the people died. It was then that the famous Chain of Laki broke through the earth—a series of more than 100 volcanic craters, extending for twenty miles. Today tourists visit the huge lava field, driving across part of its 220 square miles, often stopping at Kirkjubaejarklaustur, where a Benedictine monastery once stood.

Ten years after the Laki disaster, the rich lowland farms of the southwest were devastated by earthquake. Almost one hundred farms were completely destroyed; 372 farms and eleven churches were seriously damaged. In 1896 another quake demolished 161 farmsteads and damaged 155 others.

Even more terrifying are tales of the Icelandic *jökulhlaup*, a catastrophic flood of water and ice caused by a volcano bursting through a glacier. There is rarely any warning of this disaster, and the floods, carrying icebergs as large as houses, have destroyed whole villages. When volcanoes burst through the glacier Öeraefajökull in 1362, ancient records report, forty farms with their inhabitants and livestock were swept into the sea.

Despite this long history of natural disaster and viking violence, the Icelander is a peace-loving man. He certainly does not like soldiers—American troops are, as one Icelander puts it, "practically locked up at Keflavík in one of the most desolate spots on the island." Although Iceland is a member of NATO, its biggest contribution is the use of its land. An official in Reykjavík said, "Most Icelanders had never seen a soldier until nineteen-forty. We have never had an army and we do not intend to form one."

The tourist will profit from a knowledge of Iceland's culture and history, for it will help him see the country through Icelandic eyes, as I did when Thor Hagalin drove me to the village of Hveragerdi, about thirty miles east of Reykjavík. Thor braked the jeep before a hotel.

"Icelanders always have time for coffee," he said, leading me to the dining room. We ate delicious pastries served by the proprietress—tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed Mrs. Sigrídur Björnsdóttir.

Now, the name Sigrídur Björnsdóttir means "Sigrid, the daughter of Björn"; Icelanders may deny that such naming is confusing, but Americans would not agree. If I were an Icelander, my name would be Evan Louisson, because my father's Christian name was Louis. My sisters would be Ruth and Grace Louisdóttir, even though they are married. My wife would be Mrs. Priscilla Roysdóttir, because her father's first name is Roy; and my children would be named Lucinda Evansdóttir and Peter Evansson. Therefore, when you meet an Icelandic family, you can expect to find husband, wife and children with different surnames. There are exceptions, of course. Thor Hagalin is one, and so is Halldor Laxness, but why complicate the matter?

Before we reached Hveragerdi, Thor and I had stopped on a volcanic bluff to view the village from afar. It was a patchwork of tilled fields and buildings, at times obscured by steam from hundreds of hot springs over which the settlement is built.

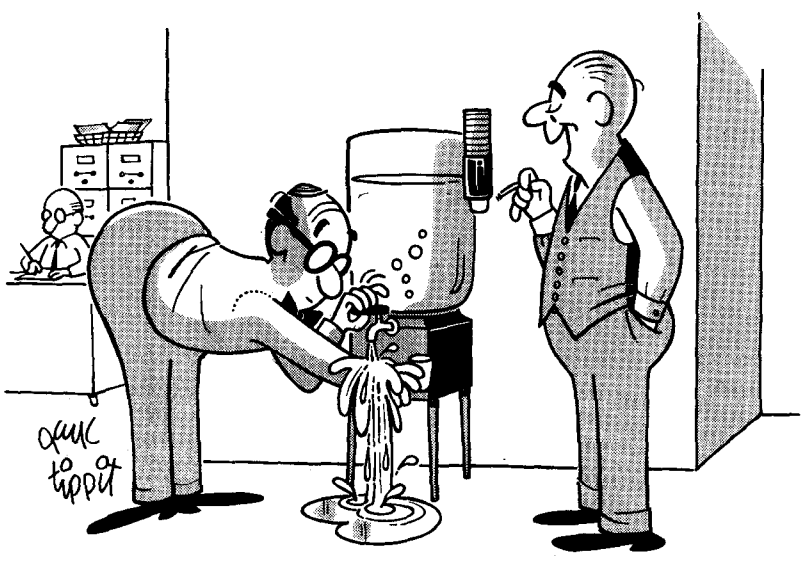
Hveragerdi, with about 600 residents, is one of the few villages on the island not connected with the fishing industry. Here there are dozens of hothouses, heated by natural steam piped out of the ground, and these supply much of the fresh garden produce for Reykjavík. The land leaks steam from some volcanic core, and the steam heats dwellings as well as hothouses. Not long ago a Hveragerdi family was dismayed to see steam issuing from their living-room floor. The solution was simple enough. They jacked up their house and moved it to another foundation a few feet from the newly opened fissure.

There was a smell of sulphur in the air when Sigrídur Björnsdóttir walked with us to a cluster of hothouses behind the hotel. Into a six-inch hole drilled through the rich soil she emptied the contents of a paper bag—a pound of powdered calcium carbide. It dissolved in warm, still water that almost filled the hole. As she motioned us back, we heard rumbling and felt tremors in the ground. The carbide had triggered the tapped hot spring, turning it into a geyser. Boiling water erupted, shooting a hundred feet above our heads. The geyser died slowly, then surged again, spouting at intervals, over and over. When we walked away ten minutes later, the geyser was still active.

"Reykjavík is heated this way," Thor said. "We've drilled into hot springs ten miles out of the city and piped the water into every home and building. We get free steam heat and free hot water. You shaved with it this morning."

At a nearby horticultural experiment station we walked through sweltering greenhouses where steampipes beneath the soil keep the air temperature at ninety degrees. Here we saw apple trees, coconut palms, coffee (*Continued on Page 74*)

or to the family?



"New bifocals, Eddie boy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

do it the Moneyland Way!

Now there's a fast, courteous, easy way to *borrow money* for unforeseen expenses (like having twins!), to take trips, to reduce monthly payments, or for just about any other reason!

It's the Pacific Finance Moneyland Way–the smart, modern way more folks use every day... the sensible way where you receive free financial counseling... the up-to-date way where you may charge the money you need. (Charging money is just about like charging anything else – you borrow it now, pay it back later.)

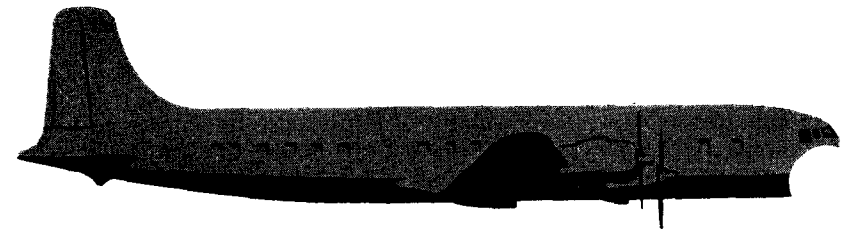
So when you need money for personal use, borrow it the Moneyland Way, from Pacific Finance. It's the *only* way to borrow.

pf PACIFIC FINANCE

Over 375 Moneyland offices. Check your phone directory for office nearest you.

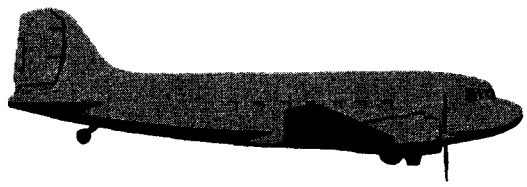
PERSONAL LOANS • SALES FINANCING • COMMERCIAL FINANCING • CREDIT INSURANCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DC-3 entered U.S. airline service in 1936. By the close of World War II, Douglas had built almost 12,000 of these 21-passenger airliners. Several thousand are still in service here and abroad.

DC-6 appeared in 1946. By 1953 the "6's" were flying more than 500,000 route miles daily for 27 airlines.



DC-4 pioneered transocean flight. This 4-engine aircraft made 80,000 trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific crossings in military service alone, carried the brunt of the Berlin airlift.

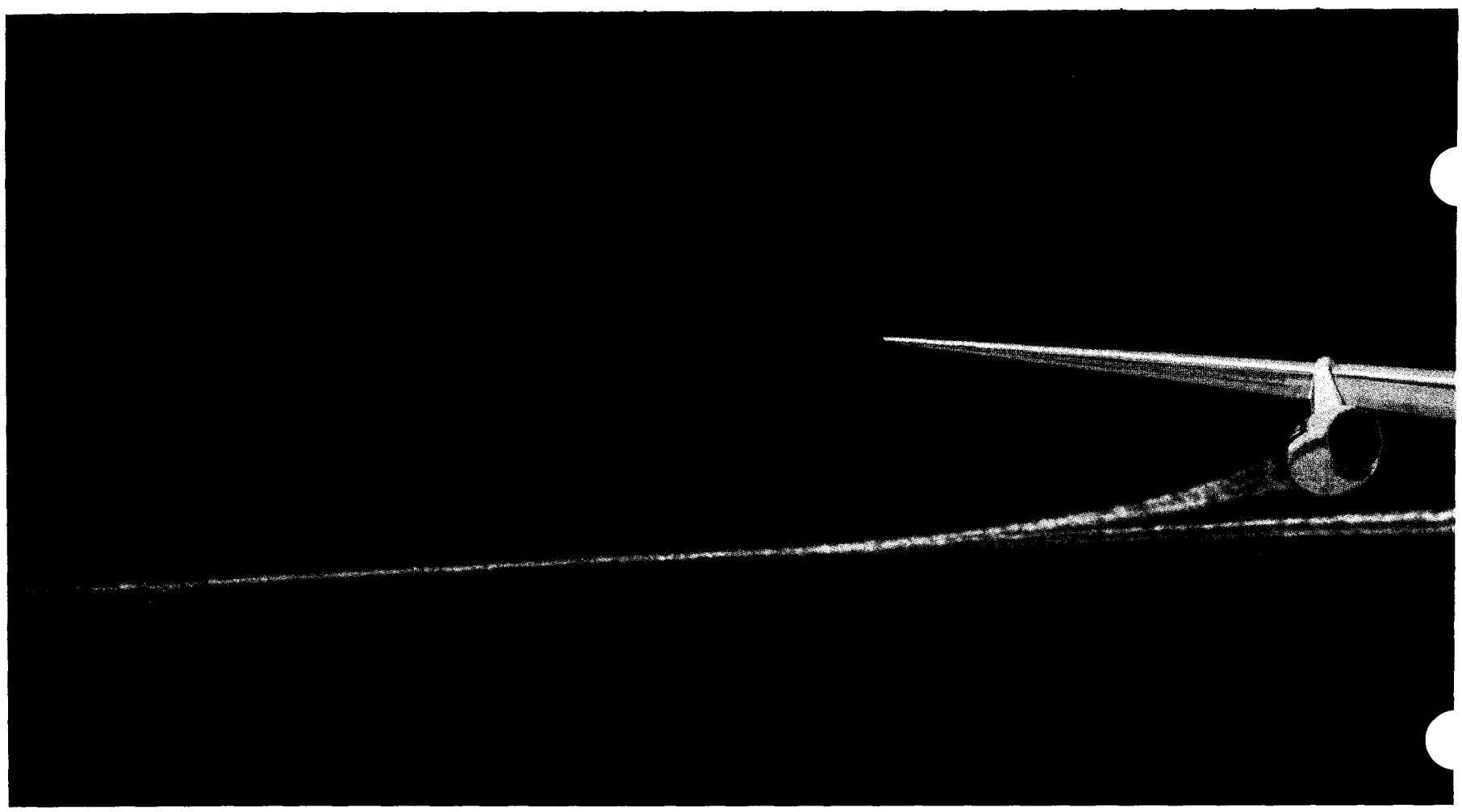
Five big steps to a smaller world

How narrow the oceans have become! How small the world! And how quickly this shrinking has occurred!

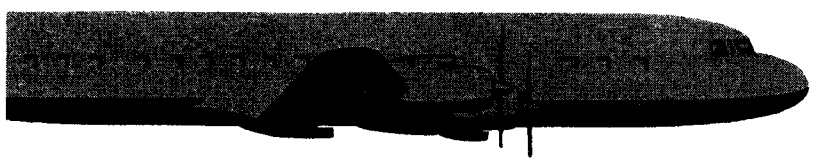
Within a single generation man has stopped wondering if he should ever fly and started asking how soon we can land on the moon.

Contributing more to these changes than any other single organization has been Douglas, builder of the famous DC series of airliners, which today carry more air travelers than all others combined.

Many of these travelers were introduced to flying by the DC-3 in 1936 . . . a year when the infant airline industry



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DC-7 became the fastest piston-engine airliner in the world! When it went into service, more people were flying by Douglas airplanes than all other airplanes combined. They still are!

DC-8 can carry as many as 189 passengers at speeds up to 600 miles an hour! It can cross the country in 4¾ hours, speed from New York to London in 6½, or Tokyo-Seattle in 9½ hours.

ˈried fewer than 900,000 passengers. And millions ɔre had their first jet experience in the DC-8 Jetliner in 1959 when the airline passenger volume had grown to 96 million.

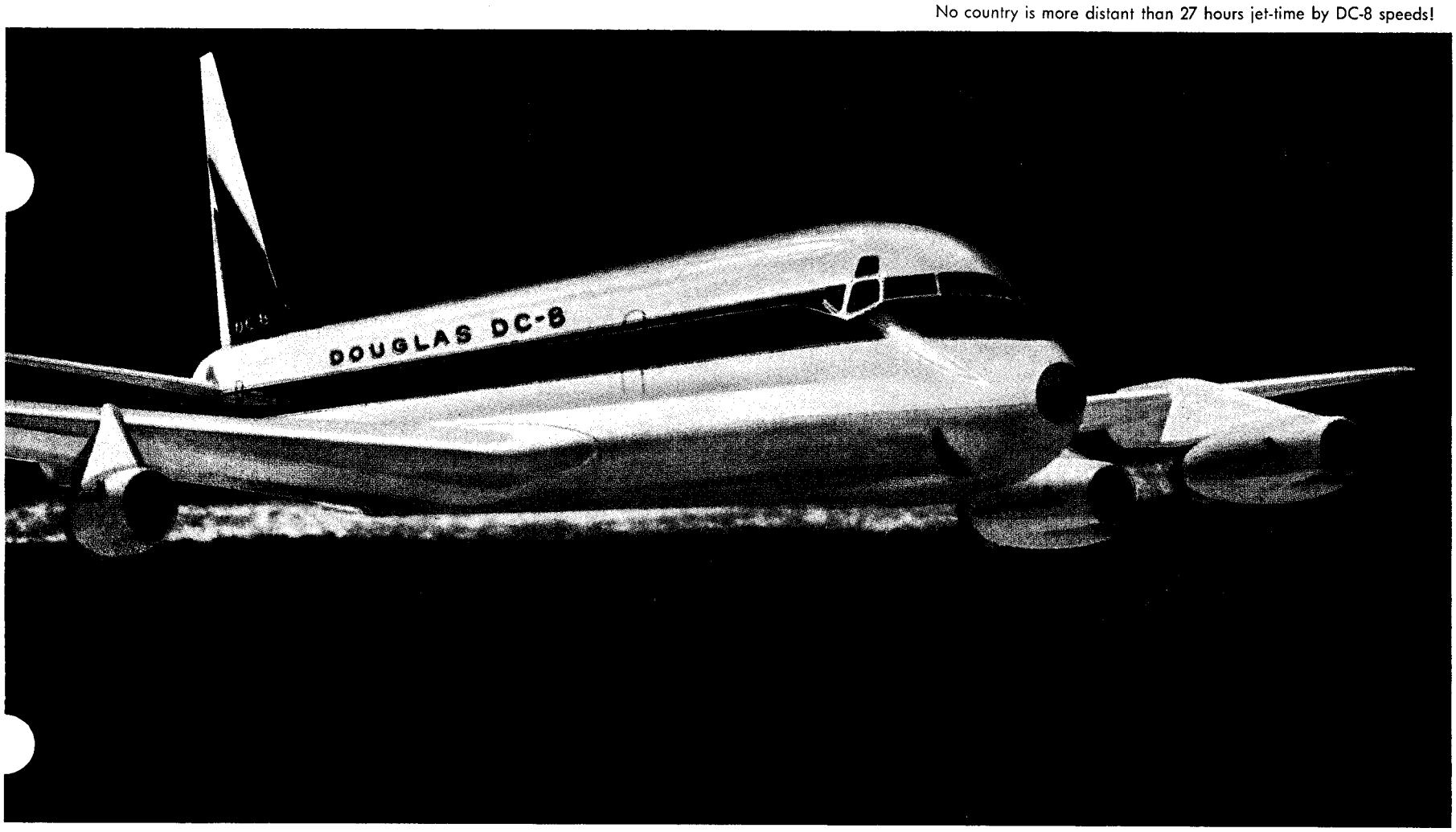
Today the loudspeakers at any international airport speak eloquently of our shrunken world. Karachi, Lima, Paris, Hawaii are heard almost as frequently as Chicago, Dallas, New York or San Francisco.

Douglas is proud to have played its prominent part in these changes. And you may be sure that the DC-8 carries on the tradition of dependability established by earlier DC aircraft.

DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., SANTA MONICA, CALIF. • MAKERS OF MISSILE AND SPACE SYSTEMS • MILITARY AIRCRAFT • DC-8 JETLINERS • TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT • AIRCOMB® • GROUND SUPPORT EQUIPMENT • ASW DEVICES

No country is more distant than 27 hours jet-time by DC-8 speeds!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 71*) plants and banana trees bearing fruit in the shadow of the Arctic Circle. Great masses of red carnations were in full flower; elsewhere were plantings of roses, poinsettias, squash, tomatoes and carrots. An Icelandic horticulturist remarked that as soon as the carrot crop was harvested, these great indoor fields would be planted to chrysanthemums.

Outside, in a great courtyard formed by sheltering greenhouses, were hundreds of thousands of seedling evergreens, destined for planting throughout the island. For Iceland is a treeless land, denuded of its forests by change of weather and a thousand years of heavy logging by the vikings, who used the wood for building houses and boats, and to make charcoal for their forges. Earlier attempts at reforestation failed; the young spruce imported from Scandinavia died after transplanting. Now Iceland is bringing tree seeds from Alaska and Norway, starting them in hothouses, then moving the seedlings into protected outdoor beds for eventual transplanting in the barren plains. A million seedlings are planted each year, and the seeds of these trees, Icelanders hope, will produce a hardy strain that will one day reforest Iceland.

Leaving Hveragerdi, Thor and I drove through lava fields slashed by deep gorges with gushing, blue-green streams at the bottom. Tiny Iceland ponies grazed nearby, their heavy fur and pouting faces reminding me of stuffed toys. "They are thought to be the descendants of animals brought here by the first vikings," Thor said.

He pointed out the purple "blood flowers" growing on the tundra, and green hayfields rolling off toward distant mountains. At Kerid we stopped to peer down into the crater of an ancient volcano and to toss stones into its clear blue water. And then, only a mile from Thingvellir, just before the road dips down between two great walls of lava, we stopped at Thingvallavatn, one of the largest (thirty square miles), deepest (350 feet) lakes in Iceland. The lake, filled with crystal water from subterranean glacial streams, abounds in trout.

On the way back to Reykjavík, taking a northern route and following the hot-spring pipeline that heats the city, Thor offered me some dried cod he had bought earlier that day. It tasted like salty sawdust. "Good, isn't it?" he asked.

"Well," I said. "Perhaps it's something you have to get used to." He looked at me out of the corner of his eye. No mistake—I was a tourist.

> Nothing solidifies the country more than taking a pleasure ride on Sunday afternoon.
>
> DAN BENNETT

Icelandic tourism has been increasing slowly in the last five years, but the figure has never exceeded 5000 visitors a year. About one fourth of the tourists are Danes, especially interested because Iceland was united with Denmark until 1944. American tourists number slightly less than the Danes; the rest are Germans, Norwegians, Swedes and Britons in fairly equal numbers. In addition, each summer brings about 1500 tourists on cruise ships, mostly Americans, for one-day stopovers.

The little island was used as a convention center last August when 400 delegates to the twenty-second meeting of Scandinavian attorneys convened in Reykjavík for three days. Owing to a shortage of hotel rooms, some of them were bedded in the *S.S. Gullfoss*, a steamer named after an Icelandic waterfall.

Iceland held its first International Sea Fishing Festival last year, a six-day affair that attracted sports fishermen from Europe, the United States and Iceland. Competitors boated almost 5000 fish, weighing a total of about nine tons. American fishermen won two first prizes out of eleven categories; Icelanders captured four first places.

For the tourist who can spend more than the usual few days exploring Reykjavík and its vicinity, Iceland offers many diversions. He can rent a small car in Reykjavík, at about sixteen dollars a day, and drive over the island's 7500 miles of roads, visiting en route the nation's largest glacier, Vatnajökull. Or he can join one of the tours organized by the Iceland Tourist Bureau, which usually begin after the first week in June—June, July and August are the best months to see Iceland. The shortest tour covers Reykjavík in two hours. The longest is a nine-day excursion by private automobile and airplane over most of the island, costing about $412 for a lone tourist. If he joins three others, the individual cost is about $150, bed and breakfast included.

Single rooms in Reykjavík's best hotel cost from four dollars to $6.50 a night; in the smaller towns they cost as little as $1.50. When hotels are full, travelers are sent to private homes where bed and breakfast is even less expensive. Meals rarely cost more than $1.25. During my three-day stop in Iceland, quartered comfortably in a private home, my living expenses were less than thirty dollars.

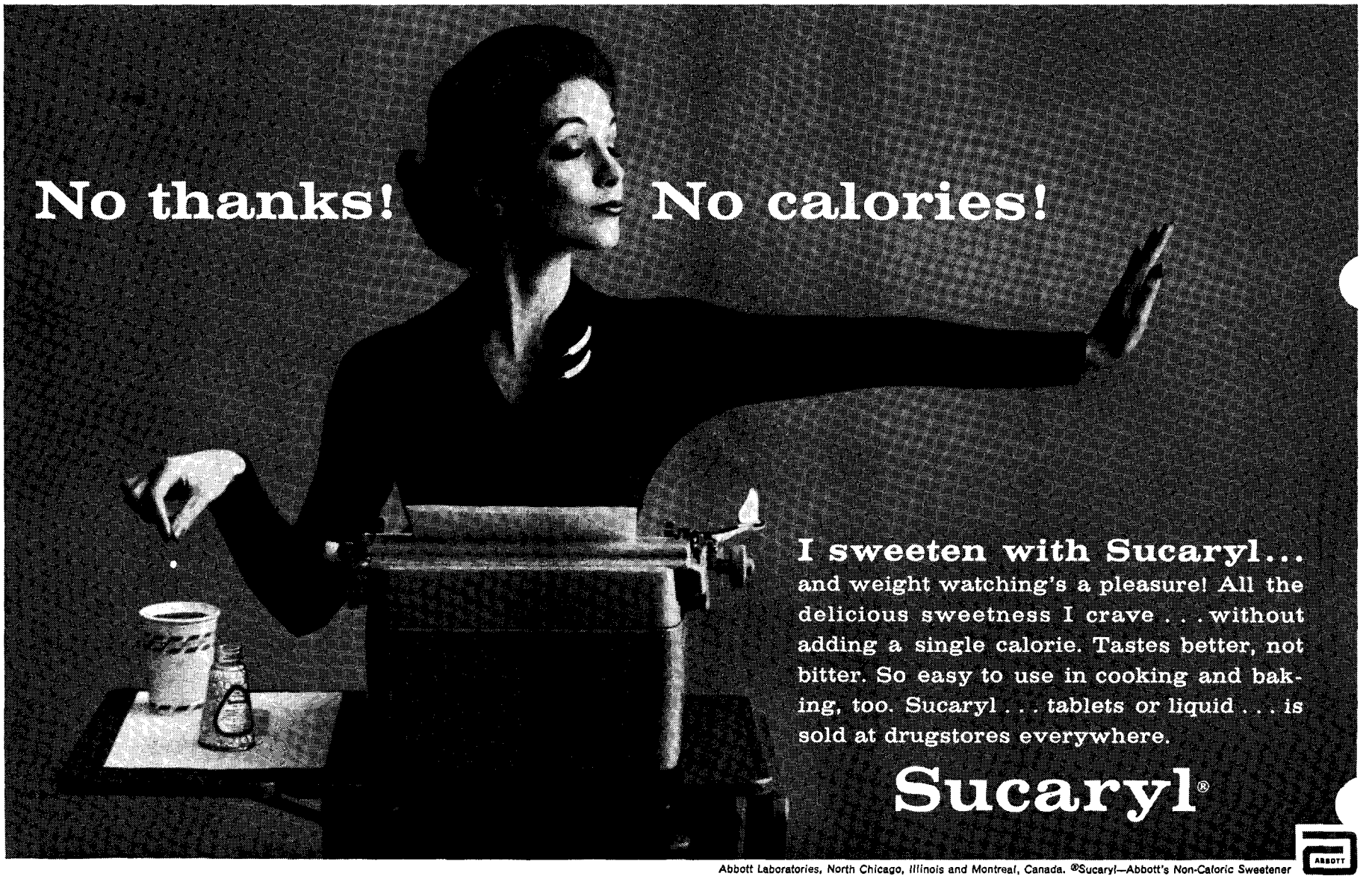
On my last day in Iceland, while browsing through Reykjavík souvenir shops, I met Ed and Barbara Birkhimer, who, like me, were "adding another country to their list." With their eight-month-old son Karl, the Birkhimers were on their way to Cornell University after a year in Copenhagen, where Ed, a chemical engineer, had been studying.

That evening at the airport, waiting board the New York plane, I met M. Irene MacIntyre Walbridge of Peterborough, New Hampshire. She, too, was a stopover tourist who had spent three days in Iceland after a few months in Scandinavia. A gentle, elderly woman traveling alone, she had observed a session of the Icelandic Parliament, visited art galleries and the university, had stood on the Hill of Laws at Thingvellir. Apart from two burly Englishmen starting to hike a hundred miles north for a week of bird watching, these were the only tourists I met on the island.

There is no tourist rush to Iceland; in fact, there is no rush at all. In Denmark I had been told, "Three days in Iceland will relax anyone," and I had found it to be true. Somehow the peaceful nature of Icelanders imbues the visitor with a sense of tranquillity. Nor is Iceland likely to change, despite the efforts of the Iceland Tourist Bureau and the Iceland airlines to drum up business—efforts that actually are halfhearted.

Most of the quiet spots of the world a being spoiled. Wherever an airplane c land—in the Caribbean, off Minorca, c among the green Greek islands in the Sea of Crete—promoters are moving in to build and fence and exploit. But it will be a long time before Iceland is changed. This is a haven of peace and beautiful scenery—"A marvelous place for birds," says one of the hiking Englishmen—and a marvelously friendly land with strong, straight-backed independent people.

THE END


No thanks!
No calories!
I sweeten with Sucaryl...
and weight watching's a pleasure! All the delicious sweetness I crave . . . without adding a single calorie. Tastes better, not bitter. So easy to use in cooking and baking, too. Sucaryl . . . tablets or liquid . . . is sold at drugstores everywhere.
Sucaryl®
ABBOTT
Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Too Slow for the Crowd

(Continued from Page 26)

"You got a car this summer?" Hank inquired.

"No," said Jerry.

"You'll have to get one," Andrea told him. "You can't go anywhere any more without one."

"Distances gotten longer?" he asked dryly.

Andrea laughed. "No—but we go farther. We've taken to swimming at Craig's Beach instead of the weedy old cove."

Jerry looked at her. "Weedy, wooden piers," he quoted, and she looked back with wide, bright eyes, as though she had no memory of their having read Edna Millay's Maine poems together.

He finished his highball and stood up.

"You're not going, Jerry?" Andrea demanded.

Even to his own ears he sounded like a bad imitation of Gary Cooper. He said, "Yup." He added, with no prescience of the ultimate truth of his remark, "Got to see a man about a horse."

Andrea walked out to the veranda with him. "It's so wonderful to see you, Jerry! I was horrid about not writing, wasn't I? Why don't I pick you up around ten tomorrow—Dad bought me the cutest car you ever saw—and we'll go to the beach?"

Her lips, her perfume and the whisky coalesced. He muttered, "Can't tomorrow," then strode to his bicycle and rode off in a spiraling progress because of the whisky, her perfume and her lips.

For a healthy male of seventeen and a half years, Jerry Ames lay awake for a long time. He had thought about Andrea all winter. She was undoubtedly the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He knew, without vanity, that she liked him. Sometimes he could pull her with him into worlds of his own—golden worlds of poetry and wonder. He had written her a number of letters from school the past winter. She had sent him a Christmas card, inscribed in the impersonal block writing of a progressive school, and a jumbo post card from Florida during spring vacation. Out of sight, out of mind. There had always been plenty of boys in sight for Andrea.

At breakfast he said to his father, "Any chance of my getting some sort of second-hand jalopy this summer?"

Professor Ames answered, "I wasn't expecting that for another year. Legs troubling you?"

"Just running with the herd," Jerry told him. "I'd sort of like to get my driver's license, though."

His father nodded. "The budget could stand that. Better get your mother to teach you."

Jerry laughed. His father might not be the worst driver in the world, but he was a runner-up. "Take me out, ma?"

"Maybe late this afternoon, if we get back in time. We're going to Camden for lunch with the Everetts."

The morning was sunny, and Jerry decided it was fine for swimming. He had put on his bathing trunks under his chinos when he dressed; he slung a bath towel over his shoulder and bicycled to the cove.

One black bicycle, feminine, was propped against a spruce tree. Jerry let his own bike sprawl to the ground and went down the steep path to the shore.

The weedy old cove made his heart contract sharply and pleasurably. The wooden lobster shack on the small, rickety pier leaned more drunkenly than it had in September. The tide was creeping in over the shingle beach, and the water was bottle green and indigo blue, with murky brown and purple patches above the weed-grown rocks. He paused, visualizing the white sand of Craig's Beach, the orderly lines of foaming breakers, the bright umbrellas and canvas chairs and people. He liked this better.

He continued down, and because his eyes were looking out to sea, he came within a few inches of stepping on Emily Blair. She was asleep, lying on a beach towel, her brown arms at her sides, her long legs stretched straight. She had always been tall for her age, coltish and lean. He considered tickling the soles of her feet—he had teased her for ten years—and abruptly he reconsidered. The straps of her bathing suit were untied, and the smooth flesh which rose and fell with her

Rainy Night

By Sarah Howard

Windless and mute
Darkness fell—
A cylinder dark
As a deep-drilled well;
Sealed all griefs,
All joys, all loves
Mussel-tight with me
In a sea-wet shell.

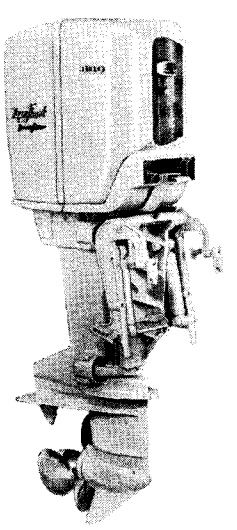
Martin W. Taylor, Superintendent Engine Overhaul, Overseas Division Pan American Airways, Inc.

Name: Martin W. Taylor
Occupation: Superintendent Engine Overhaul
Residence: Massapequa, Long Island, New York
Family: Wife Jean; Daughters Susan, Diane; Son Marty Jr.
Hobbies: Boating, Fishing, Hunting

"Four miles up or four miles out... you want dependable power"

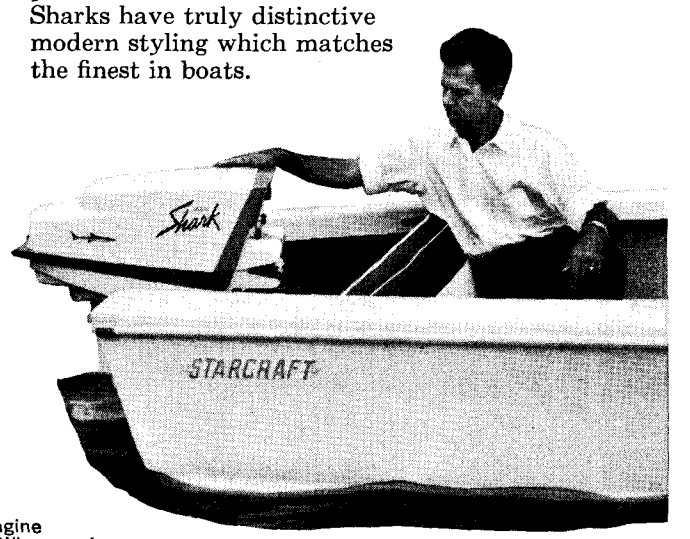
"Twenty-thousand feet over the Atlantic is no time for inspection," says Taylor. "Nor is it when you're a few miles out with your outboard. West Bend product control on their Shark Outboard Motors parallels our system of inspection and testing. I visited the West Bend plant and saw the care they take with their outboard engines. A motor has to run. It can't konk out, and from what I've seen, West Bend believes this and accomplishes this goal." West Bend Sharks have all the up-to-date modern features known. They are treated against corrosion—a must for coastal water boaters like Marty Taylor. All aluminum castings are Lyfanite impregnated. All other exposed underwater parts are stainless steel. West Bend Sharks have truly distinctive modern styling which matches the finest in boats.

"I watched West Bend Sharks in production at the Hartford plant. I've run them on the water, they're good motors and that 40 HP is a regular powerhouse." The compact Golden Shark 40 HP and the Tiger Shark "800" have high output Alternator-Generators, thermostatic cooling, and complete silencing.



New 80 H.P. Tiger Shark "800"

All West Bend Shark Outboard Motors carry an unqualified guarantee—parts and labor—for one full year. This includes the all new 80 HP Tiger Shark "800" shown here. See it at your West Bend dealer.



Taylor supervises 900 people in engine maintenance. He knows motors. "When you've examined the Sharks as I have, you realize West Bend builds one of the best outboard motor lines in the industry. They have true balance between power and speed, which makes for dependable family boating."

Men who depend on motors recommend

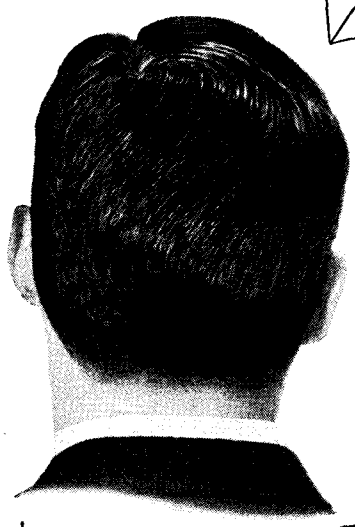
WEST BEND

Shark OUTBOARD MOTORS

Dept. SP-311
West Bend Aluminum Co. • Outboard Motor Division • Hartford, Wisconsin
West Bend Aluminum Co. (Canada) Ltd., Barrie, Ont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comb it handsome



Comb it with an ACE®

—keep your hair faultlessly groomed with this genuine hard rubber comb, preferred by millions of men and women. Ace can't tear hair, can't scratch scalp. Smoother, stronger, lasts a lot longer. Ask for Ace.

JERKY

sewing MACHINE?

QUICK! Lubricate with a few drops of 3-IN-ONE. Makes sluggish parts run smooth in a jiffy. On sale everywhere.

3-IN-ONE OIL

REGULAR · OIL SPRAY · ELECTRIC MOTOR

Patch that Crack with KEX®

VINYL LATEX
PASTE SPACKLING

Ready-mixed for filling holes in plaster, wallboard, wood, interior masonry. Dries hard. No water. No waste. Cans or handy tube.

KEX is available in powder form in 1, 2½, 5, 25 lb. sizes. Easily mixed with water.

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO. Rutland, Vt.

breathing was no longer flat. Averting his eyes, he saw, in addition, that her hips looked less like a young cowpoke's and her legs not at all like a boy's.

Unexpectedly he sneezed, and her eyes opened. She sat up, in one easy motion, tied the straps of her suit and said, "This is the last place I expected to see anyone! Didn't you know that the cove is strictly off limits, except for lobster fishermen?"

Jerry grinned rather feebly. Her complete composure embarrassed him. "I'm beginning to get the idea," he said.

"Are you still unmechanized?" she inquired.

He looked at her crossly. "I'll be getting my driver's license in a week or so," he answered.

"I'm taking my test on the sixteenth," she said. Her gray-green eyes glinted. "Here's hoping we don't take them on the same day! I'm nervous enough as it is."

He threw a pebble at her. "Been in the water?"

She nodded.

"Coming in again?" He kicked off his chinos, took off his shirt and sneakers.

"Last one in's a rotten apple," she said, and they cut the water side by side, came up shaking their heads.

Jerry was tingling and glowing when they stood together in the sunlight. He looked at Emily and wondered how tall she was. Five-seven, maybe, he decided. She was smiling, and when she met his eyes, he remembered Andrea's complaint that looking at him gave her a crick in the neck. He remembered Andrea's voice. *You still have to lean over if you're to kiss me.* He would have to lean over to kiss Emily, but not so far. . . .

Her lips were salty and unresponding. She said, "Why, Mr. Ames!" and turned and walked up the beach.

Jerry said, "Emily! Hey, I didn't—I mean ——"

She picked up her towel. "Now is as good a time as any, Jerry, to inform you that I am unalterably opposed to indiscriminate kissing," she said.

His temper had been rising and falling for some time. "Who's indiscriminate?" he roared. "What are you talking about?"

"You must have a dictionary at home," she said and left.

He did not follow her. He picked up a stone and threw it into the water, threw another and another, until his arm was tired. He was angry with Emily, but he was angrier with himself. What had possessed him to kiss her, Emily Blair, of all people? He'd spent ten summers shaking her off, saying, "No, you can't come with me!" He certainly wasn't going to have her tagging him again this summer!

He returned to the empty house and ate the luncheon which his mother had left for him. At two o'clock he telephoned Andrea. "Do you know where she is?" he asked, when her mother said that she was out. Mrs. Kendrick laughed. "Jerry, I haven't known where she is since she got her driver's license!" she said.

He considered riding his bike to the village and taking a look around, but riding a bicycle suddenly seemed unbearably juvenile. He wished that his parents would get back. They didn't have to spend the whole afternoon in Camden.

It was after five when the old car, with his mother at the wheel, stopped outside the house. Jerry reached it before his father had opened the door.

"Don't say you're too busy or something!" he addressed his mother passionately. "Just give me half an hour's lesson!"

"I have to put the roast in the oven."

"Can't we—just *once*—have dinner a little late?"

Professor Ames looked at his son. "Never mind. I can put the roast in, Molly," he said gently.

Jerry would be eighteen in January. His I.Q. was considerably above average, and he had never before evinced the slightest interest in driving a car. His mother drove to an unfrequented road and explained the gearshift, the uses of accelerator and brakes. "Now you try it." Jerry stepped on the gas, with an attendant roar from the motor, and she said, "That was my fault. I left the engine running. Cut it and start again."

The car moved forward in a series of froglike leaps. Jerry's forehead was wet; when he attempted to shift into second, the outraged sound from the old car made him wince.

"Take it easy," said his mother.

Andrea telephoned while they were at dinner. "We're all going to Camden to the movies," she said. "Want to come?"

He had to change his clothes to go to Camden. His white trousers were wrinkled from packing, and he hadn't got around to buying a new pair of sneakers. He needed a haircut, and he was fiercely trying to make his hair lie flat when a car horn honked.

Hank was at the wheel of his family's station wagon. Andrea moved over to make room for Jerry.

"I hate this clumsy bus," Hank said, "but my car won't take such a mob."

For the first time in his life Jerry Ames was conscious of a car being driven. It seemed to him that Hank drove much too fast and paid too little attention to crossroads.

"Jerry!" said Andrea. "Are you asleep? I've spoken to you three times!"

She sat between him and Hank again in the theater. After a while his hand touched hers and clasped it. It was a small, soft hand, and when it suddenly occurred to him that she had two of them, he peered across her lap, and Hank was holding the other. He disentangled her fingers. He was, he found himself thinking, unalterably opposed to indiscriminate hand-holding.

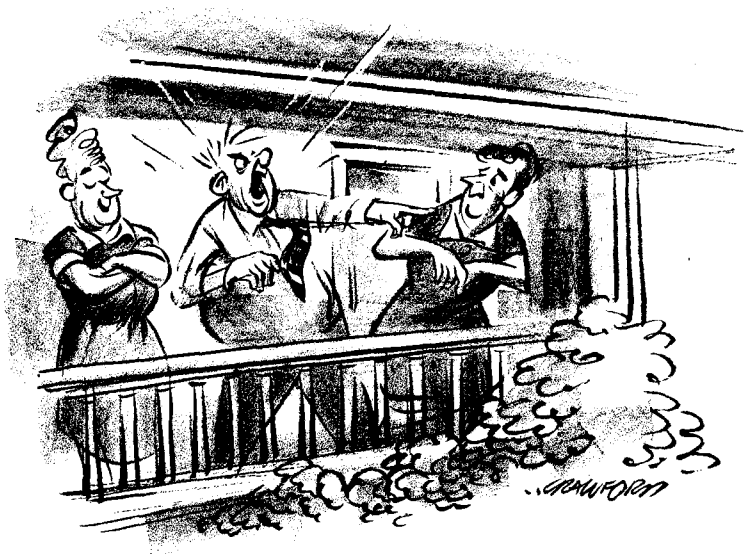
When they drove back, he said, "Drop me off here, Hank."

Andrea said, "Don't be silly, Jerry! It's early!"

Someone would have to drive him home, and he wasn't having any. He'd be driving himself soon.

The next morning, while his mother was giving him his second lesson, a car came toward them. His right tires climbed part way up the bank as he jerked the steering wheel, and the engine stalled. He glared at the car and averted his eyes as Emily, in the driver's seat beside her father, waved to him. *Smarty-pants!* he thought furiously. At least she didn't have to wave!

"I'll never learn!" he said. "I'm worse than father!" (*Continued on Page 78*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Big Jack Bluster and his wife Ophelia rented part of their house to the Grableys. Unfortunately the Grableys monopolized the front porch over Ophelia's objections. One day while Ophelia was arguing with Mrs. Grabley about it, Bluster not only sided with Mrs. Grabley but threatened to whip Ophelia if she didn't hush. Ophelia moved out and sued for divorce.

"He wasn't fooling one minute when he threatened to beat me," she wailed in court. "As no woman should be required to risk a public whipping by her husband, I am entitled to a divorce."

"Women, like children, sometimes need a little mild physical chastisement," Bluster replied. "It should be within a husband's rights, for he has to maintain order in his family. Ophelia doesn't need a divorce."

If you were the judge, would you free Ophelia?

• •

Ophelia won. The court chivalrously said, "The weight of evidence discloses that the husband claimed the lawful right to whip his wife. The husband has no such right [in this state]. This we would clearly announce and make known to all husbands who have such notions."

Based upon a 1940 Alabama decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'61's price surprise

This is no jr. edition! Chrysler doesn't build one. This is the full-size Chrysler Newport — with a small-size price tag that's taking the country by surprise! It's full of value features: rock-solid, all-welded *Unibody*. Road-gripping *torsion-bar* suspension — a Chrysler exclusive. *Firebolt* V-8 that purrs on dollar-saving regular gasoline. Battery-saving *Alternator* — produces current even when your engine's idling. *Biggest brakes* in Chrysler's class. *Durable, double-weave* fabrics. *Lustre-Bond* exterior enamels. And like all Chryslers, this full-size beauty is bred for driving — priced right down where you can afford it. And it's made even easier to own with your Chrysler dealer's high-flying trade-in allowance.

Chrysler $2,964.*

**You'll find this Chrysler suggested retail price (exclusive of destination charges) on the car above at your local dealer's. Modest extra charge for whitewall tires and wheel covers.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 76*) "Nonsense!" said his mother. "Start her up."

He supposed that he was getting a complex. All he knew was that he'd be darned if he'd be driven about, like a child, by Andrea or Hank or anyone else. "If you want to go swimming with me, you can come to the cove," he told Andrea, when she called to say they were on their way to Craig's Beach.

"Jerry, what *is* the matter with you?" she asked.

"I *like* the cove," he said flatly.

Twice, when Emily's bicycle was in its place against the tree, he turned back. The third time he decided that no gangling, long-legged kid was going to keep him from swimming. She said, "Hi, Jerry!" as she had been saying it for more than ten years. "The water's heavenly." She went in again with him, and suddenly he was ducking her, both of them laughing. Later, on the beach, she said, "The lilies are in bloom in the lily pond. I thought I'd bicycle up there this afternoon and pick some. Want to come along?"

Mrs. Blair asked him to stay for supper, and Jerry remembered the unnumbered meals he had eaten in their house and the countless raids on the icebox. Arthur Blair was a book publisher. Of all the summer houses around the cove, theirs was the only one beside his own which was filled with books.

Jerry's driving improved. "You know," his mother told him, "you're really not in the least like your father. His trouble is that he forgets that he's driving a car—his mind obviously on higher things. Your only fault is that you're too tense. Maybe I should give you a tranquilizer before you take your test."

His appointment was made, and on the morning of the day Jerry said, "The prisoner is trying to eat a hearty breakfast."

"Stop that!" said his mother sharply. "Several million people drive cars. Silly old women and doddering old men and slap-happy kids." She smiled. "Jerry, you drive beautifully!"

Emily and her father were seated on a bench in the brick building when Jerry and Mrs. Ames arrived.

"Hi!" said Emily. "What's the Latin for 'pray for me'?"

The officer at the desk asked, "Is Miss Emily Blair here?"

Twenty agonizing minutes later he asked for Gerald Ames. Jerry slid behind the wheel of the old car. "Drive up Main Street to the second light and make a right turn," said the examiner. "Now the next left." Jerry's feet crashed down on clutch and brake as Hank Nelson's foreign car honked loudly and passed him. Andrea waved gaily from the front seat. The officer looked at Jerry. "A bit nervous?" he inquired. Jerry stepped on the starter and nothing happened. "I think you've flooded her," said the officer. Five minutes later Jerry drove through a red light.

Emily telephoned around five. "Did you get your license?"

"No," said Jerry.

She said, "Oh." There was a brief silence. "I didn't either. I goofed."

Jerry said, "Oh. I'm sorry, Emily."

"Oh, well," she murmured. "We can try again. Why don't you come over and cheer me up? I have some new records."

"All right," said Jerry.

Andrea telephoned him in the morning. "Jerry, I hope Hank and I didn't throw you off yesterday," she said.

"I guess I threw myself off," he answered.

"You mean—you didn't get your license?"

"That's what I mean," said Jerry.

"What a shame!" she cried.

Jerry laughed and hung up. For a moment he stood still. Then he looked down at his legs, which were attached as usual and still functioning. He laughed again and, putting one leg ahead of the other and repeating the procedure, he strode across the path to the Blair house. Emily was washing the dishes, and he wiped them.

"It's a swell morning," he remarked. "I thought we might take a walk."

Her gray-green eyes crinkled. "Why, Mr. Ames! You mean that outmoded method of locomotion?"

For the third time in twenty minutes Jerry roared with laughter. "We're just a couple of pariahs!" he said.

"Outcasts!" she agreed. "Untouchables!"

They walked about seven miles. On the way home, hungry and hot, Emily abruptly stood still and pointed a finger. "Jerry! That's what we need!"

In the yard of a farmhouse a FOR SALE sign hung on an ancient surrey, and they walked to it as though pulled by magnets.

"Let's find out!" said Emily. "It's Mr. Allen's. You know—the man I used to rent Apple from."

Mr. Allen was amused. "Goin' courtin'?" he inquired. "Many's the time me and the missus rode out in that carriage!" He wanted—say, ten dollars?— for her.

"I'll pay half," said Emily.

Jerry grinned. "Do you think Samuel could pull her?"

"He could if his legs weren't so short!" she defended the family beagle. "Mr. Allen, do you still rent out Apple?"

"Depends on who wants her," he answered. "Seems I recall that you and Apple always got on pretty good."

Jerry said, "You've made a sale, Mr. Allen."

They laughed all the way home. Everything they said seemed excruciatingly funny. "Lucky for me that Apple has only one gear," Jerry said.

"And four good iron tires!" added Emily, and clutched his arm. "Oh, no!" she said. "Oh, *no!*"

Hank Nelson stood in the road beside his shining car, staring at them. Jerry reined in Apple. "See? No brakes," he murmured to Emily. He nodded to Hank. "In trouble, young fella?"

Weakly Hank admitted that he was out of gas.

"Better git a horse, *mister*," advised Emily. She and Jerry went off into another storm of laughter.

They drove Hank to a garage, where they caused considerable interest. "Fill her up, sir?" the attendant asked Jerry, grinning.

"Thanks—she's had her breakfast," said Jerry.

The Blairs and the Ameses came out to admire their purchase. "Could do with a little paint," Arthur Blair suggested.

Jerry nodded. "Red wheels, Em?" he asked.

She nodded. "Or maybe yellow? Like a wasp?"

"Yellow it is," he agreed.

They spent the afternoon painting. At five o'clock, hot, tired and paint-flecked, they bicycled to the cove. Three cars were parked alongside the road, Hank's and two others.

Five heads turned as they appeared. Andrea and Hank, the girl who had said that Jerry looked like a Harvard man and two boys from Princeton.

"Did you come in your buggy?" Andrea asked eagerly.

"Surrey, madam," Jerry corrected her. "No, we came on our bikes."

Hank was looking at Emily in her green bathing suit, and Jerry did not like the way he was looking.

"Will you take me for a ride?" Andrea asked.

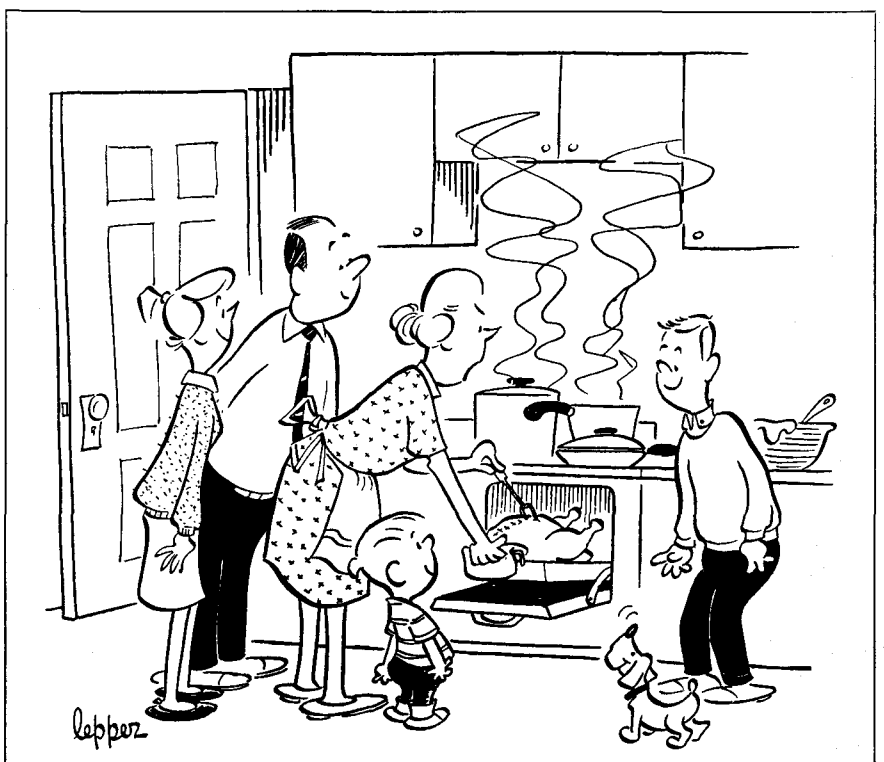
"I have only a half interest in the vehicle," he said. "I'll have to consult the co-owner."

The strange girl, whose name was Midge, smiled at Jerry. "I do think you're so original!" she told him. "How did you ever know how to drive a horse?"

"Horses," said Jerry solemnly, "are self-propelled."

Andrea put her small, soft hand on his arm. "Let's go in the water," she said. "It seems so cozy being here, after all the crowd at Craig's Beach." Even in her bathing suit she smelled of perfume. She pulled a cap made of pink-rubber petals over her blond hair. "Jerry!" she said breathlessly. "Remember our picnics? Let's have one tonight!"

Jerry tried to hold out for transporting his and Emily's share of the food in the surrey, but Emily insisted that Apple was tired and needed her sleep. "Anyway, Hank said he'd stop by and pick us up."



"I could use a little of this interest when I do the dishes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She looked at Jerry and laughed. "We're one up on him, Mr. Ames! We drove him to the garage."

The picnic was all right, except that Jerry was aware of the impossibility of being two places at once. He walked up the shore with Andrea, and when they returned to the fire, Emily had disappeared. Hank was toasting marshmallows. It was one of the boys from Princeton who was missing. Jerry hoped that Emily still had an unalterable opposition to indiscriminate kissing. Not that it was his business, but she was only sixteen, and he was, after all, an old friend of her family.

In the morning he went to give the surrey's wheels a second coat of paint, and Hank Nelson's car was coming out of the Blair driveway. Emily said, "Hi!" She was wearing her paint-spotted dungarees and an old striped jersey, but there was a look about her that he didn't like, a sort of subdued excitement. She had on lipstick too.

They painted silently for a while.

"What did Hank want?" asked Jerry.

"Hank?" Emily repeated. "Oh—Hank! He asked me to go to the Yacht Club dance with him."

Jerry completed a spoke. "Yeah? What did you say?"

"I told him I'd have to ask my mother," she murmured.

He looked at her sharply, but she was intent on her painting. "Why don't you ask your mother if you can go with me? I can get a taxi."

"Taxi!" said Emily. "Don't be silly! We have our surrey!"

When Apple clopped up the crushed-shell driveway to the clubhouse, the orchestra was playing inside the long building, but the guests all seemed to be outside. A man carrying a camera came up to them. "I'm from *Now* magazine," he introduced himself briskly. "*Now* goes to a Yacht-Club dance. Will you pick up the reins again, young man? . . . Young lady, would you sit just a little closer to your escort? And smile? That's perfect!"

He took several pictures and wrote down their names. The Princeton character was stroking Apple's nose and looking at Emily, in her blue organdy dress. Andrea, in pale-pink chiffon, said, "It's too dreamy! May I ride with you, Jerry, while you park, or whatever it is you do with a horse?" She smiled at the photographer, who smiled back politely and walked toward the clubhouse.

At breakfast Jerry's mother was singularly unimpressed when he told her about the photographs. "They'll be in the next issue," he said. "Maybe even on the cover!"

"Oh?" she murmured. "Did you tell him why you got the surrey?"

"Molly!" said Professor Ames. "Was that nice?"

"Not intentionally," she retorted. "It seems to me that now Jerry's proved that he can drive a horse, he might get back to learning to drive a car. An extra driver would be helpful."

Jerry said, "Excuse me," and went across to Emily's. She was wearing a blue-and-white-striped denim dress and a blue cloth hat. "You look right cute," he told her. "Suppose I hitch up Apple and we drive to the post office?"

"I can't," she answered. "I told Philip that I'd go to Craig's Beach with him. See how the other half swim!"

Philip was the Princeton character. Jerry could not think of anything to say.

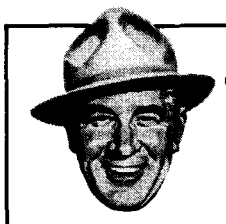
He went home. He considered telephoning Andrea and inviting her for a drive in the surrey, but it didn't seem quit right. Emily had paid half of their expenses, and he suspected that Apple's hire would have been considerably larger if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTHRUP KING

Lawn & Garden Almanac

FOR MARCH



"It's fun to have a 'Parade of Flowers' all summer long"

Says Northrup King's friendly Lawnscaper

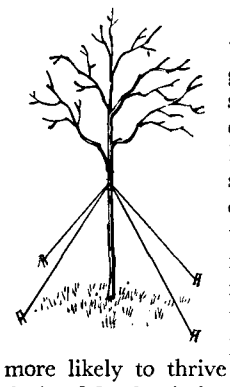
In planning your garden, be sure to include early and late-flowering varieties so that your garden will have wave after wave of blooms throughout the season. For instance, *sweet peas*, *alyssum*, *pansy* for early summer; *dwarf marigold*, *pinks*, *petunia* for midsummer; *phlox*, *zinnia*, *marigold* for late summer; *asters*, *salvia*, *celosia* for autumn.

IF YOU HAVE a tree or shrub you want to move, this is the time of year when you'll be most likely to have success in moving it. Be especially careful to protect roots from sunlight and wind—and don't dawdle!

CHECK YOUR ROCK GARDEN this month. Often plants are pushed out of place by heaving of the ground. Reset them carefully and cover with a light mulch if necessary.

NOW'S THE TIME to take care of any bare spots in your lawn caused by animal damage or transplanting. Park Kentucky Bluegrass is ideal for this job—sprouts faster, roots quicker than any other bluegrass you can buy.

IF YOU'RE NEW TO GARDENING, it's a good idea to start off with flowers that are comparatively easy to raise. For instance—*nasturtium*, *portulaca* (moss rose), *sweet alyssum* and *verbena* will grow where the soil is very poor. And if the summer is hot and dry, you'll have greater chances of success with *zinnias*, *marigolds*, *verbenas*, and *morning-glories*.



YOUNG TREES that are growing crooked can be straightened with the least effort now while the soil is soft. It's also a good time to repair snow and ice damage to your evergreens and hedges. Brace the bent evergreens for a month or so; close hedge openings by tying. Incidentally, those new evergreens you planted last summer will be more likely to thrive if you protect them against drying March winds with a layer of burlap. Be sure to remove it when the spring rains start.

ANY PROBLEMS with your lawn that you'd like solved? Write the Lawnscaper, c/o Northrup, King & Co., Minneapolis 13, Minn., for his free booklet "*Your Lawn*".

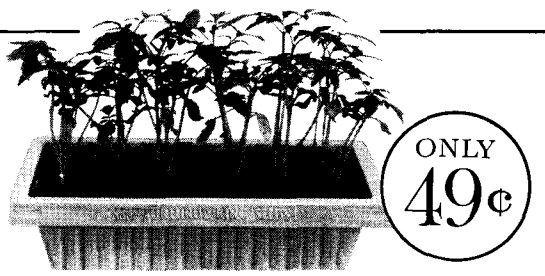
Two steps to a beautiful lawn...

1. SEED IT

. . . with Golf Brand. This is Northrup King's famous all-purpose lawn seed mixture, recently granted the Lawn Institute Seal of Approval. Regardless of the sun, shade and soil conditions you have, Golf Brand's mixture, area-blended for your locality, gives you ample amounts of the particular grasses that will grow best for you. Choice perennial grasses (including new fast-starting *Park Kentucky Bluegrass*) and selected fescues give you a velvety turf that stays lush and thick season after season.

2. FEED IT

. . . with Northrup King LAWNFOOD. Two-way action gives your lawn immediate sparkle (via fast-acting chemical nitrogen) . . . plus steady, long-lasting growth and root development (from slower-releasing organic nitrogen). Almost overnight you see your lawn become greener, healthier. Easy-flowing LAWNFOOD won't clog spreader, has no unpleasant odor, won't harden or lose strength. Conditions soil, good for lawns, shrubs and trees. And LAWNFOOD goes farther—costs less to use.



Just **PUNCH 'N GRO** your own flowers, house plants, garden transplants!

Colorful "Punch 'n Gro" planter kit comes filled with seeds, soil, nutrients. You just punch with a pencil, water and watch your plants come up! Grow fine, healthy transplants on your window sill—for only pennies apiece. Choose from 22 varieties of vegetables, house plants, flowers. Look for the fabulous new "State Fair" hybrid tomato—large, meaty, ideal for canning or table.

Get "Punch 'n Gro" at supermarkets, hardware and variety stores, nurseries, other garden shops.

NORTHRUP KING LAWN & GARDEN PRODUCTS

Minneapolis, Minnesota • Fresno, California • Boise, Idaho

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAMOUS ARTIST SAYS:

"10 years experience taught me a lot about HEARING AIDS

—this time I bought a ZENITH EXTENDED RANGE" *

Mr. Wally Carlson, Cartoonist
Creator of "Mostly Malarky" and "Maizie and Daisy"
Chicago, Illinois

The first time Mr. Carlson tried the new Zenith *High Fidelity* "Extended Range" Hearing Aid he was delighted—thrilled with the recognition that here was superior hearing help. He discovered—like 9 out of 10 hearing aid users tested by Zenith—that his hearing was greatly improved.

Follow the lead of the experienced. See and compare the new Zenith "Extended Range" Hearing Aid. It's at your Zenith dealer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under Hearing Aids.

After close comparison, Mr. Carlson bought his new "Extended Range" for these reasons:

- He hears sounds he had missed for years!
- His hearing is far better, more real—thanks to high fidelity. Gone are the tinny, hollow scratching sounds!
- Background noises and clatter no longer annoy him!
- "Living Sound"® makes voices and all sounds easier to recognize!

Zenith—World's Finest Line of Quality Hearing Aids. Priced from $50 to $550, Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. Sold with 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee.

*A statement based on experience by one of hundreds of thousands of Hearing Aid users, who, in the past 5 years, have bought a Zenith to replace instruments unsatisfactory to them.

ZENITH®
"LIVING SOUND"® HEARING AIDS

WRITE FOR FREE INFORMATION TODAY!

Hearing Aid Division, Zenith Radio Corp., Dept. 1PB 6501 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago 35, Ill.
Please send me complete information on the new Zenith "Extended Range" Hearing Aid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Mr. Allen were not so taken with Emily. His mother was in the kitchen. "Like to take me out in the car?" he asked.

She lifted a hand, white with flour. "Do you observe that I am making a pie?" she inquired.

"You don't have to be so cross about it," he muttered.

He got his bicycle and went to the cove. It was one thing for a girl to let a boy drive her places, but it was different for a boy to be chauffeured by a girl. He definitely did not see what Emily saw in the Princeton character. *See how the other half swim!* Very funny.

The tide was out; the rocks looked like wet lions with their manes of seaweed. When they were kids, he and Emily had named most of the larger rocks. Crab Rock and Leo, Shellback and Seal.

Hunger drove him back to the house. "Two of your women telephoned," his mother told him. "Please call Andrea. Please call Midge. Are you, or the horse, the attraction?"

Jerry looked at her sorrowfully. "I still don't know what's eating you," he said. He found a couple of doughnuts in the breadbox and called Andrea. Her father was going to take them on his ketch to Stirrup Island for a picnic Sunday. He telephoned Midge. She was giving a buffet supper. "Can you bring Emily Blair? In the buggy, Jerry? My parents are wild to see it."

The photograph of Emily and Jerry was on the cover of the next issue of *Now*. There was another picture inside the magazine with the caption: TWO YOUNG PEOPLE WHO PREFER THE HORSE-AND-BUGGY AGE. The Ames telephone rang steadily on the day the magazine reached the local newsstands. "You kids are going to have to fight off Hollywood talent scouts!" Midge told him. "Are you ever photogenic! My mother says you look like a cross between Gary Cooper and Tony Perkins."

The summer social season was in full swing. Jerry intended to resume his driving lessons, but it seemed as though he and his mother were never free at the same time.

In mid-August he and Emily quarreled. Posters for a carnival in another village appeared in their town, and they decided to go. "I think I'll give the surrey a new coat of paint," he said.

Emily's eyes widened. "We can't go in the surrey!" she said. "It's twenty-three miles! It would kill Apple."

"Not if we take it slowly and let her rest," he said.

She was looking at him strangely. "Expecting to get your picture taken again, Mr. Ames?" she inquired.

Jerry flushed. She sounded like his mother, and his relationship with Molly Ames was still strained. "If you don't want to go with me, why don't you get Hank or your Princeton pal to take you?" he demanded.

"I could," answered Emily. "I could go with a lot of people who are politer to me than you are! But don't forget that you own only half the surrey and half of Apple!"

"Thanks for reminding me," said Jerry furiously.

Three days later he apologized to her. Emily said, "Oh, well, it wasn't our first fight, and it probably won't be our last." She smiled. "Mr. Allen says Apple can make it all right if we rest her occasionally."

At the carnival grounds they created their usual sensation, but Jerry did not like it. Tourists with cameras, idiot people who acted as though they had never seen a horse. . . . He hitched Apple to a post and hurried Emily to their seats in the rickety wooden grandstand. "O.K., Em," he said. "You and ma are right. I've had enough. I'll get my driver's license next week or bust."

Twenty minutes later a woman's scream preceded the splintering crash of wood. Emily and Jerry and everyone near them stood up and watched in horror as one section of the tiered benches collapsed. Jerry grabbed Emily's hand. "Maybe we can help." The siren of a police car wailed in the sunshine. Men were shouting; women still screamed.

"I'm a doctor," a thick-set man said. "Here, you fellow, give me a hand with this plank." Emily was lifting a sobbing child from the wreckage. An ambulance roared up, and two men in white carried out stretchers. Another police car arrived.

The ambulance took off, and a station wagon driven by a policeman stopped in its place. A woman was holding out an inflated rubber raft; a man appeared carrying blankets and car robes. "Get that rear seat down! Easy does it!"

One of the officers addressed Jerry. "Can you drive a car?" Jerry shook his head miserably.

Emily said, "I can, officer."

"Know where the Meadow Hospital is?"

"Yes," she said. Her face was pale, but she got calmly behind the wheel. The four people lying in the back of the station wagon were quiet.

"Watch the bumps," said the officer.

She nodded. "May my friend come with me? I might need help."

Jerry got in beside her. Neither of them spoke as she turned smoothly onto the paved highway and drove evenly, steadily. Behind them a woman moaned. "How far is it, miss?"

"Not far," Emily answered. The ambulance, returning, streaked past them.

Inferns and nurses were waiting with stretchers at the side door of the hospital. One of the men groaned, and then swore, as they lifted him out. "Can I give you a hand?" asked Jerry.

"Thanks. Hold her steady."

Emily was still sitting in the driver's seat when he came back, her arms on the wheel and her face on her arms. He said, "Em?" and she lifted her head. Her eyes were blurred with tears, and her lips were trembling.

"Those poor people!" she said. "Do you think anyone was killed, Jerry?" She tried to smile, and held out her hand, which was shaking uncontrollably. "You'll have to drive back," she told him. "I can't seem to stop trembling. Even m knees are rattling."

He said, "But, Em ——"

"You drive all right," she interrupted him. "You just got nervous in your test. I have my license with me."

She moved over, and he took her place. She had cut the engine, and he stepped on the starter. He put it into reverse, backed neatly until he could make the turn. Emily was crying. After a while her head dropped to his shoulder, and she pressed her face against his jacket.

The carnival grounds were comparatively quiet when he drove through the gate. The section of grandstand looked like wood for a Fourth of July bonfire, but there were no cries or moans from the pile. "—a miracle that no one was killed," said a voice. Emily clutched Jerry's hand, and squeezed it.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

Apple looked contented, standing in the shade of a big elm, and she started off at a brisk trot. Emily's smile wavered. "See? Right away in high!" she murmured. Jerry grunted, unsmiling. She said, "Jerry! You're not mad because didn't tell you about my license?"

"No," he answered. "No, I'm not mad, Em."

"It seemed so mean, when you were so disappointed," she explained. "And we've had fun, haven't we?"

"Shut up!" said Jerry. "Your halo's showing."

Her head dropped back to his shoulder, and he put his arm around her. "I can see what Mr. Allen meant," he said. "Apple must have heard a lot in her life." Emily looked up as Jerry looked down. "Still unalterably opposed ——" he asked, and did not wait for her answer.

They jogged on serenely. "Em! How's about your driving me for my license test?" he asked.

"I'd just as soon," said Emily.

THE END

"Dear—allow me to introduce the Crawfords.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How much life insurance should you own?

—There's an easy way to find out! It's through the new *Planned Dollars* service now offered by Massachusetts Mutual.

First, *Planned Dollars* will help you define the goals you have for your family. The kind of security you would like to provide your wife and children—in terms of cash and regular income. Keeping the home. Your college plans for the children. Major debts to be paid. Your wishes for your retirement. Anything else that applies in *your* case.

Second, *Planned Dollars* will measure the various assets you now have, taking into account the *new* Social Security and Veterans benefits, your individual and group life insurance, company pension, investments, other resources.

Third, *Planned Dollars* will balance your assets against your goals . . . *revealing exactly how much life insurance you should own.*

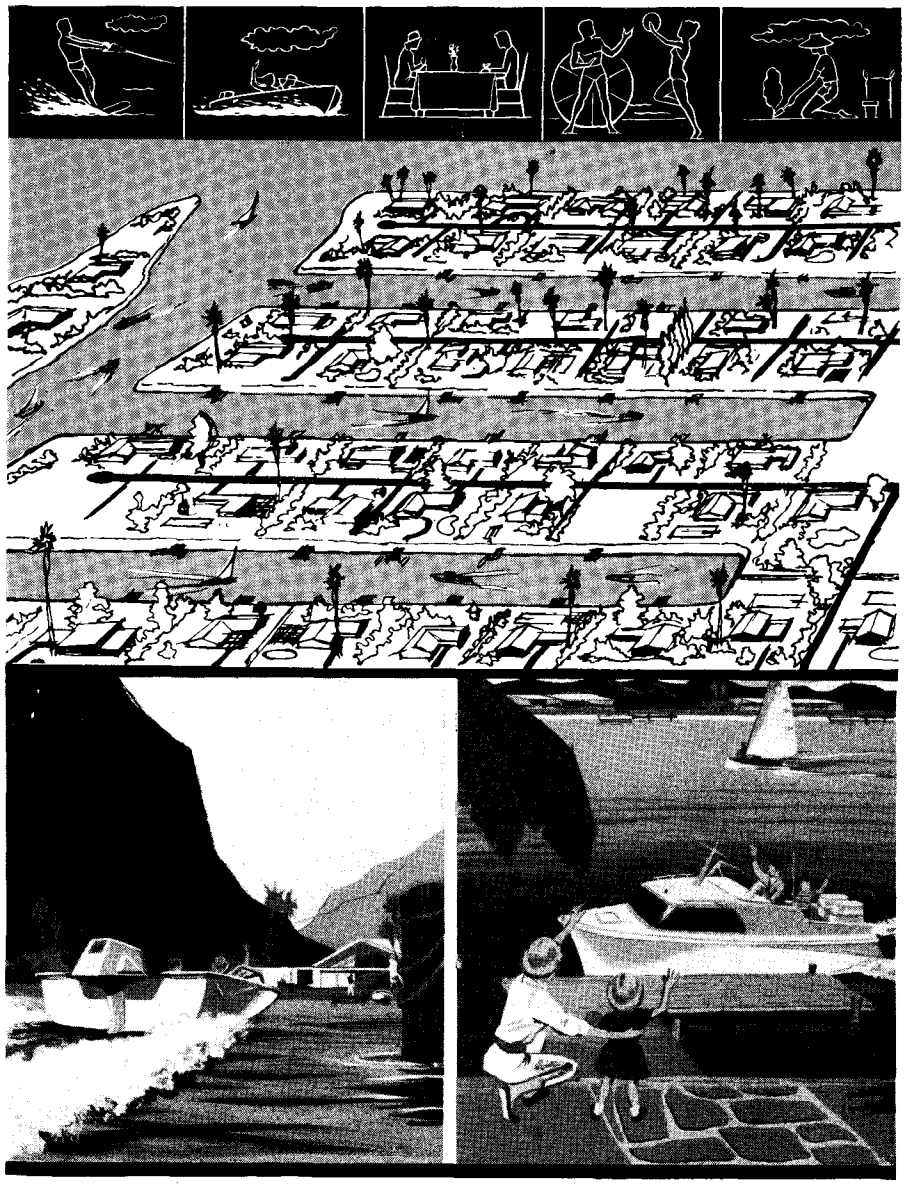
Fourth, *Planned Dollars* will show you how to harness together all your various assets to make the most efficient use of them; this is a dollar-stretching service, too!

It's a technical job to determine a family's life insurance needs. It's an important job that requires skill and experience . . . your Massachusetts Mutual representative is prepared to bring you this valuable *Planned Dollars* service upon your request.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS · ORGANIZED 1851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BE SURE TO READ
THE FINE PRINT ABOUT
SALTON RIVIERA KEYS

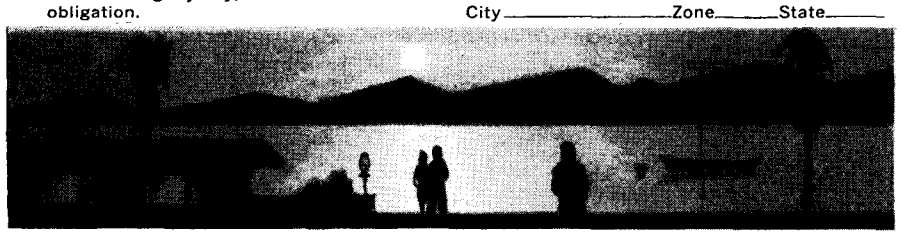
Here, in big print, is a suggestion that you visit this startling new resort just south of Palm Springs, on the shores of Salton Sea. See the miles of new waterways and private boat landings, the motels, the new Hofbrau. Inspect the business and residential property for sale (some involving as little as $250 initial investment).

Here, in little bitty print, is the price of a one-day vacation at Salton Riviera: 0. Zero. Free. All expenses paid (including transportation and meals) for tour parties leaving Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco and other cities to visit Salton Riviera (it's actually our inexpensive way of getting word-of-mouth advertising for Salton Riviera). Several thousand people have already taken this free trip. Why don't you send the coupon now? We'll send you literature previewing your trip and fishing, boating and other recreational activities at Salton Riviera.

SALTON RIVIERA TOURS, DEPT. P-3 / 1111 WEST FOOTHILL BLVD. / AZUSA, CALIF.

Please send me literature describing the free trip to Salton Riviera, a schedule of tours leaving my city, and reservations. No obligation.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____



The Heart Mender

(Continued from Page 35)

"Yes—in Florida. My grandfather never cottoned to people who pull up their roots. He said if mom and dad wanted to live in Florida, they could, but he was damned if he was going to leave the homestead to them and have them sell it to some stranger. So he left it to me, with the stipulation that I live in it for a minimum of six years. If I move out before that time, it becomes the property of the village. Come on, the bluebird house is out in back. We'll go through the house—it's closer that way."

The interior of the house was in a much better state of repair than the exterior. The front door opened into a wide hall that extended straight through to the rear, giving access to the living room, dining room and kitchen on one side, and to the small one-story ell that Elmer had converted into an office, on the other. Just beyond the door to the office a flight of narrow stairs led up to the second floor.

Elmer started down the hall. "This way, Mr. Sialis."

"But my room," Mr. Sialis said. "What about my room?"

Elmer stopped in his tracks. In getting out of the car he had again assumed responsibility for Mr. Sialis's tool kit, and now, for the first time, he took a good look at it. The look revealed what he should have perceived in the first place—it wasn't a tool kit; it was a suitcase.

Slowly he turned around. Mr. Sialis was regarding him reproachfully. "You didn't really think that so delicate an operation as inducing bluebirds to take up residence could be accomplished in a few hours, did you?" he asked.

Elmer had thought precisely that, but for some reason he couldn't say so. "I hope you're not queasy about your meals," he said instead. "I happen to be my own cook and bottle washer."

"Oh, don't let that worry you. I've washed a few bottles in my own day. As a matter of fact, if your bluebird problem doesn't turn out to be too complicated, I may even be able to give you a hand."

Elmer started up the stairs. "I'll show you your room."

It was well after four by the time he got Mr. Sialis settled, and he decided to defer work on his accounts till after supper. He fried steak and potatoes, made coffee and set the kitchen table. It was a rough-and-ready meal, but Mr. Sialis didn't seem to mind—he cleaned up his plate with the best of them. Afterward he insisted on helping with the dishes.

"Odd," he murmured presently, wiping a cup and placing it in the cupboard.

"What's odd?" Elmer asked.

"A young man like you living all alone like this. But then I don't imagine you stick around the house any more than you have to."

"That's where you're wrong," Elmer said. "I'm an accountant and I do all my work here. The only place I ever go is to the supermarket once a week for my groceries and to the barber's once a month for a haircut."

Mr. Sialis wiped another cup and put it away. "Don't you have any friends?"

"No, I don't," Elmer said.

"Not even a girl friend?"

Elmer shook his head. "Not any more." He sloshed around in the dishpan, seeking the last of the silverware. Mr. Sialis's eyes on the back of his neck made him feel uncomfortable. "All right," he said suddenly, "I'll tell you about it. It's no secret." He fished out the last fork, rinsed it and laid it on the drainboard. Then he dumped the dishwater into the sink, rinsed the dishpan, wiped it and hung it up. "Come on in the living room," he said. "We can talk better there."

He seated Mr. Sialis in the wing-back provincial and took the Morris chair facing it. "Were you ever fired, Mr. Sialis?"

"Why—why, no, I don't believe so."

"It's quite an experience," Elmer went on. "Does wonders for your perspective. I don't know whether you're aware of it, but when you work as a part of a group, you eventually become just like the other members of that group. You more or less have to if you want to keep your job. Your sycophancy must match theirs; you, as well as they, must pay daily homage to the superintendent—especially if the superintendent happens to be a sycophant himself, paying daily homage to the general manager.

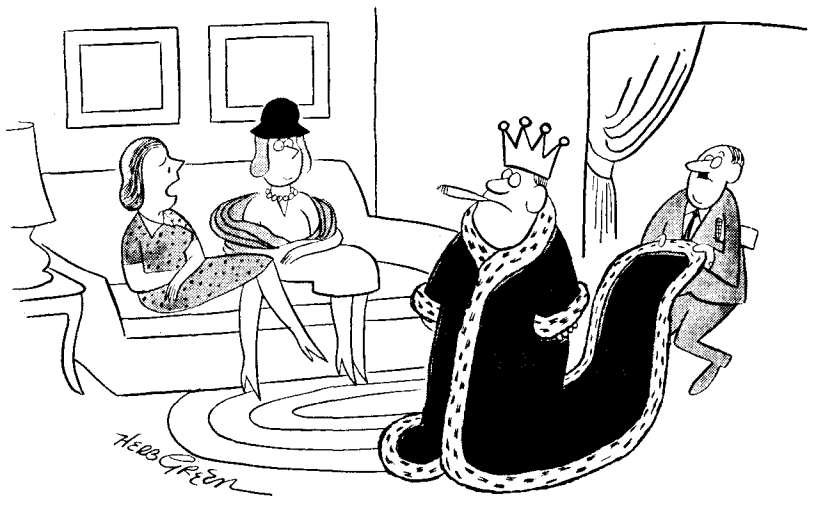
"But when you're fired, you're automatically set free; and if you want to badly enough, you can stay free. You can, if you're like me, complete the course in public accounting that you began two years ago and set yourself up in business. And if you have any intelligence at all, you will sever yourself from your old 'friends' and religiously avoid making any new ones."

"By 'friends' I take it you mean the sort of fellow employee who has ears only for the boss's side of the argument."

"That's precisely what I mean," Elmer said. "And believe me, that includes a lot of people!"

"In this case I suppose it includes your ex-girl friend too."

"It certainly does. She wasn't one of my fellow employees, but when Watkins



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What worries me is that's his analyst carrying the train."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Company gave me the ax, she wanted me to go back and apologize for making a mistake anyone could have made under the circumstances and beg for my job."

"And that, of course, was unthinkable. When did all this happen, Mr. Adams?"

"A little over a year ago—last March, be exact."

"And this girl you were going with—what was her name?"

"Linda. Linda Thompson."

"I imagine she's married to someone else by now."

Elmer shook his head. "The last I knew, she wasn't."

"Live here in Tompkinsville, does she?"

"Yes. We went to school together."

Mr. Sialis's next question came from the left flank. "Why did you buy a bluebird house, Mr. Adams?"

Elmer shifted uncomfortably in the Morris chair. "It was one of those impulses you get, I guess. You sit down to read the Sunday paper on a bright sunshiny morning, and a gay-colored ad catches your eye, and the first thing you know you've ordered some impractical item you don't need any more than you need a hole in the head. In my case it happened to be a bluebird house."

"And it attracts sparrows, you say?"

Elmer nodded. "Every time I get rid of one family, another moves in."

"Sparrows are always giving us trou-," Mr. Sialis said peevishly. "Well, I'll ake care of them for you, Mr. Adams Get right to it first thing in the morning. But right now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to turn in." He stood up, hiding a yawn behind long thin fingers. "I'm a very early riser. In fact, you might say that I get up with the birds."

Elmer listened to his light footsteps on the stairs. When they faded away, he got up and went across the hall to the office. The Burton-James books still lay on the desktop between the phone and the Webster's unabridged where he had placed them before driving down to the bus terminal. He picked up the topmost one and riffled its pages. Abruptly he laid it back down again and went out and stood on the front porch.

Moonlight softened the ragged outlines of the spiraea and the forsythia bushes, transformed the untrimmed lilac tree by the walk into a tatterdemalion girl and lay upon the unkempt grass like silver dew. Spring tiptoed past with a soft-wind rustle of skirts, leaving behind the smell of ground and the scent of meadow flowers.

own the street Mrs. Frisby was calling e youngest of her offspring. "Jimmmm-eeee! Time to come innnn!"

He turned slowly and re-entered the house. Again he picked up the Burton-James books. Again he laid them back down. He returned to the porch and sat down on the steps. He sat there until he heard the clock in front of the National Bank chime ten; then he went to bed.

Next morning when he entered the kitchen, Mr. Sialis, wearing blue denim trousers and a blue chambray shirt, was breaking eggs into the frying pan. Six crisp slices of bacon the hue of goldenrod lay on a nearby strip of absorbent paper, and the coffeepot was perking in a furious finale, adding aromatic flavor to an atmosphere already richly ambrosial.

Elmer took a deep, delighted breath and sat down at the table. Presently Mr. Sialis poured the coffee, dished out the bacon and eggs and joined him. Elmer tried the bacon first. It melted on his tongue. He thought he had never tasted ything quite so delicious till he tried the gs. The coffee evoked a similar reaction, and he had three cups of it.

Mr. Sialis had been watching him throughout the meal. "How would you like to pick up a little income on the side, Mr. Adams?"

"I'd like it fine," Elmer said. "But I've already taken on all the available accounts in town as well as a few in the neighboring towns, so where's it going to come from?"

"Does the date April fifteenth mean anything to you?"

Elmer thought for a moment. "Not unless you're referring to the deadline for filing income-tax returns."

"And what else would I be referring to? You, Mr. Adams, are wondering how to abet your income at a time of the year when five-dollar bills are blooming on trees, just waiting for accountants like yourself to come along and pick them!"

"But the local lawyers employ secretaries to take care of such matters," Elmer objected. "And several of the local accountants already have their fingers in the pie. There just isn't any opportunity there."

"During January, February and most of March, no. Practically the only people who file during that period are those with refunds due them. Almost everybody else waits till the last few weeks, and some hold off till the very last minute. Why, I'll bet if you ran an ad in this afternoon's paper, you'd have more work than you could handle by tomorrow night!"

"H'm'm," Elmer said.

"The deadline for copy is nine A.M. I took the liberty of phoning the advertising manager."

"H'm'm," Elmer said again. "It might be worth a try at that."

"While you're calling in the ad I'll get started on the breakfast dishes," Mr. Sialis said blandly.

WONDERFUL READING ...AT WONDERFUL SAVINGS

16 Months of Ladies' Home Journal for Only $2.34

Now you can enjoy LADIES' HOME JOURNAL at a big 50% under regular subscription prices—16 months for just $2.34!

And there's so much you'll like about the JOURNAL . . . its fiction, for instance. Month after month, the JOURNAL brings you short stories and novels by such distinguished writers as Alec Waugh, Daphne du Maurier, A. J. Cronin, Agatha Christie and Rumer Godden.

You'll enjoy the JOURNAL's fashion news, too—the trends, cuts, colors and accessories you'll be wearing next. There are also lots of helpful ideas for budget wardrobes for business, home and vacation wear. And there are the famous Vogue patterns for creating your own personal touches.

Love, marriage and family life are a big part of the JOURNAL, too. You'll appreciate the frank and helpful articles on marriage and marriage problems—Dr. Spock's monthly column on child and baby care—the new "How America Spends Its Money" series . . . and much more.

Your JOURNAL will bring you lots of other interesting, useful and entertaining things . . . features on foods and menus, personal health and beauty care, house plans, decorating, gardening, furnishing and diets. And it's all written in the warm, neighborly style that has made the JOURNAL America's favorite.

Use the handy coupon on this page to place your order now. Your credit's good—we'll be glad to bill you later. Fill out the blank and mail it today.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Dept. 1923, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Please send me 16 months of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for $2.34:

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

Unconditional Guarantee. The Publisher agrees, on request direct from subscribers to its Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

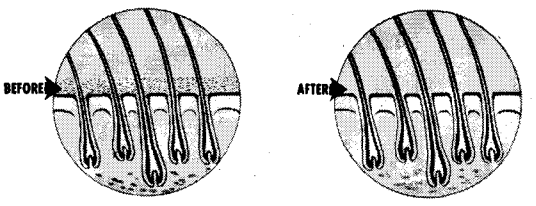
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS YOUR HAIR PROBLEM ONE OF THESE?

ITCHY SCALP DANDRUFF THINNING HAIR

Glover's can help you—whatever your hair or scalp problem. In one medicinal treatment Glover's cleanses and stimulates the scalp . . . relieves itching . . . removes scalp scale . . . leaves the hair soft, lustrous, and easy-to-manage . . . starts to control infectious dandruff and to heal infected scalp areas.

Here is how Glover's works: (1) The purest mineral base (non-asphaltic) petroleum and cosmetic lanolin lubricate and soften the scalp.



(2) Refined oil of pine tar gives soothing, antiseptic relief. (3) The finest microground colloidal sulphur restores an important element to the skin necessary for normal tissue formation. (4) Mercaptone — an exclusive Glover additive — provides extra dandruff protection.

The simple, 3-step Glover treatment: (1) Apply Glover's and massage thoroughly. Leave on for 15 minutes. (2) Shampoo hair as usual. (3) Groom hair, then notice the remarkable new, fresh alive look . . . enjoy the clean, waked-up feeling your scalp has after the Glover treatment.

TRY GLOVER'S DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:

Get the big, economy size of Glover's at your druggist's now. We are so sure that Glover's will correct your scalp condition that—if for any reason you are not satisfied with results—we will refund twice the purchase price upon receipt of unused portion.

GLOVER'S

FOR HAIR & SCALP

IMPROVED SCIENTIFIC PRODUCTS SINCE 1876

The ad began to bear fruit that very afternoon when Ed Burmaster phoned and wanted to know if Elmer could take care of him that evening. Elmer was surprised. He and Ed had been co-workers at Watkins and Company, and the best of friends; but after the ax had descended, Ed had never come near him.

However, five dollars was five dollars. "Sure, Ed," Elmer said. "Make it about seven."

Ed hadn't changed much during the year and some odd weeks since he'd seen him—a little thicker around the middle maybe, a little fleshier in the face. He ushered him into the office and seated him by the desk.

Ed seemed ill at ease. "Long time no see," he said.

Elmer let the overobvious observation pass without comment. He had Ed's form filled out in short order After paying him, Ed lingered in the office doorway. Suddenly he said, "I—I never got a chance to tell you before, but I'm sorry you lost your job."

Again Elmer was surprised. For some reason he was annoyed too. "There's nothing to be sorry about," he said shortly. "I'm doing all right."

"I know you are," Ed said. "I just wanted to say it for the record." He paused. "I wonder—do you remember those Saturday-night sessions you and Pete and I used to have at Jerry's place? Well, Pete and I still have them, and I was wondering if this Saturday ——"

He let the sentence trail away and looked at Elmer expectantly. Pete was another of Elmer's ex-co-workers, and the three of them had dealt with many a weighty problem over many a glass of Jerry's beer. No world-shaking solutions had ever been arrived at, but the time spent had paid off handsomely in camaraderie.

However, all that was a part of the past, Elmer reminded himself. "I'm going to be busy this Saturday," he said.

Ed was visibly disappointed. "Some other Saturday then?"

"I'll let you know."

Ed hadn't been gone five minutes when the phone rang again. Unsuspectingly, Elmer picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Elmer," Linda's voice said.

Panic touched him, and he almost hung up. "Hi, Linda."

Her voice was tense, and she spoke more rapidly than usual. "I've got problems, Elmer. I decided to itemize my deductions this year, but I had no idea how complicated it would be; and then I saw your ad in today's paper and I thought—I thought ——"

The mere sound of her voice had been enough to rattle the chest in which he had locked all their moments together. What would seeing her do, after sedulously avoiding her for more than a year? But he had no choice. Having stuck his neck out—thanks to Mr. Sialis—he would have to suffer the consequences. "I'm free right now if you'd like to come over," he said.

"I'll be there in half an hour."

Linda hadn't changed much either—a little thinner and paler, perhaps, a little more nervous. But the new thinness merely enhanced her long legs and her trim waist, while the new nervousness was confined to her eyes and succeeded only in intensifying their blueness and eliciting in greater emphasis the attractive contrast between them and her brown bobbed hair.

"How—how have you been, Elmer?"

"Not bad." He found her eyes too much to bear and he lowered his gaze. There was a tiny scar on her chin that he could not remember having noticed before. "How—how have you been?"

"Fine."

He escorted her into the office and seated her by the desk. After sitting down himself, he glanced through the small sheaf of receipted bills that she handed him, automatically reaching for a blank form 1040. Abruptly the words TOMPKINSVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL leaped up at him and, startled, he separated the b' from the others and ran his eyes down t list of services performed. Certain entries stood out glaringly from the others—AMBULANCE . . . OPERATING ROOM . . . ANESTHETICS . . . 14 DAYS HOSPITAL CARE. It was dated a little over three months ago, and just beneath the date her name stared back at him accusingly.

The bill slipped from his fingers, and he turned toward her "I—I didn't know you'd been in the hospital."

She smiled ruefully. "Next time I'll know better than to try to pass one semi when another one's coming toward me. It doesn't pay—even when you're sure you've got enough time."

Waves of shock were washing through him. "Were you hurt bad?"

"Oh, I was banged up a little when we sideswiped; but all in all, I got out of it pretty lucky."

He was looking at the scar on her chin, and the waves of shock had given way to waves of anger. "But why didn't I hear about it? Why would something like that be kept secret?"

Television has many critics, but not among manufacturers of blank cartridges.

HUGH BURR

"It wasn't exactly kept secret," she said. "It was in the *Tompkinsville Times*."

"I never read the *Tompkinsville Times*. But even so, I should have heard about it. Why didn't someone tell me?"

"I—I don't know why," she said.

His anger refused to subside. Some friends he had! Not one of them with enough decency to tell him that his girl had been in an accident. Why, she could have been killed, and he might never even have heard about it!

And then he remembered that he had no friends and that Linda had not been his girl for more than a year now, and his anger congealed into an icy shell aroun' his heart.

He pulled his typewriter toward hin., inserted Form 1040 and filled in her name and address. "Social Security number?" he asked. She told him in a small voice. "Number of dependents?" . . .

He was done in less than an hour. Linda paid him and stood up to go. He walked her to the door, annoyed with himself for having accepted her money, but too proud to offer it back.

She lingered in the hall, her fingers fumbling with the catch on her purse. Suddenly she raised her eyes. "I know it's kind of late in the day to be making apologies," she said, "but just the same, I want you to know that I'm sorry you lost your job—and that I'm even sorrier that I acted the way I did. At—at the time I didn't realize how you felt. Otherwise I'd never have asked you to—to humiliate yourself."

He waited for the feeling of satisfaction that her words should have evoked in him. He waited in vain. Illogically, he experienced a feeling of resentment instead. "It's all right," he heard himself sayin' "You couldn't have known how I fel

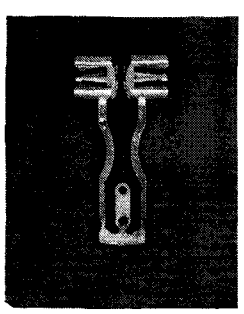
Her fingers finally rediscovered t. secret of the catch. She lingered only a moment more, (*Continued on Page 86*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The face of ACCUTRON (left) and tuning fork movement (right)—a wholly new timekeeping principle.

What is ACCUTRON†?

It's the only basic advance in personal timekeeping in 300 years. It runs on a tuning fork. It doesn't tick. It hums. It's the first timepiece ever guaranteed accurate on your wrist.



This is Accutron's tiny tuning fork, actual size. It vibrates ceaselessly 360 times per second.

Until now, all watches ran on the same age-old principle . . . even those costing $1000 or more. A complicated system of gears, coupled to a hairspring and balance wheel, carried power from a mainspring or battery to the hands. By the very nature of such a system, performance in use could not be precisely predicted . . . or guaranteed.

Now comes Accutron, and for the first time, accuracy on your wrist *is* guaranteed! Gone are the delicate hairspring and balance wheel . . . the parts responsible for inaccuracy. In their place is a simple, sturdy movement with only 12 moving parts. Accutron runs on a tuning fork, vibrating at the same rate minute after minute . . . day after day . . . year after year. There's no tick . . . just a faint hum.

Accutron is truly trouble-free. Once a year you replace a tiny power cell (cost, $1.50). Other than that, nothing. Not even periodic cleaning. And, of course, you never wind it!

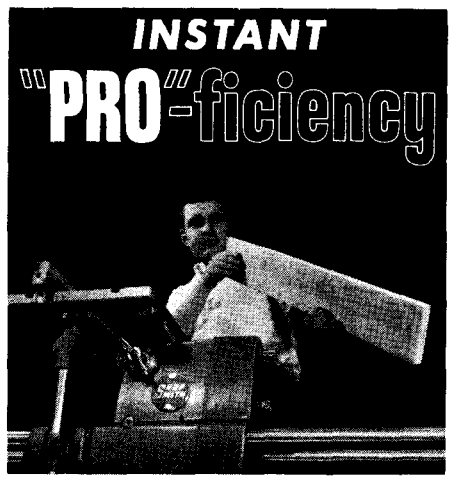
Accutron, in many handsome styles, is sold by Bulova jewelers. There's a model just right for you . . . or for someone you wish to honor. Prices, $175 to $2500*. See it soon. ACCUTRON . . . world's new standard of accuracy.

THE ACCUTRON GUARANTEE. Accutron is guaranteed by Bulova not to gain or lose more than one minute a month in normal use *on your wrist*. For one full year from date of purchase, the authorized jeweler from whom you purchased your Accutron timepiece will adjust it to this tolerance, if necessary, without charge.

ACCUTRON BY BULOVA

†Bulova Trade Mark ©1961 Bulova Watch Co., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan *Plus Federal Excise Tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The All-In-One

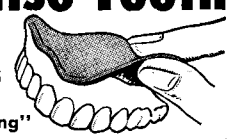
YUBA SHOPSMITH Mark 5

SHOPSMITH design and precision make happy artisans of amateurs . . . . make the job easy and fun from start to professional finish! SHOPSMITH is the only complete all-in-1 workshop: 9" saw, 34" lathe, 16½" drill press, horizontal drill and 12" sander . . . at 1/3 the cost of single-purpose tools. Pays for itself in home improvements, cabinetry and furniture crafting!
Complete with ¾ hp motor, speed changer and bench, only **$299.50**

This certificate saves you **$50.00**
See your SHOPSMITH Dealer

For information write Dept. SSEP-361
YUBA POWER PRODUCTS, INC.
800 EVANS ST., CINCINNATI 4, OHIO
A Subsidiary of YUBA CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRIES, INC.

Miracle Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight Eases Sore Gums



- Sticks to Denture
- No More Daily "Fixing"

Snug® brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new ever-soft plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snug eases sore, irritated gums due to loose dentures. Helps prevent food particles getting under plates. Applied in minutes, makes wobbliest plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put."
Snug re-liners can last from 2 to 4 months. Stay soft and pliable—harmless to gums or dentures. Peel right out when replacement is needed. No daily bother with adhesives. Get Snug brand Denture Cushions today! 2 liners for upper or lower plates $1.50. Money back if not satisfied. At all druggists.

TURN UP TO USE **BLISTIK** ANTIBIOTIC LIP BALM® Personalized
FAST RELIEF *Dry, Sore, Chapped Lips*
TWIST TYPE, PLASTIC CASE
BY THE MAKERS OF "BLISTEX"

MONEY
In Your Spare Time
Spare time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
931 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

(*Continued from Page 84*)

then she added, "Thanks for helping me out, Elmer. Good night."

"Good night," Elmer said.

He watched her descend the porch steps and walk down the walk to the curb where her car was parked, each gentle movement of her body sending a poignant chord shimmering through him. When she drove away, he was filled with sad and soundless music, and he turned away from the door, seeking reassurance in the prosaic pile of the house.

Mr. Sialis was sitting in the living room, scribbling something in a little blue notebook. He looked up when Elmer entered. "That last client of yours was quite attractive," he said. "Who is she, by the way?"

"Linda Thompson, the girl I was telling you about."

"Seemed kind of thin and pale. Has she been ill?"

Elmer told him about the accident. "Funny thing about mistakes in judgment like that," Mr. Sialis said when Elmer had finished. "One always wonders whether the person involved really thought he could make it, or knew perfectly well—in the back of his mind—that he couldn't."

Elmer was incredulous. "Are you trying to tell me that Linda smashed up on purpose? Why, she's as normal as they come!"

"Normal people," Mr. Sialis said, "can lose their enthusiasm for living the same as any other kind." He made a final entry in his notebook, slipped it into his pocket and stood up. "I hope you'll forgive me if I turn in. I've got a busy day tomorrow."

A busy day! Furious, Elmer watched him walk out of the room. A busy day doing what? All he'd done today was trim the forsythia bush by the front steps and rake the front lawn, and he hadn't even so much as gone near the bluebird house. What was he going to do tomorrow? Trim one of the spiraea bushes?

Of course he *had* prepared a delicious breakfast, not to mention an appetizing dinner and a fabulous supper. But just the same, facts were facts, and Bluebird Houses, Inc., was a front for free-loading if Elmer had ever seen one. Tomorrow the old man would have to go.

However, it wasn't one of the spiraea bushes that Mr. Sialis was trimming when Elmer came downstairs next morning. It was the lilac tree by the front walk. "Oh, good morning," Mr. Sialis called, espying him on the front porch. "There's a pitcher of pancake batter on the kitchen stove, and I've got the griddle greased and sitting over a low flame. I wanted to get an early start, so I ate before you came down."

The pancakes transmuted magically from bubbly white blobs to crisp golden sunbursts. On the outside of nine of them, Elmer felt better—until, glancing through the kitchen window, he saw a sparrow fly down from the apple tree and perch on the roof of the bluebird house as though it owned the whole back yard. In swift succession two more followed suit.

Angrily he strode down the hall toward the front door. Just as he was passing the office, the phone rang; and deferring for the moment what he was going to say to Mr. Sialis, he stepped inside and answered it. Mrs. Frisby wanted to know if he would fill out her husband's tax form if she brought his withholding statement over. Elmer said he would and replaced the phone on the cradle. Instantly it rang again.

It was the beginning of a hectic day. Half the citizens of Tompkinsville apparently had postponed confronting 1040, 1040A, separate Schedule C and 1040-ES till the last minute. Elmer forgot all about Mr. Sialis until noon; then, after absent-mindedly devouring the dinner which the old man had prepared, forgot all about him again until supper. When he finished work that evening, he was too tired to remember much of anything.

The next day was Saturday. The sparrows were still in residence when he got up, but the phone started ringing before he even finished breakfast and shooed them out of his thoughts. Many of his clients were Watkins and Company employees. And by the time he closed up his office for the weekend, his ego should have been in orbit. But it wasn't. For all the apologetic pounds of thrust his exco-workers had applied to it, it still squatted miserably on its launching pad, as earth-bound as before.

During supper Mr. Sialis swam back into his consciousness, and Elmer wondered what the old man had been doing for the past two days. A glance into the back yard informed him that whatever his list of activities had included it definitely hadn't included the bluebird house. The back yard was fairly swarming with sparrows, and there were so many of them roosting on the roof of the bluebird house that it was a wonder the structure didn't collapse.

For a moment Mr. Sialis's fate hung in the balance. Only the apple pie he'd baked for supper saved him. Tomorrow he'd tell the old man he had to go, Elmer resolved. Right now he had some accounts to catch up on.

In his office, he seated himself behind the desk. The Burton-James books still lay where he had left them days ago. He picked up one of them and stared at its uninspiring cover. He stared at the cover for some time. Presently he realized that he wasn't seeing it any more. He was seeing a sign instead—a big, warm neon sign that said, JERRY'S GRILL.

He dropped the book as though it were a live coal and went out on the front porch. He lighted a cigarette and blew smoke into the April dusk. Down the street Mrs. Frisby was talking loudly to one of her neighbors. Next door a child's voice called, "Here I come, ready or not!" The first star came out.

In his own front yard the lilac tree stood like a slender girl in a neat green dress. The grass around her feet was neat too, and the spiraea and the forsythia bushes bordering the house didn't have so much as a sprig out of place.

As he stood there, people seemed to begin walking up the walk to the door. The first one was Ed Burmaster. "*I'm sorry, Elmer,*" Ed said. "*I'm sorry you lost your job.*" The next one was Linda—Linda, thin and pale. "*I'm sorry, Elmer. I'm sorry I acted the way I did.*" They kept coming on and on, and all of them were sorry. "*We're sorry, Elmer. Sorry for you.*"

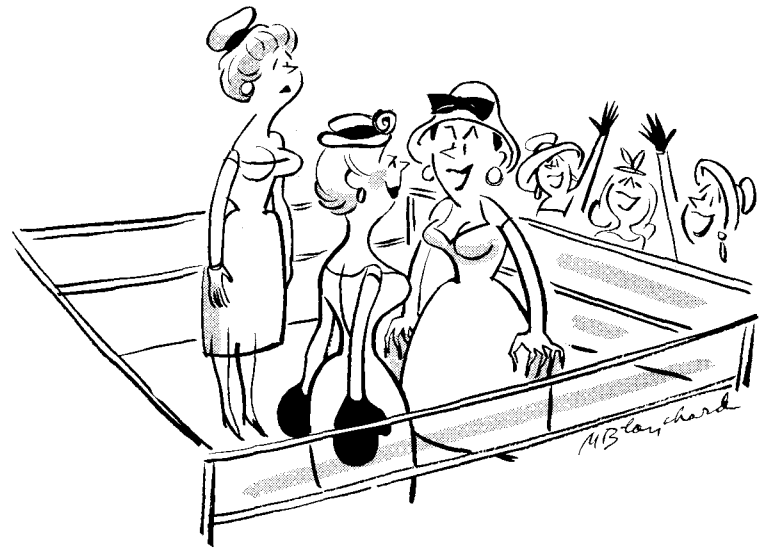
He pressed his hands against his temples. Damn it, couldn't they understand? He didn't want *them* to feel sorry for him. He wanted—he wanted ——

For the first time he faced it: He wanted to feel sorry for himself.

After backing his car out of the driveway, he headed straight for the outskirts of town. The warm red glow of the sign was a second sunset in the dusk. Ed and Pete were already there, standing at the end of the bar. Their faces lighted up when he came in. "Hey, Jerry," Pete hollered, "bring our friend here a beer!"

It was an uncivilized hour to be calling on a girl, but there are some things you have to do before they grow cold in you and doing them becomes impossible.

(*Continued on Page 88*)



The Perfect Squelch

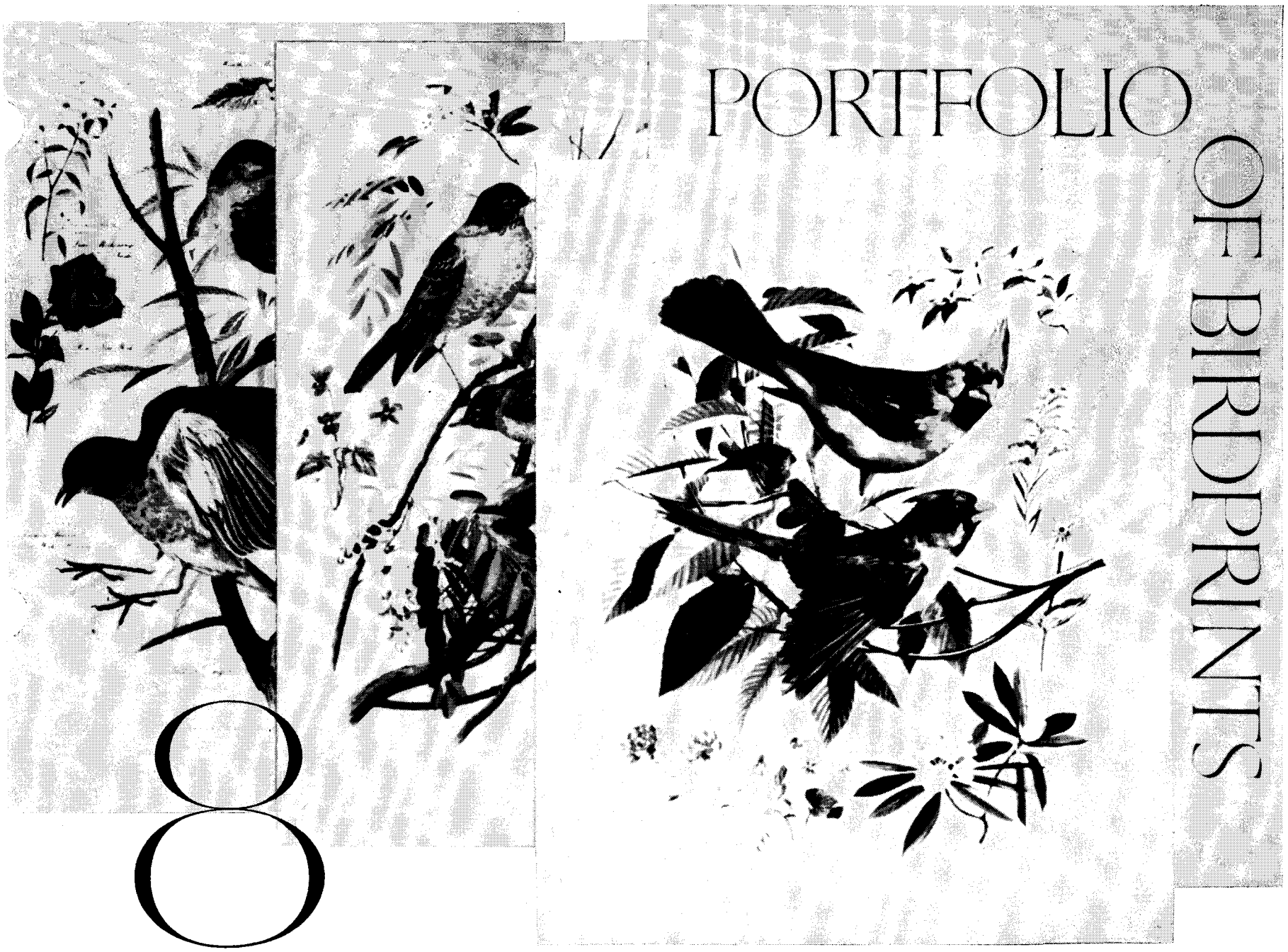
Having loved and lost a popular bachelor, Alice had her claws sharpened for his out-of-town bride. Meeting her for the first time at a women's gathering, Alice came out fighting.

"Oh, of course, darling," she said as soon as she was introduced, "you're the woman who ended up with Bud, aren't you? I'm so happy for you, dear, because Bud was so nice. Really a pet, darling. He was so smooth, so deft. He had such wonderful manners. We really do miss him, you know. He was so much fun." Alice paused. "And he could be so cute. We certainly do miss seeing him around!"

"But Bud isn't dead," the bride said sweetly as soon as Alice paused for breath, "just married."

Elizabeth Neff Taylor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HANDSOMELY COLORED

BIRDPRINTS

READY FOR FRAMING

$2.95 the set, postpaid; individual prints, 50c each

Arthur Singer, foremost wildlife artist, painted the originals of these breathtaking prints especially for American Home Magazine. Faithfully reproduced in full color on 9¾″ x 12½″ heavy stock paper, every one of these lovely bird prints is complete down to the last fine detail. You almost expect your feathered favorites to take their wings and burst into trills.

These handsome bird prints can add a lovely, ly touch to your home. They prove their ersatility in any setting. In a man's room they assume a woodsy character that's compatible with masculine interests. They lend an airy, charming note of graceful elegance to suit a lady's taste. Backed up and suspended on brass rods, they become smart room dividers. For a brighter splash of color in any room, try them as door panels. All you need do is frame the bird prints—and let your imagination take flight!

By special arrangement with the artist and printer, American Home can offer you these bird prints at a far greater value than you are likely to find anywhere else. Complete sets come in beautifully designed portfolios. Sent postpaid anywhere in the U.S.

BIRD PRINT ORDER FORM

Please send me:

. . . . . portfolio(s) of 8 full-color bird prints at $2.95 each

. . . . . individual prints as checked below for 50c each

☐ #1 cardinal ☐ #2 bluebird ☐ #3 grouse, pheasant, quail
☐ #4 mockingbird ☐ #5 robin ☐ #6 goldfinch ☐ #7 meadowlark
☐ #8 oriole and chickadee

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Print name and address clearly. Send M.O. or personal check (no stamps please). Allow 2 weeks delivery. New York City residents add 3% for City Sales Tax.

THE AMERICAN HOME, Dept. SP-311, American Home Bldg., Forest Hills 75, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 86*) He thought she would be in bed, but she wasn't. She was sitting by the living-room window, reading. She carried the book with her to the door. When she saw him, it slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor, and something happened to her face.

"If you want me to," he blurted, "I'll ask for my job back Monday."

"I don't want you to ask for your *job* back," she said. "I want you to ask for *me* back. But not now. It wouldn't be fair to you. Ask me tomorrow—when you're thinking clearly again."

He nodded solemnly. "I'll phone you first thing in the morning."

"And if you don't, I'll understand. Good night, Elmer."

"Good night," Elmer said.

When he came downstairs next morning, Mr. Sialis's suitcase was standing in the hallway. Mr. Sialis himself was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking a cup of coffee.

"Oh, you're not leaving, are you, Mr. Sialis?"

Mr. Sialis finished his coffee and stood up. "This very moment."

"But you were supposed to fix the bluebird house," Elmer objected—in spite of his better judgment.

Mr. Sialis stepped over to the window. "Come here," he said; then, when Elmer complied, "Look."

The back yard was bathed in morning sunshine. There wasn't a sparrow in sight. At first glance, the bluebird house seemed empty. Then, as Elmer watched, a blue head emerged from the round doorway. A blue, red-breasted body followed, and presently there was a blue blur of wings as the bluebird circled round the house and came to rest on the roof. After a moment the process was repeated, and a second bluebird, slightly duller in hue, joined the first.

"But—but you never even went near the house!" Elmer said.

"Of course I didn't. There wasn't anything wrong with it."

"Then why didn't it attract bluebirds in the first place?"

Mr. Sialis looked at him disgustedly. "You're just like all the rest of our dissatisfied customers," he said. "And believe me, they are legion. Your head is so cluttered with facts and figures that you think like an adding machine. You've lost your sense of wonder, and a sense of wonder is as essential in understanding bluebirds as a sense of hearing is in understanding Tchaikovsky. How could you expect to see them when you opened your back door when your front door was closed to the world? When you had voluntarily shut yourself off from sunshine and laughter and love? The door to a bluebird house is inseparably linked to the door to the owner's heart, and when the one is closed, so too is the other."

He left the kitchen and started down the hall. Elmer followed. "Can't I at least drive you to the terminal?"

... ...

To a Childless Critic

By John D. Engle Jr.

Why do we parents take
such noise
And clamor from our little
boys?
It's not that we're so fond
or proud,
But spanking makes them
twice as loud—
Three times louder in a
crowd.

... ...

Mr. Sialis shook his head. "I phoned for one of the company cars this morning. It's waiting outside now." He picked up his suitcase. "Well, good-by, Elmer."

"You never did tell me *your* first name," Elmer said.

Mr. Sialis smiled. "It's Sialia. I naturally no one ever calls me by it. My nickname is Hap." He opened the door. "Well, good-by, Elmer," he said again.

"Good-by, Hap."

Elmer watched him walk down the walk to the curb and climb into the company car. The company car was a small blue one with red wheels—a foreign job if Elmer had ever seen one, though what country it came from he could not at the moment imagine. It shot away from the curb and became a blue blur far down the street. A moment later it disappeared around the corner.

Sialia Sialis, he thought. Somewhere, sometime, he had run across those words.

Suddenly a suspicion took shape in his mind, and he headed for his office and his Webster's unabridged. The pages flew—"blueberry," "bluebill," "bluebird." Abruptly two italicized words leaped up out of the small print and struck him between the eyes—*Sialia sialis*.

Mr. Bluebird? Impossible! And yet——

The words blurred, and he raised his eyes from the page. When he did so, the first thing he saw was the phone. Abruptly he shoved his speculations aside. He'd come back to them later, he told himself.

Right now, he had an important call to make. THE END

you will enjoy elegant living, superb dining in the splendor of a romantic era ...all with VSP Service* at the Olympic Western Hotel in Seattle and at every Western Hotel in the United States, Canada, Guatemala, Mexico and Japan.

Western Hotels
INCORPORATED
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, OLYMPIC HOTEL • S. W. THURSTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

CENTURY 21 EXPOSITION SEATTLE, U.S.A. 1962

"In less time than it takes to read this list we can confirm and guarantee your reservation" . . .

*Very Special Person Service in The Golden Lion at the Olympic Western Hotel, Seattle

WESTERN HOTELS, INC.
SAN FRANCISCO
St. Francis
Sir Francis Drake
Maurice
PALM SPRINGS
Oasis
PORTLAND
Multnomah
Benson
TACOMA
Winthrop
SEATTLE
Olympic
Benjamin Franklin
Roosevelt
VANCOUVER, CANADA
Georgia
The Bayshore Inn
ALASKA
Anchorage-Westward
DENVER
Cosmopolitan
SPOKANE
Davenport
OTHER FINE HOTELS THROUGHOUT THE WEST

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
MEXICO
MEXICO CITY
Hotel Alameda (Open 1961)
GUATEMALA
GUATEMALA CITY
Guatemala-Biltmore
JAPAN
TOKYO
Kokusai Kanko Hotel
Chinzan-so Garden Restaurant
HAKONE
Hotel Kowaki-en
KYOTO
Kyoto International Hotel (Open 1961)
OSAKA
Taiko-en Garden Restaurant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Maestros Look Like to Me

(Continued from Page 31)

varied, dramatic and sometimes crazy colors, but nothing has ever equaled the horror of that hour.

Although I've been an orchestra violinist for most of my life, that's not the way it was planned. I was only six when I got my first violin. But I didn't ask for it. The fiddle had been bought as a birthday present for my older brother. But Alex was expecting a baseball bat. When the violin showed up, he gave an anguished howl and ran out of the house. It looked, for a few minutes, as though papa, who was a professional musician, would be stuck with a quarter-size violin, for it had been taken in trade and was not returnable. But suddenly papa spied me sitting in a corner. He placed the fiddle in my hands. So I became the violinist, while Alex became a baseball coach in the public-school system.

My mother, a woman of compelling drive, decided that I was to be a concert violinist. She took me to hear all the great soloists who came to Chicago. I was about ten when we heard Mischa Elman. Then, as now, his pure golden tone, an Elman hallmark, thrilled his audience. After the concert a friend said to mamma, "Did you ever hear such gorgeous playing?" Mamma smiled modestly, patted me on the head and said, "Ah! But you should hear my Sollie's tone."

Later my mother and I heard Albert Spalding with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. At that time Spalding was the only one of the great concert violinists who was a native American. My mother studied his photograph on the program. "Spalding?" she said. "It's not a Jewish name." She seemed puzzled. Elman, Heifetz, Zimbalist, Milstein—all were Jewish, so how come? Then Albert Spalding proceeded to give a glowing performance of Beethoven's *Violin Concerto in D.*

At the finish mother again asked, "You're sure he's not Jewish?"

"Positive," I said with finality. She shook her head and murmured disbelievingly, "Such a wonderful violinist and not Jewish. *Ach!* What a pity."

For a while mamma got her wish. I did appear frequently as concert soloist in and around Chicago. With a horde of relatives and in-laws and with my mother's aggressive ticket-selling tactics, I was always sure of a full house. Not even the most distant cousin dared to refuse the block of tickets she would leave with him. Nor did the butcher or the baker.

My mother treasured a review which spoke of me as "one of the most *chaste* of our younger violinists." She wondered how the critic knew that I was being chased by an up-and-coming impresario who wanted to send me on a nationwide tour. However, the biggest of the towns in which he planned to book me were Decorah, Iowa, and Tyler, Texas, but when papa calculated that we were bound to lose money on the tour, I turned it down. Instead I auditioned for Arnold Volpe, conductor of the Miami Symphony Orchestra, who was in Chicago looking for a concertmaster. When he offered me the job, I took it. I was twenty-three; and the regular weekly pay check sounded very tempting.

Anyway, I told myself, the orchestra job would be for just one winter; then I'd go back to concertizing. But "there's a divinity that shapes our ends," as Shakespeare wrote. Apparently it was my destiny to continue playing in orchestras; I've been doing it ever since. My orchestra associates have included the brilliant cellist—he is now a conductor—who hated the cello, and the trumpet player who pawned his instrument between engagements. The conductors have ranged from some with little talent and no love for music to the incomparable Toscanini.

One conductor, though, defied classification. His stage name was Johann Strauss IV. The concert manager was so elated to have discovered this authentic descendant of the illustrious waltz king in Vienna that he neglected to find out what musical qualifications the man had. And he engaged Strauss for an extended American tour, opening in Chicago.

We were a large orchestra, all experienced, capable musicians, especially assembled for this event. After the first rehearsal we knew that the gentleman from Vienna was a musical ignoramus.

On opening night, looking very distinguished with a red-satin, bemedaled ribbon across his chest, our conductor strode smartly to the podium. Great Heavens! The baton was not there. He glared around the orchestra, and the drummer helpfully passed over one of his drumsticks. But in a royal rage our conductor hurled the drumstick to the rear of the orchestra where, with a discordant clang, it landed inside the bass tuba. We waited until a man brought his baton. In spite of this ignoble start, we gave very good performances during this engagement—by ignoring *Herr* Strauss.

Although I had been busy in Chicago playing symphony concerts, radio programs and Broadway musicals, my sights were set on New York, for I wanted to play in the NBC Symphony Orchestra under the great Arturo Toscanini. I made it in 1943.

When a professional musician transfers from one city to another, he must wait a certain time, under union rules, before taking a steady job. A Russian-born fiddler, who had transferred at the same time, called me up one day. He told me that he had read, in our musicians' handbook, that he could accept certain engagements in the interim, such as strawberry festivals, block parties and brothels.

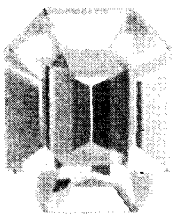
Yes, he assured me, the handbook distinctly said "brothels." I could look for myself. I did, and informed my Russian friend that the word was "betrothals"—engagement parties, I explained. When next I met him, we were both in the violin section of the NBC Symphony Orchestra.

Over the years I had played the world's finest music with many of the world's finest conductors. But at the first rehearsal with Toscanini I was plunged into a new world of music, a new awareness of music. The experience was electrifying. The maestro conducted Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*, a work I had played many times and fancied I knew well. But Toscanini brought out colors and phrasings that were, by turns, heartbreakingly beautiful, stimulating, even disturbing.

Yet the maestro did not depart from the composer's notes or his intent. It was all there as Beethoven had written it. But never had I heard such a transcendent interpretation of this work. I sat in my chair with chills down my spine. It was as though I had looked often at a dear familiar scene—and then, one day, suddenly come upon it illumined, glorified and transformed by a fiery sunset.

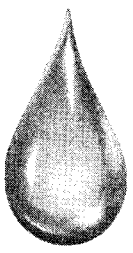
Mischa Mischakoff, our concertmaster, visiting him one day at his home, found the maestro, then in his eighties, poring over the score of this same symphony, studying it, digesting it as though he were seeing it for the first time.

"But, maestro," exclaimed Mischa, "you've conducted this symphony hundreds of times."



$20 Zircon or $2000 Diamond?

You can't see the difference but your jeweler can tell. Unseen molecular structures make an all-important difference in quality and value.



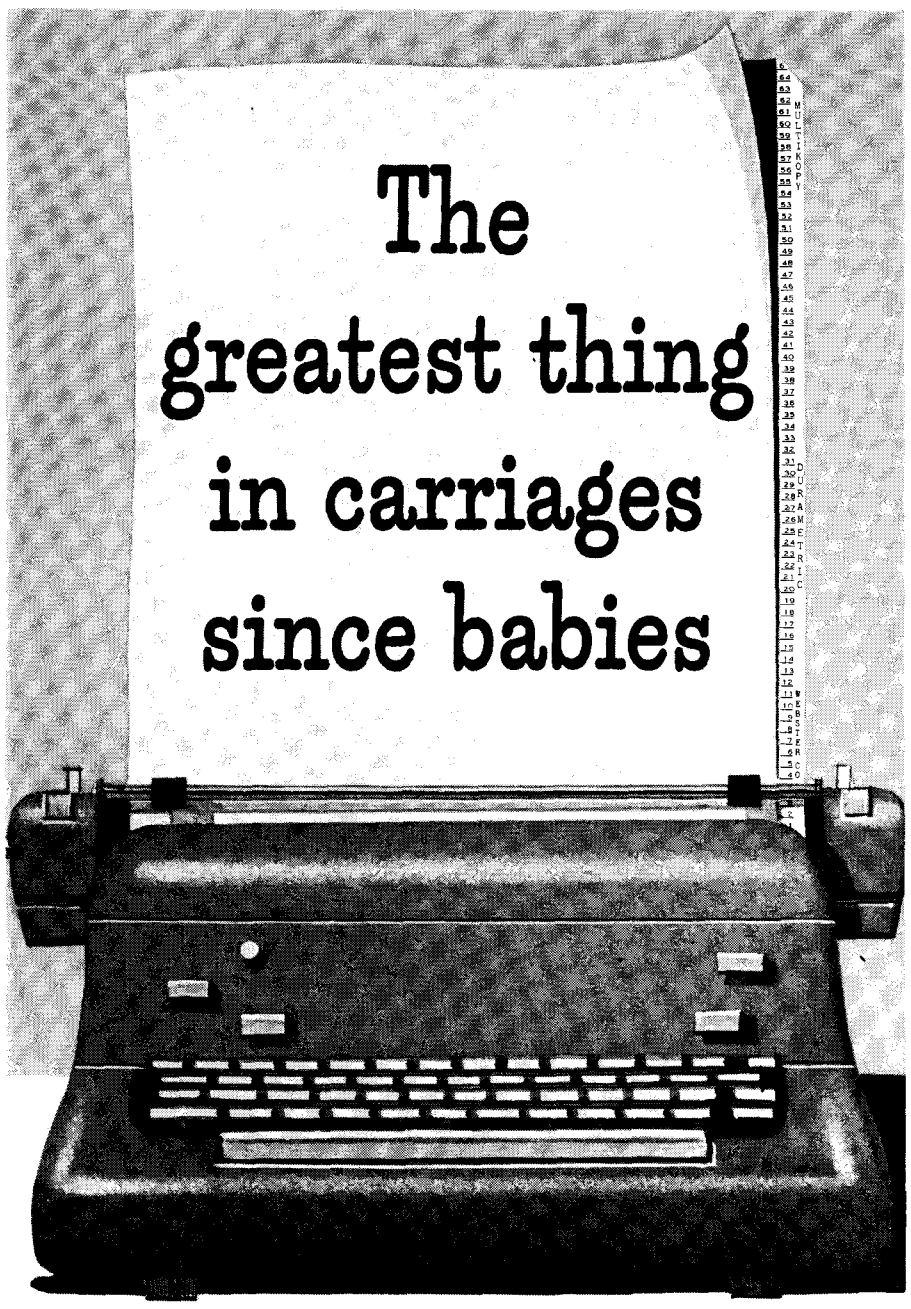
Ordinary Motor Oil or PENNSYLVANIA?

You can't see the difference but your car can tell. Nature's MIRACLE MOLECULE in Pennsylvania motor oils assures superior lubrication. Switch to a brand of Pennsylvania...at better dealers everywhere.

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For sharp, clear carbons and crisp, clean correspondence, nothing does the job better than the quality duplicating products of F. S. Webster Company.

See your Webster salesman. He represents savings in time, trouble, and money. His complete line of products insures you the convenience of "one-stop" shopping. And, if you have any special problems, your Webster salesman has a duplicating sales engineer at his call to help solve them.

WEBSTER'S FAMOUS MULTIKOPY DURAMETRIC

It's scaled. The exclusive numbered edge *automatically* insures neater, better spaced typing.

Its edge is uncoated for clean letters, clean fingers, clean carbon handling.

It's durable . . . MultiKopy delivers more copies from each sheet — better copies from each typing.

It's non-curling. A special process makes Webster Durametric curl resistant even in extreme temperatures.

WEBSTER'S LONG-WEARING SILK STAR TYPEWRITER RIBBON

It's strong. Webster Silk Star won't cut through. It stands up longer even under the hardest wear.

It's sheer. Especially made to give you sharp, clear impressions every time.

It's economical. Wears three times longer than standard ribbon. Resulting in fewer ribbon changes.

Always send a "Time-Saver" courtesy carbon copy

Webster's

MultiKopy Durametric Carbon Papers

F. S. Webster Company, 11 Amherst St., Cambridge 39, Mass.

"Yes," said Toscanini, "but with one more drop of blood I may come a little closer to what Beethoven wanted."

I played with Toscanini for more than ten years. And at every concert I had the same spine-tingling sensation as he worked his magic with the music—and with the musicians.

At one concert I watched the interplay between the maestro and our first-trumpet player, Harry Glantz. We were playing *The Pines of Rome* by Respighi. In the closing, the trumpet leads the brass section to a climax. It starts with a supremely soft pianissimo and builds up to a mighty treble fortissimo. Fascinated, I watched Toscanini literally hypnotize the trumpet player. With flashing eyes and whipping baton, the maestro was urging, driving, compelling Glantz to give "more, more, more volume." It didn't seem possible that he could give more. I expected his tone to crack. Not so. The climax was a superhuman feat. Later, offstage, I said to Glantz, "Harry, I didn't know you had it in you." With wonder in his voice he replied, "I didn't know I had it in myself, but the maestro can always get out of you more than you've got."

As to Toscanini's temper, yes, it was terrible. But the musicians came to realize that his outbursts were expressions of artistic frustration, not personal animus. He had an exquisitely exact idea of how a work should "play." If the sounds that he heard from us did not match the ones in his mind—watch out! The explosions were awesome. Any number of times I saw the maestro break his baton over his knee and hurl the pieces at the musicians. Frequently we watched him dash his musical score to the floor. Once I saw him tear the lapel clean off his coat. And at one rehearsal he abruptly left the stage and went to his dressing room, where he beat his head against the wall, so we learned from an eyewitness.

With the tantrums came a volley of invective and curses in lowest Italian. How I envied the men who understood the language. After all, when you are being bawled out by the master of the verbal whip, you should know what you are being called. He was eighty-five when he told us, in scalding accents, "When I am dead and in my grave, I will have more life in me than you. You play like tired old men. For shame!"

But he had other moods. Once, during a rehearsal of Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for String Orchestra*, Toscanini stopped the orchestra. He stood there, saying nothing. *The calm before the storm*, I thought and braced myself for the cyclone. But the maestro started to talk as though thinking out loud. Quietly, ever so quietly, he said, "For sixteen years I have conducted this orchestra and nothing has changed. We are now living in an atomic age, but you play just as you did sixteen years ago. Notes, all correct, but just notes. You should play like this."

Then, in his creaky voice, he started to sing the melody. Some kind of lyric quicksilver ran in and out of the husky sounds he uttered. "Come, let's try it again," he said. The same musicians played the same notes, but this time we were fired by the sparks that glanced off his baton. A thousand times such small miracles happened at Toscanini's rehearsals.

If at times the maestro raged at us, if he insulted us and often cursed us, he would also evoke poetic symbols to show us the effect he wanted. One day, exasperated after stopping us so many times, he suddenly took a large silk handkerchief out of his pocket, unfolded it and threw it into the air. As the silk floated to the floor, he said, "Play it like that."

In April, 1952, when the maestro was eighty-five years old, we recorded Beethoven's monumental *Ninth Symphony*. Before we began, Toscanini looked at us imploringly and said, "Gentlemen, it is almost fifty years since I first conducted this symphony. But I realize now, after all these years, that no conductor nor any orchestra can do justice to this work of Beethoven. This is the last time I will conduct the Ninth. I will try my very best, and I ask you, please—*try, try, try.*"

Whenever I put on this record at home, I am conscious of the maestro's great humility as I hear him beseeching us to "*try, try, try.*"

In 1954 we played our last concert with Toscanini. It was a catastrophic event. The debacle came during the *Tannhäuser Overture* and *Bacchanale* by Richard Wagner. We were suddenly appalled by the spectacle of our revered maestro standing on the podium, senselessly waving his baton, completely unaware of where he was or what we were playing. On stage the musicians were shocked. In the control room—the concert was being broadcast—there was chaos. A distraught production man got ready to cut us off the air and put on a record. But to our everlasting wonderment, we played through that excruciating ordeal. As though guided by radar, we kept together. But so painful is the memory of that last program that musicians seldom discuss it.

Some of the men who knew the maestro best say that his collapse at the last concert came from the realization that "his orchestra, his boys" were to be cast adrift. Also, his pride and dignity were bruised when he realized that his resignation would be welcome to the network, for economic reasons. So our conductor retired, and with almost indecent haste NBC fired—beg pardon, "disbanded"—its Symphony Orchestra which, during seventeen years had become one of the finest in the world, but which NBC felt had no value, no identity beyond that of its famed conductor.

So there we were, a superbly trained body of highly skilled musicians with a dazzling history and nowhere to go. We had no angels, no philanthropist to underwrite us, no big industry to put us back on the air. We were, in the eyes of the welfare clerks, merely jobless musicians come to collect our unemployment checks. But the orchestra had unquenchable vitality. It took a deep breath and called itself "The Orchestra that Refuses to Die." Then it went on to form itself into The Symphony of the Air.

On October 27, 1954, in Carnegie Hall, The Symphony of the Air gave a concert which has become famous in musical history, its conductorless concert. The podium was there, as usual, but Toscanini was not. He was at home. Nevertheless, every one of us felt his presence, heard the echo of his precise commands, saw his incisive beat, knew how he wanted every phrase, every delicate shading—and that's how we played the program.

Every man was conscious of his enormous responsibility. He knew that one wrong entry, one lagging bar, one lackadaisical moment could cause havoc. It was every man for himself, and every man for the orchestra. We prayed—and we played in an atmosphere surcharged with faith. Next day the critics—even the toughest of them—all gave us rave notices, sprinkling their reviews with such terms as "miraculous," "sensational," "black magic" and "supernatural."

We gave another unusual concert a few months later in Carnegie Hall. We were, indeed we still are, an orchestra without a home, without sponsors and almost without funds. To remain alive as an ensemble, we had to give concerts. A resourceful member of our orchestra had an idea. Although he had never met

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kirsten Flagstad and knew only that she was in retirement somewhere in Arizona, Jascha Rushkin, violinist, somehow persuaded her to come and sing with our orchestra.

We ourselves wondered why the greatest Wagnerian singer of the age should sent to appear with us, especially since had never sung even with the NBC Symphony. This greathearted woman did it because she wanted to help a group of musicians who had been dealt a crippling blow in the battle of commerce versus culture.

For the Flagstad concert, Carnegie Hall was sold out in a few hours. There was wailing at the box office when would-be purchasers were told that there were no more tickets. Hearing this, the astonishing Madame Flagstad said, "We'll do it again." We repeated the concert, and again Carnegie Hall was sold out.

Sitting on stage, while that voluptuous voice filled the hall, I was uplifted by the sight of the capacity house and the enthralled audience, but most of all I was exalted by the heady feeling that we were playing our hearts out. And why not? Madame Flagstad paid her own expenses, took no fee from us and brought $41,000 into our almost empty treasury. At these concerts, of course, we played under a conductor, as we have ever since—Bruno Walter, Leopold Stokowski, Sir mas Beecham, Leonard Bernstein Pierre Monteux, among others.

Probably the question most often asked of a symphony musician is, "What does the conductor do?" Coming out of Studio 8H with my violin one day after a Toscanini concert, I was approached by a woman who said, "Excuse me, sir. I see you are a musician. And I'd like to ask, does the conductor have to know anything about the music?"

What does the conductor do? First of all, of course, he beats time, keeps us together in the true tempo of the work. Then, by looks and gestures, he signals when the different instruments must make their entries. He indicates when the melody—sometimes two or three melodies—must sing out.

He delineates the composer's phrasings and accents. He "paints in" the shadings, nuances and modulations, whether in a rhythmic march, a simple melody or a grandiose symphony. At times he subdues us to an infinitely soft pianissimo or lifts us into a crashing fortissimo. I like to think of the conductor using the orchestra as a pianist uses his piano. As an instrument, that is. Except that the pianist has eighty-eight notes, all stable and obedient to his fingers, while the conductor has perhaps 100 musicians, all of different talents and temperaments.

Among musicians, as among automobile drivers, there are some who like to speed and others who are inclined to poke along. And, left to our own devices, some of us may play at the top of our voices when we're not supposed to, while others will whisper when they ought to shout. Then too, many of us, concerned with our own playing, are not always aware of who is supposed to carry the ball—that is, who is playing the thematic melody. (Do I hear my fellow musicians saying, "Speak for yourself, Sol?") With compelling beat and meaningful glances, the conductor must blend all these disparate elements into a unified whole.

Although a conductor can train, inspire and improve an orchestra immeasurably, no orchestra can improve the caliber of a conductor. He is on the podium alone, and he must do for himself. Is a new conductor a musician of substance or is he a faker? After the first sixty beats every man in the orchestra, from the first violinist to the tympani player, knows the answer without exchanging a word or a look. Musicians tell of one conductor who, on hearing a mighty boom from the bass drum after the rest of the orchestra had finished, looked around and asked peevishly, "Now, who did that?"

But there is an instant rapport in playing with such maestros as Walter, Münch, Van Beinum, Krips, Ormandy, Beecham, Monteux, Bernstein and Stokowski. I have played with them all, many times. It's a joy. Their taste is faultless, their repertoires vast and their love for music—not necessarily for musicians—deep and true. With such inspired and inspiring conductors a musician isn't likely to daydream, to wonder whether his laundry will be back on time or if his car will have a parking ticket when he comes out of rehearsal. When there is a dynamic figure on the podium, there are dynamic players in the orchestra.

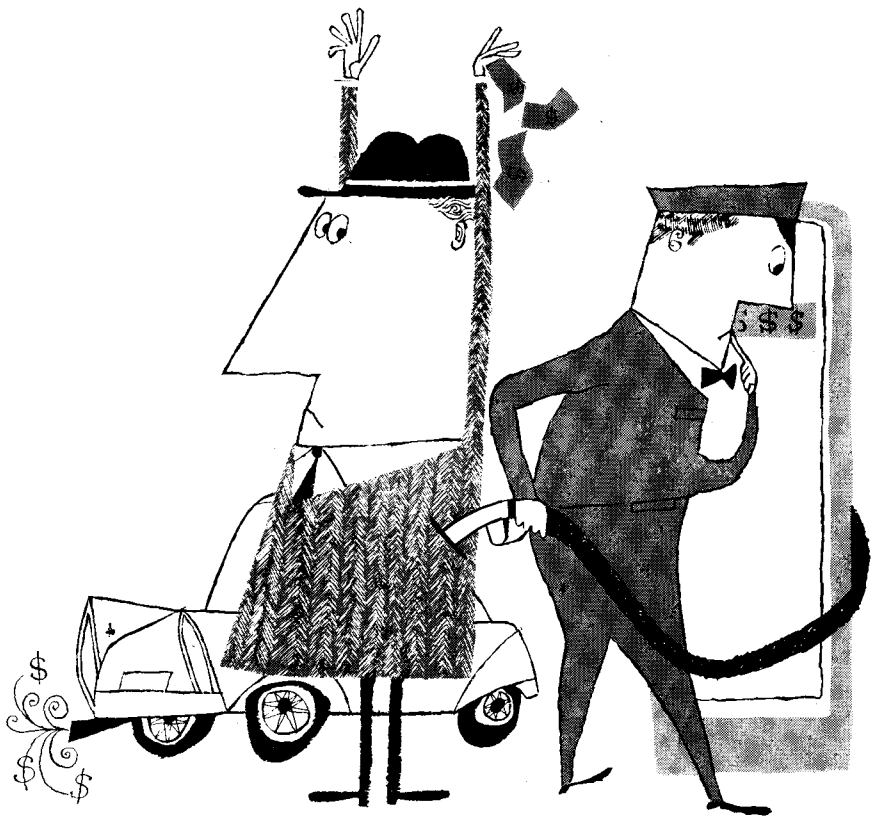
Different conductors have their thumbprints, as do composers. Leopold Stokowski's thumbprint, I would say, is the lovely singing tone he evokes from an orchestra. Under Mr. Stokowski's years of intensive training, the Philadelphia

IE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Herbert's been replaced by an electronic brain—one of the simpler types."

What do you mean—"Just as good as Walker?"

HE'S STILL PAYING FOR HIS MUFFLER AT THE GAS PUMP!



WALKER SILENCERS

never steal gas...or rob engines of full built-in power

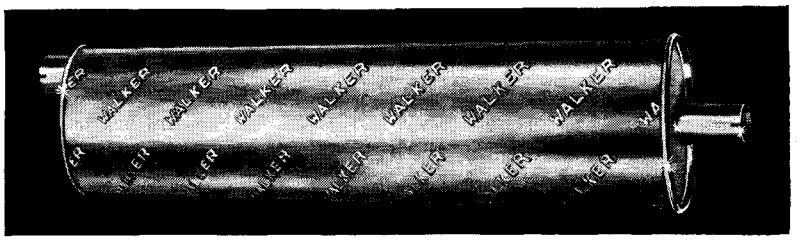
Often the original price of a muffler is only the down payment . . . the unsuspecting car owner keeps on "paying through the nozzle" every time he stops at the gas pump. Mufflers not scientifically designed for the specific engine on which they are installed create "back pressure drag" that wastes gas (up to 10%) . . . robs power (up to 45 hp) . . . slows down pick-up (up to 50%).

Walker Silencers are "Precision Tuned" to the exact requirements of each individual engine. Walker Silencers never cause back pressure drag . . . never steal gas . . . never rob engines of full built-in power.

When you need a muffler . . . be firm about the brand. See your neighborhood service man with the Walker sign. He will give you quick service on a Walker "Precision Tuned" Silencer that will save you money in the long run . . . and last as long or longer than any replacement muffler made.

WE INSTALL MUFFLERS
WALKER
CERTIFIED
EXHAUST SYSTEM SERVICE

America's Most Performance Proved Muffler



WALKER MARKETING CORPORATION • RACINE, WISCONSIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orchestra became known as one of the finest in the world.

Several of our great American orchestras have now toured foreign countries. I like to relive the trip that The Symphony of the Air made to the Orient in 1955. Under the sponsorship of our State Department, we visited Japan, Korea, Thailand and Ceylon.

In a thousand different ways I learned on this tour that music is the universal language. In Osaka I went with a Japanese friend to visit a geisha house. The owner, Madame Bon, had a charming daughter. Seeing my violin, the girl began to hum some melodies. At intervals she would stop, smile and look at me inquiringly, as though asking, "You know? You play?" I nodded "Yes," for she was humming themes from Beethoven's symphonies. Not knowing a word of Japanese, I held up three fingers, and she hummed from the *Third Symphony*. When I held up five fingers, she sang the famous introduction to the *Fifth*. And when I held up seven, she responded.

In Tokyo, as a good-will gesture, I arranged a chamber-music concert in the Imperial University. I was surprised and thrilled to see the students—many of whom had been waiting since 7:30 A.M.—with the musical scores of the string quartets listed on our program. To me this was striking proof of their love for—and understanding of—this purest of our long-hair music.

And so it was wherever we went. With music as the common language, we met good will and friendship in every town, in every country. They cheered us in the streets of Tokyo and displayed posters of Toscanini in small towns.

I'm sure that every member of The Symphony of the Air has heart-lifting memories of that marvelous tour. But there was nothing heart-lifting about our appearance in Madison Square Garden in October, 1957.

The late Mike Todd engaged us, with conductor Arthur Fiedler, for the party he gave to publicize *Don Quixote*, the movie he planned to make. Mr. Todd referred to us as "Toscanini's Orchestra," and (one reason why we took the date) there was talk of his sponsoring our orchestra in a big way later on. As the television viewers discovered, the party was a disgraceful affair, and "Toscanini's Orchestra" that evening became a circus band playing *Turkey in the Straw* for the tumblers, marches for the elephants and "hurry-hurry" music for the rodeo. It was quite a night!

> The typical husband is one who lays down the law to his wife and then accepts all her amendments.
>
> F. G. KERNAN

However, The Symphony of the Air—the orchestra that refused to die—still gives concerts under such top conductors as Beecham and Stokowski. Before he became conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein led our orchestra for one season. There is, too, the thrilling possibility that we may play regularly in Carnegie Hall, now that this famous building has been saved from demolition.

Sometimes I get out of patience with foreign-born musicians who harp on the fact that several European governments subsidize their symphony orchestras. In those countries—as these men repeatedly tell—the orchestra musicians have year-round jobs. But, irritating though it is to listen to these gentlemen, I do wonder about our Government's apathy toward the fight for life of our great orchestras and the week-to-week struggle of long-hair musicians to earn a year-round living playing good music. For struggle it is.

New York is the favored city in America for orchestra musicians, because it has theaters, night clubs, television, radio and recording studios and several symphony orchestras within its environs, as well as opera and ballet. But it is precisely because of these many job sources that professional musicians from all over America flock to New York. Result: the supply increases, but not the demand.

There are many more symphony orchestras in America today than there were twenty-five years ago. However, the season—outside of the few big-city orchestras—runs only from four to six months in most of the towns. And the pay is about $100 a week. In Boston and Philadelphia, where the pay is about $170, the job is almost year-round. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra is the spectacular exception to seasonal employment for symphony men. Since Bernstein took over, there are no more summer layoffs. Under his leadership the Philharmonic has become the most glamorous and sought-after orchestra in the country. What with recordings, television shows and world-wide summer tours, the Philharmonic musicians never had it so good. Their basic pay is about $180 a week, with extra money for extra activities.

But the Philharmonic has only about 100 members, while Local 802—the Musicians Union in New York—has a membership of nearly 28,000, many of them long-hair musicians, and good ones. What do they do between engagements? They play wherever they can—at weddings and on Hudson River steamers. They also sell insurance and drive cabs. But more and more I play with young men who are going to college and working for a degree so that they can land a teaching job in a university town and also play in the local orchestra. They are more farsighted than their elders.

Unlike a businessman who can wo his way up from the mailroom to t presidency of his firm, there is no such advancement for an orchestra musician. Although on occasion a violinist is promoted from the second-fiddle section to the first, there is no raise in pay. The leaders of the various sections—strings, brass and woodwinds—receive higher scale. But again, these musicians stay put. About the only way for an orchestra musician to go onward and upward is to become a conductor. And Arturo Toscanini, a cellist, is one of the few regular orchestra players who have gone on to become top-flight conductors.

Today the professional musician's outlook in America is blurry. I remember the days of large orchestras on radio and in movie houses. I've played on countless radio programs with such conductors as Percy Faith, André Kostelanetz, Russell Bennett, Paul Whiteman and others. Today, however, the air waves are almost barren of live musical programs. And Radio City Music Hall is the sole remaining movie house in the whole Unite States featuring a symphony orchestra am fortunate to be playing there, und the versatile Raymond Paige, between symphony engagements.

Yes, the live musician is a rarity on the air waves. He has been mechanized out of restaurants and movie houses. And usually he earns merely a subsistence annual income in an orchestra. And yet, if I had to choose a career today, I'd still become a professional musician. I guess just like to play the fiddle. THE EN

BIGGEST, CLEAREST PICTURE IN ALL TELEVISION

Spectacular Stereo Theatre gives you huge 27" TV—a 400-sq.-in. screen that's nearly *half-again* as large as today's 23" sets. Plus superb stereophonic high fidelity; FM/AM radio; Magnavox Automatic Record Player. Choice of fine woods. Stereo Theatres from $349.50 to $850.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Can't Live in New York

(Continued from Page 33)

out or up. My wife and I are at present tucked away in an eagle's nest twenty floors above 79th Street, which is about far away from it all as you can get ore your nose starts to bleed. When .. comes time to go to work, I stand on my terrace and survey the route to the office, a mile south and five blocks west. I am Kitchener at Khartoum, scanning the field from my O.P. and forming the battle plan. Is there a jam on the southbound express street? Have the trench diggers come during the night with their lanterns, their jolly jingles, their drills and their barricades? Have the parkers and the double parkers and that new and multiplying breed, the triple parkers, already slipped the clamp on the midtown arteries? Probably. They do it every waking day.

Since I live so near the East River, I often toy with the idea of using MacArthur's Inchon-landing strategy. If the land route to the office is blocked, I can take to the waves, sailing south along the East River, moving quickly inland to Fifth Avenue. It is an ace I keep always in the hole against a day of total collapse of law and order on land.

Now, if you live someplace else, and I pe you do, you may ask whether we ve any rules against these infractions of public order. Dear friends, we are up to our axillae in regulations, all of which are carefully made known to the public. In 1959 we spent $786,000 just for parking signs. At the end of 1959, the last time anybody took a sign census, we had 126,357 parking signs on the streets of New York, some of which were understandable. One that I always seem to have trouble with reads:

TOW AWAY ZONE

NO STANDING
8 A.M. TO 1 P.M.

EXCEPT SUNDAY

NO PARKING ANYTIME
THIS SIDE OF SIGN

TAXI STAND

Until recently parking regulations weren't very strictly enforced, and we New Yorkers were happily skipping down the traffic-choked road to anarchy. Then the police commissioner, Stephen Kennedy, got into an imbroglio with the Policemen's Benevolent Association over the subject of "moonlighting," which is the term for engaging in extracurricular employment in off-duty hours. Kennedy was against, the cops were for, and the benevolent association wasn't exactly living up to its name so far as the commissioner was concerned. One day there was a sudden slowdown in ticket-giving. Along with the Lindbergh parade and V-J Day, it was a day that was to go down in New York history, forever known as Black Tuesday. Then, with people parking everywhere without penalty, the cops suddenly reversed themselves and went on a ticket-writing rampage. So many summonses were inflicted on New Yorkers that the courts had to open an hour early. At one point ticketing rose 132 per cent above the average. The car belonging to the commissioner's aide, parked in front of police headquarters in a lonely part of downtown Manhattan, got a fifteen-dollar green ticket at one o'clock in the morning.

Even at the height of the campaign of vengeance, those with special credentials were immune. New York State issues over forty special license plates to such pillars of the community as foot doctors, commanding officers of American Legion posts, veterinarians, judges (eleven varieties), referees, justices of the peace, D.A.'s, press, diplomats and foreign consuls. Twenty-four thousand M.D. license plates are issued in New York State, more than half of them to doctors in New York City. This does not take into account doctors of podiatry, osteopathy, optometry and divinity, physiotherapists and pharmacists—they get their own special plates. Chiropractors and tribal medicine men are the only healers who drive their private conveyances incognito in New York, uncamouflaged prey to the traffic ticketeers. Diplomats whose cars are festooned with DPL and FC—for "foreign consul"—plates are immune to arrest even should they mow down a platoon of policemen, a remote possibility that brings smiles to the eyes of dreamers.

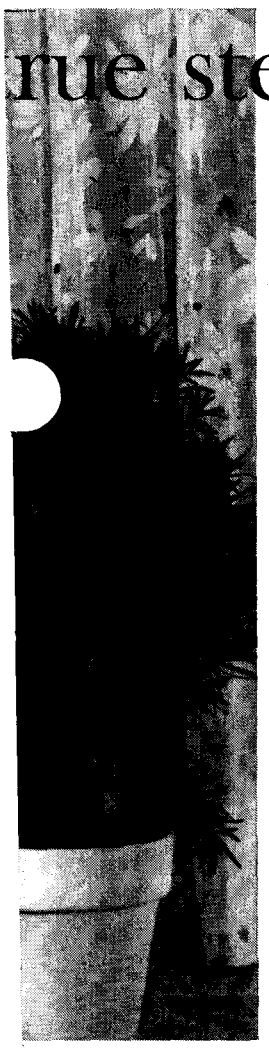
In addition to official plates, makeshift passes dangling from sun visors sometimes work. FBI agents parked in prohibited zones leave their drivers' licenses in the window. Clergymen leave Bibles on the ledge of the dashboard or hang religious articles from the mirror. Internal Revenue agents, dunning some hapless citizen in an upstairs office for more taxes, evade the law by sticking Government signs on their cars parked illegally in the street below.

Legal parking in New York in an open lot can come to three dollars for a day, $3.50 for an evening and up to five dollars overnight. At that, you've got to get there early of a Saturday night before the parking lots post that gentle, friendly sign that says, FULL. An alternative is to hand the keys of the car to a doorman who, with arrangements all his own, is able to park cars in double rows in front of the city's satin-lined saloons. One doorman at a Latin cha-cha temple goes to work early Saturday afternoon so he can stake out the signs of a co-operative mortician next door which read, NO PARKING—FUNERAL TODAY. By nightfall, when the night-club patrons begin to arrive at this *rumba* roost, the doorman rolls back the funeral signs and lets his customers' cars in.

But the beat New York lives on is the staccato chatter of the pneumatic drills ripping the streets to lay in new pipes, new wires, new subways and new pneumatic tubes for mail. In just one quarter last year, Consolidated Edison, which supplies most of the city's gas and electricity, obtained 17,212 excavation permits to dig holes in New York's streets. The pneumatic noisemaker is becoming the emblematic Sound of New York, the way the bells of Big Ben are The Sound of London. During 1960 folksy old Con Ed, as it likes to have itself called, spent $76,000,000 for digging up New York, almost half of it for holes in Manhattan. Before 1960 was half over, its pick-and-shovel brigades tunneled 152 miles of trench out of Gotham's streets. The allocation for digging in 1960 was up $23,000,000 over 1959, and the estimated bill in 1961 is $56,475,000.

John Cashmore, borough president of Brooklyn, once became so exercised at the earthworks being thrown up in his bailiwick that he slapped a ban on all street incisions. There had been 9000 asphalt operations in one year out in the salubrious environs of the Gowanus Canal, and many of them had lain open and unstitched for thirty or forty days, causing untold hardships, not to mention inconveniences to the burghers of Brooklyn. When Con Edison finally got Cashmore

rue stereophonic high fidelity



N ANNIVERSARY
1911-1961
50 YEARS OF
CTRONIC KNOW-HOW

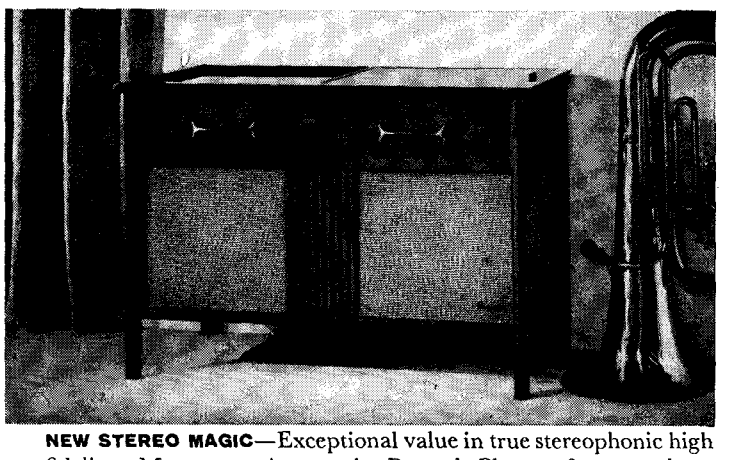
...IT SURROUNDS YOU WITH MAGNIFICENT MUSIC!

A glorious new world of music you never dreamed existed opens up for you when you hear Magnavox Stereophonic High Fidelity! Music that makes each instrument stand out crystal clear, vibrantly alive. Music that surrounds you with a breathtaking sweep and fullness in every part of the room. And now you can hear it all—from just a *single* Magnavox console!

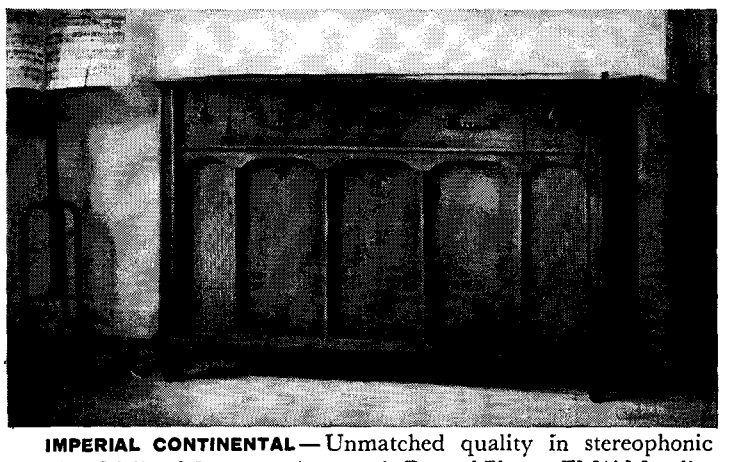
NOW! YOUR RECORDS LAST A LIFETIME! Truly, music becomes magic with Magnavox. One reason is the fabulous new Magnavox Automatic Record Player. Its amazing 1/10-oz. stylus pressure lets your Diamond stylus and records *last a lifetime* of normal use! There's no wow or flutter . . . turntable speed is certified within ±1% of absolute. See your Magnavox Dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. Magnavox consoles from only $149.50.

the magnificent
Magnavox
WORLD LEADER IN STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY AND QUALITY TELEVISION

The Magnavox Company, precision electronic equipment for industry and defense, Fort Wayne, Indiana



NEW STEREO MAGIC—Exceptional value in true stereophonic high fidelity. Magnavox Automatic Record Player; four speakers. From $199.50. Also available with FM/AM radio, from $249.50.



IMPERIAL CONTINENTAL—Unmatched quality in stereophonic high fidelity. Magnavox Automatic Record Player; FM/AM radio. In your choice of magnificent hand-rubbed woods—$495.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to allow it to dig again, it was with the strict understanding that no piece of Brooklyn's outer crust would remain uncovered longer than fifteen working days.

The trouble with New York, says Con Ed, is that it is using more electrical doodads than Thomas Edison ever dreamed of. In the new office buildings secretaries are using electric typewriters, electric pencil sharpeners, duplicating machines, coffeemakers, humidifiers, heaters and coolers. At home housewives are using electric egg beaters, electric can openers, blenders, hair dryers and nail buffers, while husbands flip on electric shoeshiners and electric charcoal-fire starters.

The trouble with Con Edison, say New Yorkers, is that it spends $1,000,000 a year urging people to buy more gadgets so that it can dig more holes to bring in more electricity. Con Ed says it is merely trying to equalize its seasonal load factor. People used to use more electricity in winter; now they use more in summer. Good old Con Ed found out about that one night during the summer of 1959 when the fuse blew on 500,000 customers, and five square miles of the city went dark. The lights and the refrigerators didn't come on again for anywhere from eight to twelve hours, depending on where you lived.

If you lived on the West Side, you stayed home that dark night, for this once-regal neighborhood has been infiltrated by raffish young uglies, small-time hoods, irresponsible vandals and other neighbors not altogether attuned to the cosmopolitan refinements of life in a giant city. Real-estate agents who specialize in renting West Side apartments will freely describe for you the so-called safe limits of the neighborhoods where head bashing has been held to a minimum. These arbitrary boundaries have left beautiful old buildings standing as enclaves of faded elegance in the encroaching jungle. In one famed tower along upper Central Park West, the elevator men still wear white gloves, but a matron who has lived there with her children for twenty years told me she no longer runs the gantlet of the long, dark blocks to the shopping area, and now does all her marketing by phone.

Last July, while the New York City Convention and Visitors Bureau was in the full flood of its "New York Is a Summer Festival" campaign, it was something like a family embarrassment to have Mayor Wagner telephoning home from the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles with instructions to thwart the youthful wars that break out with the end of the school term. Said the mayor over the long-distance wire, even as the municipal tub thumpers were singing of the seasonal glories of Gotham, "The present indications all point to a summer of unrest and possible violence for teen-agers." Personally I side with the mayor, having always felt that the program played by the Summer Festival orchestras in Central Park those August nights ought to be called "Music to Get Mugged By."

Now, some may think that our young people live unnatural and unhealthy lives, but, my, they grow up to be robust types. Why, only last spring a Brooklyn mob of 100 attacked a policeman who was bringing in a prisoner and beat the officer with his own night stick. The officer thus overcome was part of an elite detail, all of whose members are judo experts and over six feet tall. The mob was so exhilarated by its victory that for an encore they beat up a storekeeper who had had the audacity to phone for police assistance. The breezes off the Gowanus are nothing if not invigorating.

Playwright Marc Connelly, walking around the corner from his Central Park West apartment to a grocery store on Columbus Avenue a few years ago, was hit by a chair thrown from the roof. It took eighteen stitches to close his scalp. The Players club, a New York society of actors, artists and writers, gave him a steelworker's helmet with a bull's-eye painted on the crown.

Even in the face of these threats to life, limb and frontal lobe, there has been a renaissance over on the West Side, stirred by the enormity of the rents over on the safe-and-sane East. The presence of a number of artists in the stately old buildings of the West Side has helped renew its popularity. So many theatrical people, artists and Broadway personalities, among them Phil Silvers, Adolph Green, Isaac Stern and Leonard Lyons, are gathered in the Beresford on Central Park West, that Abe Burrows, the theatrical wit, who also lives there, was moved to note that the new element was making the neighborhood unsafe for the Puerto Ricans.

But even in the so-called rent-controlled buildings of the West Side, the rent is rarely controlled. Real-estate agents, who provide a front for landlords and whose purpose in life is supposed to be finding apartments for prospective—and desperate—tenants, screen out the ordinary family seeking to pay the true controlled rent and give preference to those who can claim professional and semiprofessional status because they perform some of their labors at home. The law allows landlords to charge professional tenants more than the controlled rental. Psychiatrists are a prime bet because they sometimes use part of the apartment for offices and the rest for their own living quarters. The agent is eager to lease the apartment for the highest rent possible, since his fee, collectible from the tenant, is one month's rent. Moreover, in normal rentals the agent has to mollify the tenant who frequently finds, having taken a "rent-controlled" apartment, that the landlord refuses to paint and will not replace the Neanderthal iceboxes and stoves. If the tenant doesn't like it, there is always a psychiatrist waiting in the wings, cash in hand, fully qualified as a "professional" tenant, according to law. Or a lady with a poodle.

West Side partisans cite the East Side as a terrible place because it has cracker-box rooms and cardboard walls in its new buildings, not to mention astronomical rents. New buildings are not controlled by the state, and landlords charge what the traffic will bear. It still bears plenty, even though most new apartment houses have long since dropped such amenities as elevator men or even a service elevator. On moving day pianos and long sofas have to be lifted outside the building by block and tackle at great expense because they won't fit in the passenger elevators. Tenants share the elevator with diaper collectors, garbage collectors and door-to-door canvassers.

When I was a boy growing up on the East Side, our apartment house sported a captain of service in white gloves, a spiffy embellishment, I thought, even though he would chase us ballplayers away from the front door and even cut a hole in our ball should it carom into the hallway. Mail was delivered to your door in those days and was waiting for you when you woke up. Now the mail is crammed into metal pigeonholes in the lobby, and when you extract the bills, magazines and letters, they are shredded into strips that would be ideal for a ticker-tape parade.

When a building is about to be torn down in New York white *X*'s are painted on the windows. To anxious apartment dwellers, especially those with pleasant views, the white *X*'s have become a nightmare. Their appearance in a neighborhood only means that the views are going and the pneumatic drills are coming. East Siders nervously search the environs daily for a sign of the *X*'s much as a hypochrondriac whose neighbor's kid came down with measles searches himself daily for spots. Even Park Avenue has lost the first of its fine apartment houses, and the area around Grand Central station is becoming a glass canyon where in another year or so you'll have to look straight up to see sky. Over in Grand Central itself, one of the nation's handsomest depots, they have just announced a plan to bring that lofty and splendid ceiling down to fifteen feet. In all that saved air space they're going to put—don't read this if you're eating—bowling alleys, for heaven's sake.

It's no wonder New York population took another drop in the last census. Such famous houses as McCreery's, Wanamaker's and Russeks have closed their Manhattan stores or given up the ghost completely. With them went 30,000 jobs. New York's traffic commissioner—the city never thought of having one until 1951—Mr. T. T. Wiley, says that customers who used to come to New York nine times a year now come four times a year. "It's a sad mistake to lose this traffic. Cities that die are those who don't get enough traffic." Traffic is not exactly what New York needs now, for it could export it all over the world and have plenty left over to tie up the streets every day. Wiley has been building city parking garages and he has organized a corps of Meter Maids. Wiley's municipal parking program is opposed violently by the garages and by newspaper columnist John Crosby, and the Meter Maids are opposed by the police department.

The private garages that charge enormous parking rates—fifty dollars a month without service is the going rate in the better neighborhoods—and always have a FULL sign outside, are fearful of the competition. Mr. Crosby writes in his syndicated column, "America's greatest city is being turned into a race track by blockheads at City Hall who think of the city as a traffic problem. The last thing in the world New York needs is any more tunnels, bridges, parking lots—all of them invitations to dump more cars on Manhattan Island that cannot begin to handle the cars it already has. The latest lunacy is city garages. . . . This is the brain child of T. T. Wiley, traffic commissioner, who ought to be exported to Los Angeles, a city that worships the automobile." As for the Meter Maids, they were brought in to put tickets on cars parked overtime at meters on the not-outrageous theory that it doesn't require a cop with a gun and a pair of handcuffs to write out a summons. Trouble is the Meter Maids tagged a couple of the cops' own cars, so the bluecoats waited until the maids were driving home and then stopped the girls and gave them tickets for traffic violations.

I wouldn't say things were hopeless in New York just because Manhattan's borough president was recently convicted of letting a real-estate dealer who was looking for city favors fix up his apartment to the tune of $4400 of the dealer's money. Although *The New York Times* did lose heart the day after the borough president's conviction, when thirty-seven New York city inspectors were accused of taking bribes. In an exercised editorial, *The Times* said, "The people of this city have the choice between living in bondage to perpetual shakedown and showing the courage to rebel against blackmail."

And you know what else is new? In 1964 they're going to bring us the World's Fair all over again. Guaranteed to bring us oompteen million new visitors every day. That ought to make Mr. T. T. Wiley happy. It means New York will have enough traffic to keep it from dying in the year 1964. Some of our visitors will drop into the excavations and disappear from civilization. Others will be caught in the traffic jams and will do well to make it home in time for the Presidential election of '68. If you come to town that year don't bother about calling me. By then I expect to be living in Léopoldville, where things are orderly by comparison.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

OF MEN I HAVE KNOWN:

WINSTON CHURCHILL

FIRST OF THREE ARTICLES BY
FORMER SECRETARY OF STATE
DEAN ACHESON

MINNESOTA

By Clay Blair Jr.

WHAT FREEDOM HAS DONE TO INDIA

By John Masters

California's Pursuit-Driving School:

THEY CHASE THE SPEEDERS

By Elmont Waite

THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH

Beginning a poignant novel by Wilson Rawls

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delicious food for Lent...

Plain (light vanilla) and Chocolate Flavors

Its fresh taste and nutritional balance make sticking to a diet so much easier!

Borden's **ready diet**™

Dieters say they miss the *flavor* of good food almost as much as they mind cutting down on food. These people have welcomed Borden's new **ready diet** enthusiastically from coast to coast.

Because **ready diet** is the 900 calorie fresh food drink with the great taste! Its balanced formula also offers advantages in nutritional values that are important to dieters.

Ready to drink. No measuring or mixing, dissolving or diluting—just pour and drink. Scientific blending keeps **ready diet** from separating, from tasting grainy or thick.

Balanced nutrition. One quart supplies a complete 900 calorie daily diet (see box). What's more, **ready diet** offers other valuable milk nutrients for which no recommended dietary allowances* and minimum daily requirements have been established.

Helps quiet that hunger feeling dieters often experience. This, with its fresh natural flavor, makes sticking to a diet so much easier!

Delicious taste. Your first sip proves it. **ready diet** has a superbly smooth, rich flavor and full-bodied goodness. It's great hot or cold. Contains no drugs, has no after-taste. Choose your favorite flavor.

Always consult your doctor before starting a reducing program, especially if you have a history of kidney, heart, blood vessel disorders, or other abnormal conditions.

™ Trademark of The Borden Company
*National Research Council, Pub. 589 (Revised 1958)
**National Research Council, Pub. 711 (1959)

BENEFITS OF BORDEN'S BALANCED FORMULA

A quart of Borden's **ready diet** provides or exceeds amounts of all important essential nutrients recommended by the National Research Council* for adults' daily allowance of vitamins and minerals and actually gives an adult *twice* the minimum daily required amount of high quality milk protein.**

The balanced carbohydrate pattern has been selected to provide a regulated rate of absorption to assist in satisfying hunger and in sufficient quantity to promote proper utilization of excess body fat.

The *balance* and quality of protein, carbohydrate and fat result in noticeably superior flavor. **ready diet** is *naturally* sweet and good.

Look for *Borden's* **ready diet** in the special gold carton

© T.B.C.

Borden's **ready diet** is not available in some communities where this publication may be distributed.

© 1961 THE BORDEN CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Coyote: World's Champion People Taunter

(Continued from Page 42)

It doesn't seem to bother him much that most of his chosen neighbors would like to do him in. He seems sure that someday they'll discover what a fine little fellow he is, and in the meantime he'll go on being careful.

Somewhere along the line he has picked up a small but energetic band of humans who hold him in high esteem and hope he is allowed to survive as long as there's a moon to serenade. Not long ago the Los Angeles Animal Regulation Commission held hearings on an application to set traps for Old Stupid. A full quota of hillside residents appeared, to support the application and to testify that Old Stupid was guilty of most known crimes. But a surprising number of character witnesses also were there to say that most people completely fail to understand the coyote and that actually he is one of man's most helpful friends, no matter where he lives.

The commission sided with the enemies and gave permission to set traps—a special type of trap guaranteed to be painless—for Old Stupid and his family. Old Stupid regards the traps as an unfriendly gesture and refuses to go near them.

An easy way to start an argument among persons who have been around him is to ask how intelligent the coyote really is. For example, Old Stupid's habit of acting as a beater, driving game toward the jaws of his mate, has been witnessed by friends and enemies, but there are many who insist that it's all in someone's imagination, that wild animals simply aren't that intelligent.

To which Mike Wendt, veteran keeper at the Griffith Park Zoo and a man who has been around coyotes since his Colorado boyhood, says, "I've been hearing crazy stories all my life about the smart things coyotes do. And the craziest part of them is that they're almost all true."

Wendt admits to a fondness for the creature. "People hate him and get all stirred up about him, but the truth is the coyote is a fine little fellow. Now they'll say he's a coward. It's not true. He isn't afraid. But he's smart enough to be careful, and so they call him names."

The coyote actually has a streak of sociability, especially when it's needed. On a recent Sunday afternoon two large, fierce German shepherds were sent out to find Old Stupid and tear him to bits. A half hour later the two dogs were seen on a hilltop, trotting along with a companion. It was obvious Old Stupid had quickly made friends with the visitors and was showing them the Sunday-afternoon sights. However, his sociability does not extend to dogs smaller than he. They get a swift clout and orders to scamper home.

Whatever the degree of his intelligence, the survival of the coyote is clearly a triumph of wit over astounding obstacles. He enjoyed the prairies before the white man came, but now that the free prairies are gone he roams the pastures, shelter belts, rangelands, wood lots and river beds as contentedly as though they were family estates. He has not only survived but pushed into all sorts of new areas, including the Atlantic Seaboard, where he has sniffed delicately at the strange breezes and developed a taste for clams.

The coyote has done all this despite the relentless hostility of most humans, who have not only slandered him without mercy but have warred on him with traps, guns and poison. In certain places it is even considered a sport to hunt him by plane, especially when there is snow on the ground and no place for him to hide. At one time the Federal Government had more than 300 full-time coyote hunters on its payroll, and coyote bounties are still widespread, despite the protestations of naturalists and conservationists.

The depredations charged against the coyote range from chicken stealing, to which he pleads guilty, on through the destruction of pets and attacks upon humans. His relations with pets may be open to argument, though his friends insist he will never bother one unless it bothers him first. But for the last charge, there is no recorded instance of a coyote seeking out and harming a human. There are a few stories of children being bitten by them, and in these cases it seems the child either stumbled into the den of a nursing mother or, more likely, wild dogs did the biting.

The coyote is probably as fond of sheep and poultry as any living creature is—and as skillful at snagging them—which is why he has been outlawed in almost every part of the union. In such states as Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas and Colorado, farmers and ranchers organize massive coyote hunts in which skirmish lines of hunters form in a huge rectangle and move toward a center—on the theory that when the rectangle becomes small enough, the coyotes inside it are blasted to pieces. These hunts are always joyful social occasions, and with luck most of the hunters survive.

These extermination campaigns go on despite warnings that the victim may deserve another chance. Dr. George G. Goodwin, associate curator of mammals at the American Museum of Natural History, says in his *The Animal Kingdom*, "Wildlife experts have shown that the coyote kills only a fraction of the number of domestic animals it is thought to. It does more good as a destroyer of rodents than harm as a killer of livestock. Sheep, after all, need grass, and rodents consume it."

Doctor Goodwin offers another argument—that if it weren't for the coyote it is conceivable the American West would have been overrun by jack rabbits the way rabbits laid waste vast stretches of Australia. The jack rabbit, a vegetarian glutton, consumes exactly the same food as stock on the range and in the pasture. Doctor Goodwin notes that "the coyote, which can travel at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, is the only native mammal with speed and stamina enough to catch a jack rabbit." The coyote has kept not only the jack rabbit population manageable but has done the same for gophers, ground squirrels and mice whenever given the chance, for which he has hardly been overwhelmed with thanks.

E. Laurence Palmer, in his *Fieldbook of Mammals*, says that stomach tests on 8000 coyotes revealed that only 13 per cent had dined on domestic animals. Rabbits, rodents and vegetable matter made up the diet of the rest. The same study showed that a coyote crippled by traps or gunfire was twice as likely to look for its food in the barnyard.

One of the coyote's chief troubles is that he is blamed for the doings of his rowdy relative, the wild dog. The domestic dog gone wild is one of the most vicious animals on earth. He moves with familiarity in the world of man and nature. In contrast to most true wild animals, the wild dog will chase and kill simply for the sport. He travels in close-knit packs, and there is no living thing, man included, that he is above attacking.

On a farm near Fremont, Nebraska, not so long ago wild dogs broke into a poultry yard and killed 300 chickens in the space of minutes. A coyote would never think of killing anything he didn't intend to eat. Wild dogs not only kill sheep and cattle but they also will chase herds for the sheer deviltry of it.

A herd of fat cattle near St. Libory, Nebraska, was being plagued by midnight marauders. It was agreed they had to be coyotes from the nearby sand hills. The invaders would break into the feed lots at night and set up a clamor which panicked the herd, a panic in which at least one fat steer would be trampled to death. Only a small part of the expensive carcass would be eaten, the villains presumably feeling there was always more to be had.

The owner staked out under a feed bunk, a friend with a flashlight at his side. For the first night, nothing. The same for the second. Late in the third night there was a sudden attack of barking on a flank of the herd, and the steers stirred timidly in preparation for hysterical flight. The flashlight went on, and the owner blasted away. The attackers turned out to be three powerful German shepherds which had long since given up domestic life. Each of the dogs was almost three times as big and strong as a coyote, and there is no telling how much of their killing had been blamed on coyotes.

Stockmen generally believe coyotes will kill calves if given a chance, though even here there are dissenting opinions. Ralph A. Mayfield, an Escondido, California cattleman and a fervent champion of the coyote, declares, "In my fifty years of raising cattle I never lost a calf to a coyote." Mayfield adds, "My greatest trouble has been with pet dogs killing poultry and calves." He also believes, "Wherever there are coyotes, there aren't any rattlesnakes," an observation disputed by others who claim coyotes and rattlesnakes work out coexistence pacts, which are broken only in case of extreme coyote hunger.

It is certain that coyotes will kill fawns, as well as any other deer too old, sick or crippled to escape. Not so long ago such deer killing was considered a monstrous crime, and the coyote was relentlessly driven from national preserves. The results were less than happy. The deer population exploded, and the excess animals died horrible, lingering deaths of starvation. The coyote now has permanent homes in most national parks.

In the few places where the coyote has been allowed to live in peace a remarkable change has taken place in his character. He's customarily shy, which is understandable enough, because a creature who weighs from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds and has to make a living in a world of men, guns, dogs, traps and poisons had better be shy. But once he is convinced life is reasonably safe, shyness melts. In Yosemite National Park the coyotes are learning to beg from cars. The rangers plead with tourists not to let the children reach out and pet the pretty little doggies, and so far no fingers have been left behind in the park, but it may be only a matter of time.

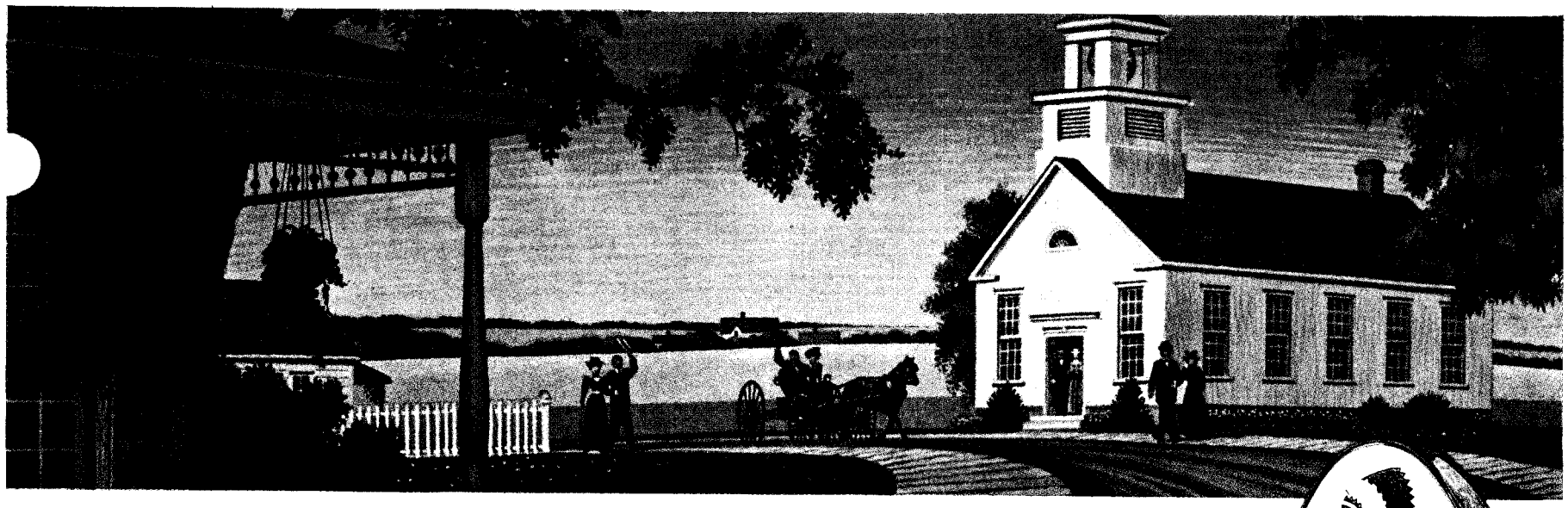
Coyotes think handouts from cars are just dandy and quickly train their offspring to look for the nice food wagons. It's all part of one of the most remarkably developed instincts for adaptation possessed by any mammal. The same coyote, loose in the barren, burning desert, will teach its young to find the few drops of moisture in a prickly pear that will save life. In the Far North he will dig a blizzard-proof home that may ramble twenty-five feet underground with perfectly engineered air vents.

It is the coyote's fortune to believe that wherever he happens to be is the happiest spot on earth, deeded to him for a long merry life. In addition to his robust chamber-of-commerce spirit, the dapper little master (*Continued on Page 99*)

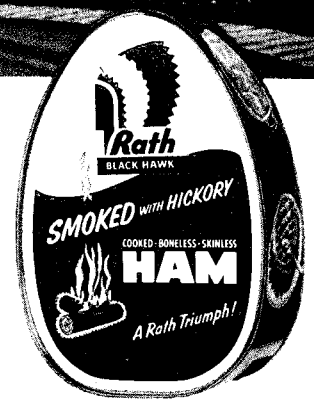
"I forget what it's called. When taken, the little anvil in the head stops pounding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BACK THEN, visiting after church was a pleasant preface to the "Sunday dinner" ham for which Iowa was famous. And still is . . . For Rath Black Hawk Ham is, if anything, more succulent than ever. Now it's *all* corn-fed, hickory-smoked goodness. With nary a bone to hinder cook or carver. And it's in a can, ready for your favorite fixings. Now you can have an Iowa feast, any day. Especially Sunday.



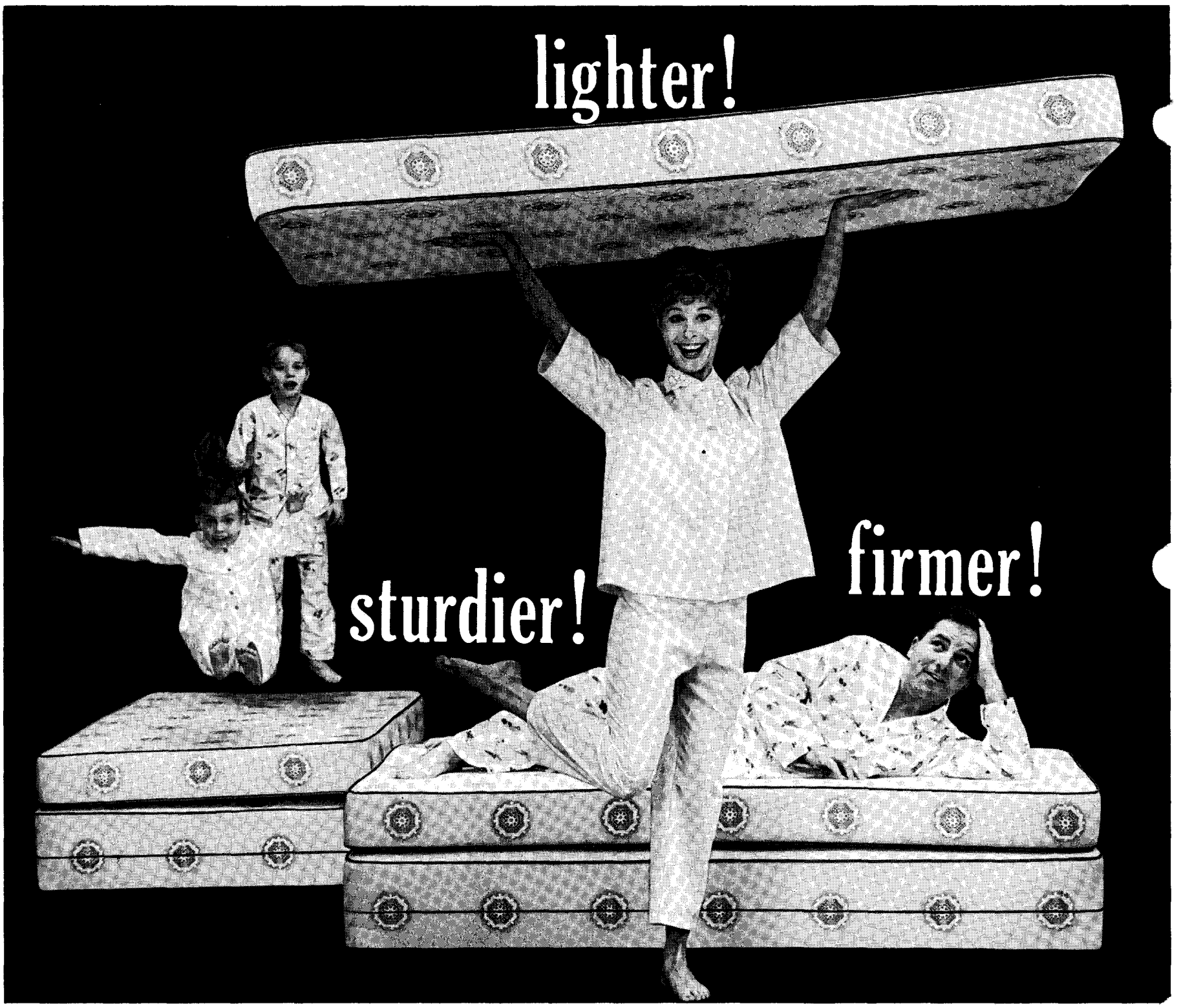
Rath

BLACK HAWK HICKORY-SMOKED* HAM IN A CAN

THE RATH PACKING COMPANY, WATERLOO, IOWA

(*Ordinarily canned hams aren't smoked, you know. But then, Rath Hams aren't ordinary hams.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mr. Pink's amazing mattress

Five years ago, Mr. Pink (he's the President of Englander) said, "Make me the best mattress money can buy! Make it so light, a housewife can lift it with ease. So strong, the kids can jump on it all day. So firm, doctors can recommend it for patients with back trouble. So comfortable, it will actually help you fall asleep. And . . . make it for a price people can afford to pay," concluded Mr. Pink.

It took five years of research, and it cost more than a million dollars. But Mr. Pink's amazing mattress is here. It is all the things he demanded. And you can afford it!

The secret is Airlon—man's greatest development in cushioning. Airlon is a man-made foam—but nothing like the foam you have seen. This foam is the result of *Inter-Molecular Progression*. This means the Airlon mattress is made of millions of tiny foam "springs," all linked to each other. These millions of "springs" make the new mattress very firm—yet unbelievably comfortable.

What else is Airlon? Light! Strong. Long-lasting. Non-Allergenic. Sag-proof. Economical! (And, it has a quilted, smooth top!)

The amazing Airlon mattress is matched with Englander's famous Tension-Ease foundation (identified by the red line around the border). Englander's Tension-Ease is the only foundation made with two levels of coils. No other sleep ensemble does so much to lighten a housewife's chores. No other helps you sleep so well. And no other is such a good buy. Mattress and foundation, each

$59.75 *twin size*
$64.75 *full size*

NEW

TENSION-EASE AIRLON* by Englander

Streamlined

Bird Dog

Big Boy

Slumber Bug

©1961 *T. M. The Englander Company, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 96*) of the brush is also a devoted family man. He mates for life, and he and his mate usually hunt together, sometimes pooling their efforts in the manner of Old Stupid and his companion. When she is in the den with pups, he leaves a daily offering of food.

As soon as the pups are two months old they start scrambling about, and by five or six months are ready to go on their own. Ready but not willing. The packs of coyotes so often reported are almost always a father and mother and some hefty children who don't want to leave home.

Sooner or later you have to evaluate the coyote's howl. It is like some far gone Dixieland note—either you like it or you don't. One of my first memories of sound is the evening cry of the coyote floating down from the sand hills ringing our Nebraska home. I was told that the coyote cried for the day that was lost and for friends that were gone. I thought, and I still think, that the cry is as close to sheer beauty as any living sound can be. No one who has ever gone to sleep to it can ever forget it.

So much for a minority opinion. The majority view seems to be that the cry of the coyote is a fearsome thing, evocative of purplish rages. When the Hollywood nights are clear, and Old Stupid's laments cut through like trumpet notes from a nether world, lights snap on through the hills as though alerted by a party line. The police are informed, guns are fired, garbage cans are pounded with broom handles and, if the serenade continues long enough, there is a man inches short of apoplexy who strides to the edge of his property and yells back, a situation which Old Stupid and his mate quickly discuss in what seems to be a series of D-flat chortles.

However unhappy the anticoyote people, it is the dogs who suffer most from these nighttime carousals. When the coyotes take aim at the moon, dogs twitch and squirm and bark back angry insults. The howls tell them that this unfettered relative and his girl up on that hill are having themselves a ball, a party that will last till sunup. The dogs think about their warm beds and food dishes and doting masters and the fences that hold them in, and they bark back that all this is better than midnight poetry on a hilltop, but the tone of the barks is unconvincing. There are a few troublemakers who suspect that humans hear some of this same call to the forbidden, and this accounts for their disturbed reactions, a theory that good and sober people will sternly reject.

The Indian knew the coyote better than the white man and respected him more. In Indian legend the coyote is often a heroic figure, endowed with a notable supply of wit. It seemed logical to the Indian that wise spirits, seeking earthly accommodations for a spell, would choose the coyote. It seemed equally logical that some of the things the coyote did to survive could only be accounted for by the assistance of resident wise spirits.

Whether or not Old Stupid has the assistance of friendly spirits is moot. Not so long ago a resident who prides himself on his marksmanship caught Old Stupid in his sights in the evening's last light. He fired twice and strolled over to inspect his victim. There was nothing there. That night Old Stupid's theme floated as strongly as ever over the brushlands. The marksman admits nothing on the subject of spirits, but he's open to offers from any medicine man who wants to take a try at driving one from the hills behind his home.

The Private War at Anzio (Continued from Page 37)

liked him because he saw to it that they got mail and beer when any was to be had and was generally a good Joe to have around.

"He didn't say," he told Caracas absently. A jeep had left the road and was bucketing toward them. "He seldom does."

Saul was thinking of the letter he'd got from his mother back in Peach Tree yesterday. She'd written, ". . . hope you're getting enough to eat, and be sure to keep your feet dry. Your brother George writes he's with the engineers somewhere in Italy and has been promoted to sergeant. He says he's having a good time and seeing all the sights. If you run into him, I do hope you two won't fight. . . ."

You could just bet that brother George would be having a good time, all right, Saul thought grimly, but it wouldn't be in Anzio. Most likely George was in Naples, chasing every skirt that he laid eyes on, and George would take good care to stay there too.

The jeep stopped a hundred yards away, before one of the stone farmhouses that were common here. They dotted the Anzio plain, each with its outdoor oven and manure pile. This one housed Fox Company's C.P., and Capt. Joe Fledmann was going into it now.

"The way he's movin', he's got bad news," Caracas said in a glum tone. "You suppose we're goin' up front again?"

"I might as well go find out," Saul said, getting to his feet.

He was still thinking of brother George as he went toward the farmhouse with his loping stride. He'd always played second fiddle to his twin. George had been the popular one at school—the big football hero, the class president and the guy who went with Jo Ann Cox, the prettiest girl in Peach Tree. It was almost two years now since he'd seen George. The last time had been the day they'd left the reception center going different ways—their parting had been pretty typical. George had been blandly condescending.

"So long, deacon," he'd said—Saul hated that nickname. "As soon as I make general, I'll let you be my orderly, huh?"

Then they'd fought in the company street until a couple of noncoms had pried them apart and sent them on their separate ways. Presently Saul had sailed for Casablanca—earned his lieutenant's bars in Sicily. He had no doubt, however, that brother George had been the one who had been having the fun out of this war.

A map had been spread on an ammo-box table, and the rest of Fox's officers were already there, Saul saw as he came into the C.P. Captain Fledmann, sober and unsmiling, motioned them around.

"O.K., this is it," he said. "The krauts have been sending night patrols down Parasso Creek, and regiment wants that gap plugged—and we do the plugging. Fox will move up after dark tonight—jump off at oh-six hundred tomorrow to seize the house at the stone bridge where the creek bends north beyond the outpost line."

Parasso Creek was a shallow stream that meandered through the line from the direction of Cisterna. Its high, steep banks provided a covered avenue of approach that could accommodate a regiment; and an attack in force, aimed down that corridor, could drive right into the heart of the beachhead.

"Regiment says the krauts are bringing up reserves—the biggest counterattack yet could bust loose any minute. They've got a parachute regiment around Cisterna, and if they should take a notion to shove it down the Parasso, there'd be hell to pay. So we set up an advanced outpost at the bridge just in case."

"Any Germans at the bridge?" the exec asked.

"They've got a strong point there," Fledmann said. "The S-2 thinks it's no more than a half company. We ought to knock it off without too much trouble. The first platoon will move up the left bank of the creek, cross the bridge and come in on the house from the rear. That's you, Belloni. Got it?"

"I got it," Belloni grunted.

"Nemo, you take your second platoon up the road that parallels the creek on the right. Engage from the front while Belloni comes in from behind. That road's probably mined, so the engineers are sending up a scorpion to clear it out for us."

The word was new to Saul. "Sir, what's a scorpion?" he asked.

"Some kind of a tank that explodes mines," Fledmann said and then looked thoughtful. "Say, that's a funny thing—the sergeant who's bringing this fool gadget up is named Nemo. You got any relations in the engineers, Saul?"

"A brother," Saul said, not quite believing it.

"Humph!" Fledmann said, dismissing the subject. "Third platoon will follow Belloni in support. Any questions?"

There must be plenty of people named Nemo in the engineers, Saul thought as he left the C.P. a little later. It wasn't likely that George was the one bringing the scorpion. He hoped that it wasn't, anyway. He'd have enough trouble on his hands tomorrow as it was.

The company served early chow and, around four in the afternoon, Sergeant Caracas gloomily stowed his mess gear while he talked with Zack Luddy, one of the squad leaders. Word had already been passed that the company was moving up front tonight.

"When they hang that 'special mission' tag on it," he told Luddy without enthusiasm, "you can bet it's something nasty."

"Like such as what—as if I didn't know?" Luddy asked.

"Like such as fighting."

"Well, you come into the Army to fight, didn't you?" Luddy demanded.

"I come into the Army because I got drafted," Caracas said flatly.

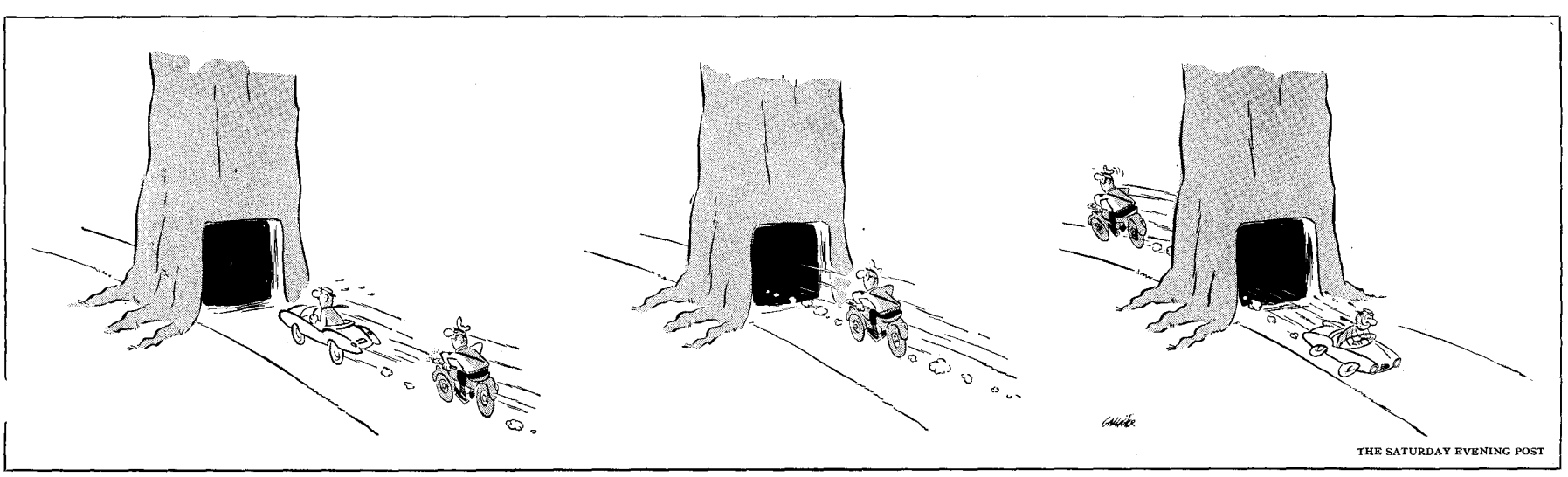
"Look at it this way," Luddy argued. "You're a mercenary, Crack-o. You get paid to fight. Come payday, how can you look old Uncle in the eye if you ain't earned your dough?"

"I'll manage," Caracas said. "Talking about dough, how about you paying me the ten bucks you owe me?"

"No point in it if we're goin' up front," Luddy said philosophically. "Suppose you get killed—it'd just be money wasted."

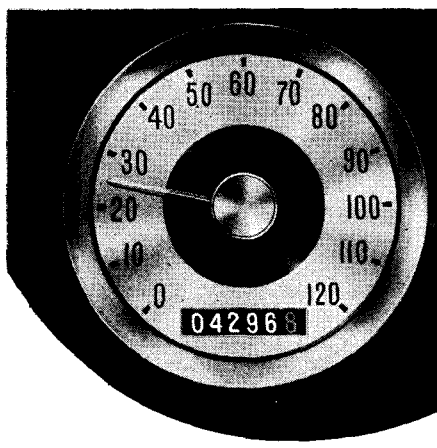
"Hand it over, you ghoul," Caracas grunted. "I'll waste my money in my own way —— Hey, what the hell's that coming up the road?"

The two turned to look as a heavy clanking disturbed the evening, and an odd-looking vehicle lurched to a halt behind one of the haystacks. The thing had the hull and the stubby seventy-five-millimeter turret gun of a Sherman tank, Caracas saw; a projecting frame had been



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



time for an oil change?

change to... KENDALL MOTOR OILS

For the economy of quality

All Kendall Motor Oils will do for you is keep your motor running smoother, quieter and longer with less need of repair. Millions of motorists have found that a change to Kendall quality was a happy change indeed.

REFINED FROM THE CREAM OF PENNSYLVANIA CRUDE OIL

Kendall Refining Company • Bradford, Penna.

Prompt relief! CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS

...for all members of the family

Best for Fever Blisters, Cold Sores

Men who know WOOD SCRAPERS say the BEST are Red Devil Tools.

Discourage THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING

You have a use for KRYLON® SPRAY PAINT

No Muss! No Brush! No Fuss!

IF YOU PRIZE IT...KRYLON-IZE IT!

Corns

4 WAYS BETTER
1. Stops Pain
2. Quickly Removes Corns, Callouses
3. Prevents Corns, Sore Toes
4. Eases New or Tight Shoes
Dr. Scholl's Super-Fast Relief!

No waiting for relief when you avail yourself of the *multiple* action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Relief starts in *seconds* . . . corns are removed in a jiffy...new or tight shoes eased. Sold everywhere. Try them!

Super Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Protect YOUR HEART!

VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil

Helps Heart Action — Improves • Strength • Vigor

PROVED 9 years — 500 persons University Experiments

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES — only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.

Send NOW—VioBin Story FREE Book #7

PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.

Liquid & Capsules

VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

attached in front, however, to support a horizontal drum to which lengths of heavy chain had been attached. Curiosity took the two toward the haystack.

"Looks like a fugitive from a junk yard," Luddy said.

As the two stopped, a man wearing a sergeant's chevrons poked a goggled and helmeted head through the turret hatch. "You the apes that want the mines cleared?" he asked in a brash voice.

Caracas's temper was on edge, and he didn't mean to take any lip from the rear echelon. "Apes, is it?" he asked through his teeth. "You climb down from there, Junior, and I'll ape you!"

The goggled sergeant grinned, showing white and even teeth. "My, my, these doughfeet are techy, Quad," he said to someone inside the tank. "Start her up—we got to teach 'em a little respect."

The tank engine roared into life again as the big machine slued around and lurched toward Caracas. A new sound arose above the clatter. It was the horizontal drum starting to turn; it turned faster, flailing its attached chains ahead of it like iron scourges that beat the ground with an awesome fury.

Sgt. John Caracas had seen a lot of things in this war. So had the rest of the platoon which was gathering, but they'd never seen anything like this big beetle which was waddling toward them, brandishing its flails. The platoon scattered like birds. Saul, coming around the haystack, flagged the thing to a halt, and the goggled sergeant thrust his head and shoulders out of the hatch again.

"What the devil's going on here?" Saul demanded angrily.

The sergeant slouched carelessly in the hatch as he peeled off the goggles. *I might have known it*, Saul thought glumly. The handsome face with the dark hair and the jeering eyes hadn't changed any from Peach Tree days.

"Hello, brother Saul," George said. "My, look at the gold bar! This outfit must be hard up for lieutenants."

"Hello, George," Saul said. He felt his face reddening, but he put a rein on his temper. "Nice to see you."

George dropped to the ground and moved forward a little warily. He saw that Saul wasn't going to jump him—remembered that an officer could be tried for striking an enlisted man—and his self-assurance grew as he moved forward to lazily put out a hand.

"No hard feelings, kid?" he asked.

Saul started to say, "No hard feel——" as he took his twin's hand, then knew that he'd been suckered by one of George's old tricks as the other, getting the first leverage into his hand squeeze, almost forced him to his knees. The platoon was watching.

"You never learn, do you, deacon?" George said smugly. "I hear you need some help up here. Give us the word, boy."

Saul swallowed his resentment, but he knew his face was getting redder—George had always been able to do this to him. He kept his voice even with an effort as he outlined tomorrow's operation and the part George's scorpion was expected to play in it.

"We'll have enough trouble getting to the bridge without having to worry about mines," he said. "That's your job."

"Don't bother about a thing, kid," George said blandly. "Me and the scorp will take good care of you. You saw how those chains work—they'll explode any mines. All you got to do is follow along behind. Me and the crew'll be buttoned up inside the tank."

"How do I communicate with you?"

"There's a phone in back," George said. He led the way to the back of the vehicle and showed Saul the handset in the small metal box affixed to the hull. "All you got to do is call, deacon."

"O.K.," Saul said. "We'll move up after dark."

He was turning away when, too late, he knew that he'd left himself open again. Something hooked his toe and he stumbled to his hands and knees. This time th rein on his temper didn't hold—that wa. another of George's cute little tricks! Saul came up like an uncoiling spring, butted his twin back against the tank and had his hands on George's throat when Caracas pulled them apart.

"Lootenant," Caracas was saying in a worried voice, "this guy's an enlisted man. You know what the cap'n would do if. . . ."

George was trying to get his breath back as Saul looked at him bleakly. "The C.P. is over there, George," he said, his voice hard. "Trot across and tell Captain Fledmann I clobbered you."

George shrugged and didn't meet Saul's eyes. "I bury my own dead," he mumbled hoarsely. "And in my own good time."

"Well, that tears it," Caracas told Luddy in a low voice. "Two brothers gunning for each other, an' us in the middle."

"It figures," Luddy grunted. "Didn't you ever hear about the Cain-and-Abel business, Crack-o? Same difference."

Daylight was two hours away when th second platoon assembled in a smal. gully east of Parasso Creek. It was raining again, a soaking February drizzle that chilled men to the bone. The platoon was on its own over here; it would maintain contact with the rest of Fox by radio. Men moved uneasily about, vague shadows in the gloom; they'd been through this sort of thing before, but had never learned to like it. George Nemo came to crouch beside Sergeant Caracas.

"Why don't we get the show on the road?" he demanded petulantly. "What are we puddling around here on our duffs for? You suppose that lieutenant knows what he's doing?"

"He knows what he's doing," Caracas grunted. "You act kind of nervous, Mac. This the first time you been up front?"

Caracas's own opinion was that George was scared. Not that being scared was anything to be ashamed of—the Lord knew *he'd* been scared plenty of times. As a matter of fact, he was scared right now.

"I been up front," George growled, but his tone didn't sound too convincing "I just don't like the idea of going up tha road in broad daylight with the krauts shooting at us, is all."

"We figure to get to the bridge before broad daylight," Caracas said soberly. "Anyway, it's our job to draw fire so's the rest of the company can work around in back of the strong point. You don't like your brother very much, do you?"

George didn't answer that for a moment. "I like him all right," he said finally. "It's kind of hard to explain. I'm always needling Saul—I don't know why. Maybe it's because he's the oldest, and I've always sort of looked up to him, but didn't want him to know it. That sounds pretty screwy, but it's the way it is."

"How much older is he than you?" Caracas asked.

"An hour or so, I guess. We're twins."

"Now I've heard everything," Caracas said. "If you look up to him, what'd you trip him in front of the platoon for?"

"It was an accident," George said, and Caracas, a little surprised, believed him. "I didn't really mean to do it—but, hell, I couldn't tell Saul that. He wouldn't hav believed me anyway."

Saul's voice came through the darkness now. "Get the platoon up, sergeant. We'll hit the road as soon as the artillery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preparation starts. Pass the word to those scorpion people."

"I got it," George said.

It was ten minutes later when the artillery opened.

They should be about three quarters of e way to the bridge, Saul thought as he ramped in the mud behind the lumbering tank now. Thirty yards back, Caracas brought the rest of the platoon on, a pair of connecting files keeping contact. Saul's messenger, Branson, moved beside him carrying the walkie-talkie, and overhead the outgoing mail made a whuffling sound as shellbursts put red flowers into the rain ahead. Over the *var-ooom* of the explosions, Saul could hear the clank of the scorpion's chains as they beat the road. So far there had been no enemy firing.

He'd been bracing himself for the shock of the first detonating mine—even so, it caught him off guard. Flame blinded him momentarily, and his eardrums rang as giant palms clapped the sides of his head. The scorpion lifted a little, settled back and went on.

"You all right, son?" Saul heard himself asking Branson.

"I ain't hit no place, lootenant," the boy said. "If you mean do I like this, I don't. I wish I was back in Brooklyn."

Another mine went up, a heavier jar is time. It was starting to get light, so at the landscape gradually took shape ike a gray picture being brought into focus on a dirty screen. It showed the road ahead and Parasso Creek off to the left, its trace cutting a meandering gash into the flat and mist-held ground.

Now Saul spotted the vague shape of the house that guarded the bridge—less than three hundred yards ahead, he estimated. As he looked, orange flashes winked from a window on the second floor, and he heard the screech of bullets as they ricocheted off the tank's armor. He reached for the handset and spoke to George.

"How about clobbering that house with your turret gun?"

George's voice sounded funny. "I can't," he said. "I'd hit the flail chains. Besides, this damned turret is jammed, and I can't traverse the thing any more."

"That's a help," Saul said. "Well, keep going." But they couldn't keep on mooching up the road like this much longer, he knew, now that the enemy had come alive. More fire was coming from houses beyond the bridge; a machine gun opened off to the left where the creek made its bend to the west. Somebody had goofed, because there were a lot more Germans than a half company.

Another mine exploded in front of the scorpion, showering Saul with mud. A nearer flash racked him violently as it flung him into the ditch at the side of the road. *Rocket*, his mind said numbly. *It hit the tank. I wonder if George. . . .*

The Sherman was slued around so that its rear was in the ditch as Saul crawled back and pulled himself erect to reach for the handset. Branson, the messenger, was lying yards away and he had the slack, old-clothes look that told Saul he was dead. A sustained burst of machine-gun bullets beat a tattoo against the armor.

"George?" Saul said. His mouth was cut, he knew; he could taste the blood on his lips. "You all right, George?"

His twin's voice, hoarse and strained, came over the phone. "We've had it!" he said. "We've been hit!"

Impatience sharpened Saul's words. "O.K., you've been hit!" he snapped. "Get out here and do something about it!"

"While they're shooting at us? Man, you're crazy!"

"Can't you take it, George?" Saul asked, angrier than he'd ever been in his life. "Then stay in your iron foxhole, damn you! The rest of us have got things to do!"

He got the radio from the dead Branson and went back along the ditch to where Caracas held the platoon under cover. Fire from the front was building up as the light grew—about two hundred yards to the house by the bridge now, Saul guessed. If he could work the platoon up there—get into that house—they'd command the road ahead and a stretch of the creek as well. With luck, they could hang on there until Belloni's platoon could swing in behind.

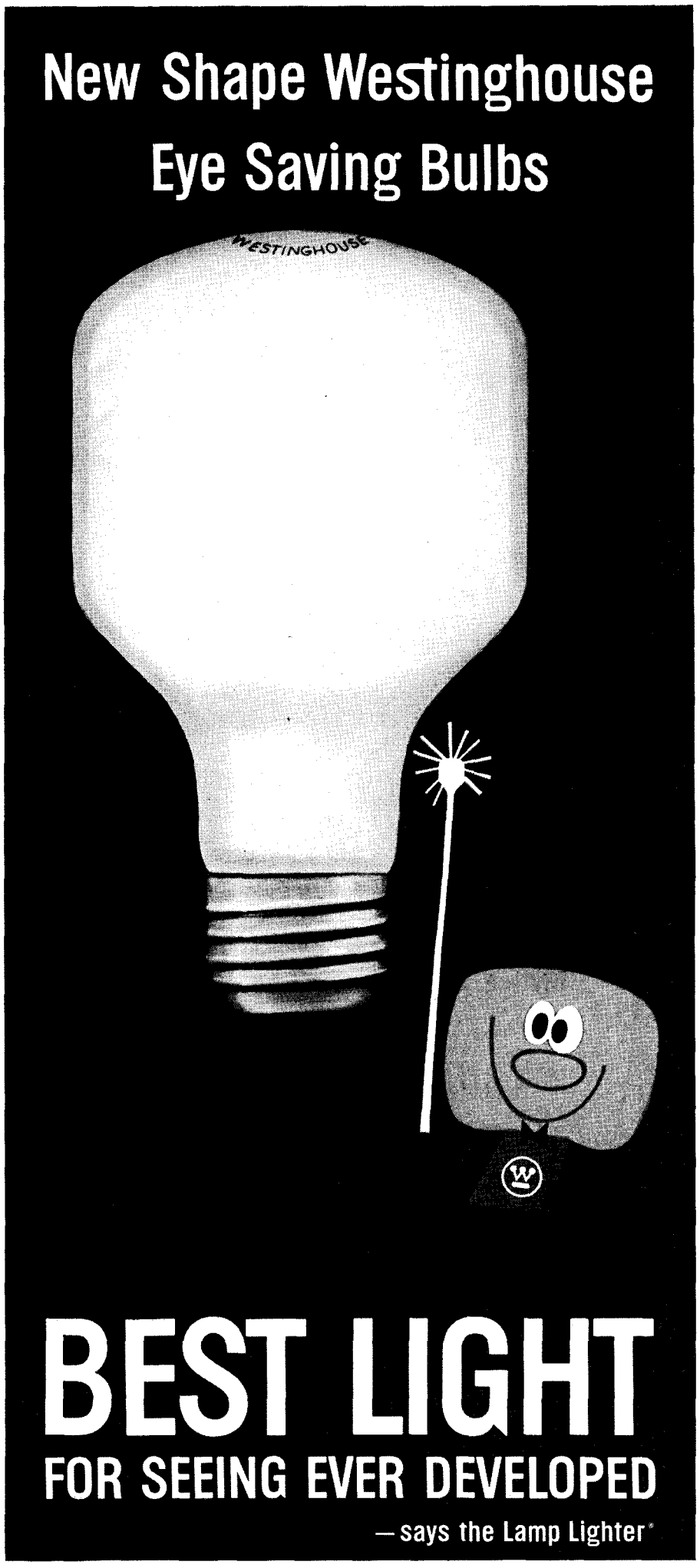
He spoke into the radio, and Fledmann's voice, tinny and worried, rasped in his ear. The first platoon was pinned down by murderous fire, the captain said. He was taking the third platoon up to get things moving again. How was it with Saul on the road?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It clashes with my salary."

INSTANT-EASY DYEING
easy as 1-2-3
NEW DISCOVERY
Better than ever!
PUTNAM fadeless® dye AND TINT
IN SPECIAL WATER SOLUBLE POUCH
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
30¢
Only PUTNAM Fadeless DYES
in the exclusive DISAPPEARING 'INNER-PAC'
MAKE DYEING SO EASY!
Add new beauty, new life to drapes and slip covers, sheets and bedspreads, throw-rugs, clothing next wash day with easiest-of-all Putnam Fadeless Dyes in the exclusive water-soluble inner-pac.
HERE'S ALL YOU DO!
1. Take inner-pac from package;
2. Drop it in washer;
3. Put cloth in washer!
No measuring, no mixing,
no stirring, no straining, no mess.
Ask for Putnam Dyes at YOUR FAVORITE STORE TODAY
WRITE TODAY FOR FREE FOLDER ON MODERN DYEING!
MONROE CHEMICAL COMPANY
QUINCY, ILLINOIS
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
ONLY NEW IMPROVED PUTNAM DYES LEAVE HANDS AND WASHER CLEAN!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Better looking, too! Exclusive New Shape, plus millions of light-filtering particles coating the inside of the bulb, provides a glare-free light that's easier on the eyes than any light you know. It's the first really new light bulb in 35 years! 40, 60, 75, 100, 150 watt and 3-way bulb. Ask for them at your local store today. You can be sure . . . if it's Westinghouse.

*"I'm the Westinghouse Lamp Lighter. See me on TV, Fridays, NBC . . . Westinghouse Playhouse"

Westinghouse Lamp Division,
Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Bloomfield 2, N.J.

Westinghouse

"The scorpion's knocked out," Saul told him. "We'll have to take our chances with mines from here on in. I'm going to move to the right and set up a base of fire in a little draw there. Then we'll try to work our way up to the house, captain. If we can get in there, maybe we can take some of the heat off you."

"Go to it—and good luck," Fledmann said. "We've run into something a lot bigger than any half company, Saul. It could be the parachutist outfit moving up—if so, I think we've surprised them in the middle of preparations for an all-out attack on the beachhead. That means we've got a real fight on our hands."

"Will regiment reinforce us, sir?"

"Take a look to your rear, boy."

Saul did. He saw that fire smothered the road over which they had come. A box of exploding shells closed off the creek. Fox Company was as alone up here as though in another world. "Roger and out," he said into the radio.

Caracas and the leader of the weapons squad crawled up in the rain, and Saul issued his orders swiftly. The sergeant spat, his face muddy and his eyes bitter beneath his helmet brim. "So George flubbed out," he said.

"Never mind that," Saul told him. "Let's go."

They filed up the ditch and past the stalled Sherman. George Nemo was out of the tank now and crouched in the shelter of its steel bulk, his crew with him. George was shivering, and his face looked pasty and drawn in the gray light.

"A track's busted," he said as Saul passed.

"Tell Naples about it," Saul said thinly. "If you want to fight, find a gun, Mac," he added impersonally as he moved on into the mist.

He'd flicked something raw in George, he knew; his twin's face had gone shamed and scared, and for a brief moment Saul felt sorry. He put that thought away because this was no time to worry about George. George would have to buy his own salvation.

Caracas, bringing up the rear of the platoon, got in the final jeering word. "So you'll lead the way, will you, Junior?" he asked, and George winced.

He watched the last of the platoon fade into the rain as he crouched there, a heavy lethargy holding him. Finally, after a long while, he drew in his breath—let it go out again with ragged unevenness.

"Come on," he said to his crew in a hoarse voice which didn't sound like his own. "Let's get to work."

"Doing what, for Pete's sake?" Quad, his driver, asked.

"Patching up this bucket so we can get out of here!"

It was midmorning, and the rain was still falling before the platoon finally got into the stone house overlooking Parasso Creek and the bridge. It hadn't been easy. They'd had to root out a machine-gun nest in a haystack that had been in the way. Now they lobbed grenades and bombed out the defenders on the first floor.

Callagan, who used to play semipro baseball, reared back to pitch a grenade through an upper window—a bullet caught him in the throat, and he went on over backward, his right leg still lifted. Luddy grabbed the grenade and threw a perfect strike, and the second story spouted flame and smoke. A dozen men went up the stairs on the run. The house was taken. But it had cost plenty, Saul Nemo knew, as he had a look out of one of the upper windows.

Callagan, Branson, O'Higgins—and seven others either dead or missing. Close to half of the rest wounded, four of them pretty bad. He had maybe twenty-five effectives left out of the forty-plus he'd started with this morning. A bullet had gone through the fleshy part of his own leg, but he'd tied it up and could still maneuver—so he had told Captain Fledmann over the radio.

The other two platoons were inching toward the bridge, but their pace was snail slow, Fledmann said. The first, c the far side of the creek, was being pla tered by artillery—whipped down by rifle and machine-gun fire coming from houses farther up the road. The third platoon was in the creek bed, fighting forward yard by yard against foxholes concealed by bends of the stream banks.

"Hang on where you are, Saul," Fledmann said. "You're the only bet we've got to keep reinforcements from coming down the creek and piling all over us. I've got radio contact with regiment, but . will be late afternoon before they can do much to help."

"We'll hang on," Saul said tiredly. "You figure this is the start of a general German counterattack, sir?"

"It could be," Fledmann said. "If it is, the beachhead could be riding on our shoulders, boy."

Saul went back to his window. They had a good spot, he decided absently. They could keep the bridge under direct fire and could cover the creek bed which ran northwest in a straight line for almost two hundred yards. A good spot if the krauts didn't zero in on this house with one of their big 280's, that was. A lot of smaller stuff was coming down, and a haystack was on fire, pouring black smoke up into the rain. The weapons squad scuttled in from the gully.

Once Saul thought that he saw figures moving down by the disabled scorpion, but he couldn't be sure. A thin fog, coming from the beach, cut down visibility in that direction. For a fleeting moment h thought of George; then he dismissed thought. George had probably hik himself back to Anzio by now.

It was just before noon when the first counterattack came, a stepping up of the

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

My Urban Aunt

By Herbert Merrill

Where tentacles of smoke
embrace the sky
And trucks make noises
and a siren wails,
My aunt lives in a small
apartment by
The trains that thunder
past on ringing rails.
The walls in Auntie's house
are very thin,
The neighbors shout all
day and show no pity.
And every night she has to
sleep within
A kind of drum that's
pounded by the city.
And yet do you suppose
she gives a care?
Is it your thought that
Auntie minds a bit?
Would she, you feel, be
happier elsewhere,
Despite her years of getting
used to it?
Why sure, she hates the
place and gladly would
Exchange it for Tahiti, if
she could.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artillery fire heralding its arrival. Sergeant Caracas had come up from the lower floor and was kneeling beside Saul at the northwest window. He grunted softly, then swore, with a faint awe sounding in his words.

"Take a look, lootenant," he said.

A solid phalanx of men, clad in field gray and wearing parachutists' helmets, suddenly surged around the creek bend two hundred yards away and came pounding down the defile at a heavy run. They yelled as they came, the high sound coming through the rain over the cadenced hammer of their boots. Sheer surprise held the second platoon silent in the stone house.

But not for long. Saul Nemo's yell, "Pour it into 'em!" was lost in the crash of gunfire as every weapon that the platoon could bring to bear poured a lethal hail into the creek bed.

For a little longer the massed column came on. Then it was all over, and what was left of a German company seeped back behind the creek bend again. Saul looked at the human wreckage by the thin trickle of Parasso Creek and let his breath go slowly out. "My God!" he said and meant no blasphemy.

Twice more in the early afternoon, German counterattacks came down the creek—not mass attempts as that first one had been, but attacks made by little knots of men filtering forward, dropping to fire, coming on again. The platoon threw these back, too, but the cost mounted—more dead, more wounded. Caracas, coming back from redistributing the ammunition, brought bad news.

"We got about five rounds per man left, lootenant," he said. "Less'n a magazine for the BAR's. No grenades."

Saul nodded with no expression on his dirty, powder-streaked face. He'd been expecting this—had reported to Captain Fledmann that they had only enough ammo to meet one more attack. "Pass the word to fix bayonets," he said.

"I hope to God the krauts don't take it into their heads to swarm out on us like they did that first time," Caracas mumbled. "If they do, they'll go right over us like a big wave."

Saul didn't answer that—he'd been thinking the same thing. He made a round of the windows of the upper floor, hoping to see a column of GI tanks coming up the road the platoon had used this morning—that seemed like a million years ago. There were no tanks, but something was changed down there which puzzled him for a moment. Then he got it—the scorpion was no longer in the ditch by the roadside.

He stared for a moment longer in disbelief; then he saw the hull of the tank off to the right. It was just disappearing down into Parasso Creek where the banks had been flattened to let in a side road. *So George got his buggy fixed*, he thought without any emotion. *He's high-tailing it home. Guess I don't blame him.*

Caracas's hope about the next counterattack was a vain one; the Germans could figure ammo expenditures too, Caracas guessed. It was 1530 when a high yelling came from up the creek and a heavier, more solid column surged into sight. Saul had passed the word to hold the fire, and that driving wedge of gray men was halfway to the stone house before the last of the platoon's bullets went out to meet them. It was too little—a thin spurt that trickled away and died.

Saul picked up an M-1 from a man who'd need it no more. Almost absently he fixed the bayonet and then went down the broken stairs to the ground floor. Powder smoke hung thick here, harsh and acrid, and through it he saw the blackened faces and the staring eyes of what was left of the second platoon. An eerie silence seemed to hold everything now—a silence broken only by the cadenced slap-thud of those feet pounding out there in the creek bed.

Then a new, alien noise put itself into the afternoon, and Caracas, supporting himself by a bleeding hand as he stood by the door, said, "Good gosh, lootenant—your brother is chargin' the whole damned kraut army by himself!"

A gentleman farmer is one whose hobby is cultivating tax deductions.
G. NORMAN COLLIE

Saul looked and, though he'd seen a lot of war, what he saw now brought a choking lump of pride into his throat. It was something unbelievably magnificent!

Fifty yards away, along the sandy bed of the creek, the Sherman was surging toward the Germans—treads clanking, engine snorting fire, the iron chains of its scorpion flailing ahead of it like the multiple scourges of God! A passage from the Old Testament, dimly remembered from Sunday-school days, flashed through Saul's mind as he watched, completely transfixed by what he was seeing. "*My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.*"

Or it could be a scene out of Revelation, he thought—the juggernaut against which no man could stand. Silence had gripped the rest of the platoon. Now, as men in field gray began to break and stream away before the charge of the monster, a wild yell split the brass-littered room of the stone house. Saul yelled too.

"Go it, you big buzzard! Whip 'em back to Berlin!"

It was almost anticlimax a few minutes later when Captain Fledmann's voice said over the radio that American armor and infantry were on the way. "Just send us a few more scorpions, skipper," Saul heard himself saying, "and we'll take care of things ourselves."

A fresh battalion took over the bridge across Parasso Creek late in the afternoon. Fox Company went back to the ruined house with the haystack in the rear where they'd been yesterday. The battered scorpion was already there. Brother George's head was bandaged; he'd been nicked by a shell fragment as he and Quad had worked, exposed to fire, for almost eight hours to repair the damaged track. Now he leaned against the tank's hull and smoked a cigarette as Saul limped up to him in the evening.

"Hi, Saul," he said warily.

They shook hands briefly—something in the clasp that had never been there before. Both knew that; neither knew exactly what to say about it. It was Saul who finally broke the silence.

"Why'd you come up the creek like you did, George?"

George grinned a little sheepishly. "Hell, I promised ma I'd look after you," he said. "Heard from her lately, kid?"

"Day before yesterday," Saul said, at peace with the world. He, too, grinned sheepishly. "She said if we should happen to run into each other over here in Italy, she hoped we wouldn't fight."

George's grin got wider. "You might tell her, deek, that we been so busy fighting other people over here that we just plain don't have time to fight with each other any more."

"Yeah," Saul said. "I'll tell her. Ma will like that."

THE END

HOLIDAY—A PROMISE OF EXCITEMENT

Widen your horizons for the next 13 months with far-reaching HOLIDAY magazine. There's a promise of excitement in every colorful issue.

For a limited time you can get HOLIDAY for 13 months at the special low price of only $3.90—just 30c a month. That's almost 30% under the present subscription prices. You'll be saving even more later, since HOLIDAY subscription prices go up soon.

What an exciting world HOLIDAY brings you! You'll find that it abounds with glamorous places, world-known personalities, fine food, music, beauty and reading pleasure.

FAMOUS WRITERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

Through the years HOLIDAY has been filled with the words of such outstanding writers as Hammond Innes, Clifton Fadiman, William Faulkner, James Warner Bellah, Aubrey Menen, Cleveland Amory, James Michener, Arthur Miller, Ogden Nash and John O'Hara.

Photographers Henri Cartier-Bresson, Tom Hollyman, Burt Glinn, Slim Aarons, and many others have added their photographic genius to make HOLIDAY America's most beautiful magazine.

SEE WHAT'S AHEAD

In the next 13 months you'll read of the world's most "wish you were here" spots—historic and picturesque Atlanta, lovely Japan, San Francisco—the golden city of the west, the Scandinavian countries, Biarritz, and many, many more.

You'll get close-ups of some of today's most interesting personalities—from a comprehensive article about the Vanderbilt family to an article about the many charms of marvelous Marilyn Monroe.

And you'll read informative articles on fashions, sports, fine foods and drink, books, the theater and the arts.

This special offer lasts for a limited time only, so fill out and mail the coupon now. There's no need to pay now—we'll gladly bill you later.

MAIL TODAY

HOLIDAY Magazine
Dept. 1922, Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Yes, send me 13 months of Holiday for $3.90, saving me almost 30% under present subscription prices.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maybe I'll Pitch Forever

(Continued from Page 39)

celebrated her ninety-sixth birthday in 1960, was a washerwoman.

Mom was a strict churchgoing woman. She was the boss of the house, not dad. He wasn't hardly a part of my life. We didn't talk much, but after I started playing baseball as a kid he used to ask every so often, "You want to be a baseball player 'stead of a landscaper?"

"Yes," I'd answer, and he'd just nod, like he was satisfied.

Those first few years I was no different from any other kid, only in Mobile I was "a nigger kid." I went around with the back of my shirt torn, a pair of raggedy pieces of trousers covering me. We played in the dirt because we didn't have toys. We threw rocks. There wasn't anything else to throw. And we ran and chased around, whooping and hollering like crazy. Then we raced for the bay and washed the dirt off. Only we didn't go just anywhere on the bay—just to certain parts. The white man got all the rest.

I didn't play all the time. Everybody got to work when there are thirteen mouths to stuff. By the time I was about six, all my older brothers and sisters had steady jobs—even Wilson, who was only about nine or ten. We all gave our money to mom so she could get food. I can't remember us ever missing a meal. We didn't always have a belly-busting dishful, but we had something. Mom made sure everybody got their share.

Mom put me in W. H. Council school when I was about six or seven years old, but I didn't go too often. The first few times I missed, mom came looking for me. Finally she got kind of used to it. Fact was, she didn't put much store in book learning. It ended up so she didn't get nearly as mad when I missed school as when I didn't come home with any money for food from selling empty bottles.

When I was still seven, mom decided that my bottle selling wasn't enough, and that I had to get me a job somewhere to help out more. She remembered that some of the kids around the neighborhood worked down at the depot, toting bags and satchels. The next day I was down there dragging a bag, letting it bounce off the floor and off the sides of my legs. I got a dime for it.

We weren't going to be eating much better if I made only one dime at a time, so I got me a pole and some ropes. That let me sling two, three or four satchels together and carry them at one time. My invention wasn't a smart-looking thing, but it upped my income. The other kids all laughed. "You look like a walking satchel tree," one of them yelled. That's when LeRoy Paige became no more and Satchel Paige took over.

When spring came I got me some more work sweeping up at Eureka Gardens, a semipro baseball park. The Mobile Tigers, a Negro team, played there a lot. So I took up rock throwing. That's when I first found out I had control. It was a natural gift. I used to kill me flying birds with rocks.

It didn't take me long to find out that rocks were good for something besides knocking over birds. They made a real impression on a kid's head or backside. I had plenty of chances to use rocks that way too. Chester Arnold and Julius Andrews and my other buddies all were guys who played hooky a lot, just like me. And they liked trouble even better than me.

Our biggest fights came on the way home from school. We went right by a white school, and a big gang from there always was out waiting for us. When we got close, the rocks started flying. I crippled up a lot of them, and I mean it. It got so bad they had to put a policeman there.

Maybe I got into all those fights because I wasn't real smart and didn't take too good to books. But maybe it was because I found out what it was like to be a Negro in Mobile. Even if you're only seven, eight or nine, it eats at you when you know you got nothing and can't get a dollar. The blood gets angry.

Mom didn't take to my fighting. She'd hit me harder than I ever got hit in a fight. I used to think she didn't know how I felt when they told me I couldn't swim where the white folks did. Then I realized maybe she did. I guess she just learned to live with it.

Since I threw those rocks so straight, I guess it was just natural that I started firing a baseball. By the time I was ten years old, I was throwing it harder than anybody in the neighborhood. When Wilbur Hines, the coach of the team for W. H. Council school, announced baseball tryouts that year I figured I was ready. Hines put me in the outfield, and sometimes let me play first base, until a game about halfway through the season. They'd knocked two of our pitchers out of the box in the first inning, so he decided to try me.

I was all arms and legs then. When I let go of the ball I almost fell off the mound. But that ball whipped past three straight batters for strike-outs. I kept pumping for eight more innings. When I was done I had struck out sixteen and hadn't give up a hit. I soon became pretty well known all over the South Side as just about the best school pitcher they ever saw around there. Every day was a busy one for me. I worked at the ball park, I toted bags, I played baseball. But I always had time for trouble—that is, until one day in 1918, a little after I turned twelve.

I was walking by this toy store. I stopped and went in. Unless you've gone around with nothing, you don't know how powerful a lure some new, shiny stuff is. When I thought no one was watching, I grabbed a handful of toy rings and stuffed them in my pocket.

"Hey, what're you doing?" someone yelled. This big white man was coming down on me. He caught me by the front door.

They dragged me down to police headquarters. Then they got mom, and even talked to the truant officer. They knew all about my playing hooky and being in trouble with those gang fights and rock throwing. They let me go home with my mom for the night, but the next day, July 24, 1918, I was committed to the industrial school for Negro children at Mount Meigs, Alabama.

A kid is too scared to think at first when they tear him away from his family and send him to a reformatory. After I was there it didn't seem too bad. Everybody was real kind to me. If I'd been left on the streets of Mobile to wander with those kids I'd been running around with, I'd of ended up as a big bum, a crook. But Mount Meigs got me away from the bums. It gave me a chance to polish up my baseball game. It gave me some schooling I'd of never taken if I wasn't made to go to classes. It learned me how to pass time without getting into trouble. I know it may sound funny to talk about a reform school that way, but when you grow up as poor as me, a place like Mount Meigs can be mighty warm and good.

They were real careful on the Mount to get everybody doing something—woodwork, singing, baseball playing, drawing, anything. I went out for baseball about a week after I got to the Mount. I started throwing. Nobody was hitting me. The coach told me afterward, "That arm may do you some good someday. Take care of it. You concentrate on baseball, and you might make something out of yourself."

I guess from that day on I was aiming at baseball, but it wasn't the only thing I did. I went out for the choir, and soon I was the choir leader. And I made the drum and bugle corps, banging those drums. By the time I was fifteen or sixteen I'd already grown to six feet three and a half inches. But I weighed only about 140 pounds, instead of 180 like later on. That tall, skinny look helped me out in pitching. My coach showed me how to kick up my foot so it looked like I'd blacked out the sky. And he showed me how to swing my arm around so it looked like I let go of the ball when my hand was right in my face.

My coach also taught me how to watch a batter like a bullfighter watches a bull. I never look at a batter anywhere except at the knees, just like a bullfighter. The bullfighter can tell what a bull is going to do by watching his knees. I learned the same. When a batter swings and I see his knees move, I can tell just what his weaknesses are. Then I put the ball where I know he can't hit it. That teaching came in mighty handy later. You might say I traded five years or so of freedom to learn how to pitch. At least I started my real learning on the Mount.

I was seventeen and a half when th opened the door for me in December 1923. After I got home to Mobile, mom let me roam around for about a month or so getting used to things again. Then that came to an end. "It's time you started helping out," she finally told me. "You better find you a piece of work." The next day I went looking for work, but those who knew where I'd been turned me down. Those who didn't know didn't seem to have any steady work. Or maybe I wasn't really looking.

One afternoon I ended up over at Eureka Gardens, where the semipro Mobile Tigers were getting ready for the 1924 season. My brother, Wilson, pitched and caught for them, but he wasn't out that day. I sat down in the stands and leaned back to watch.

After the regular practice the Tigers' manager gave a kid pitcher a tryout. The manager cracked that kid's pitches all over the park. When the kid walked off, I went up to the manager. "You still looking for a pitcher?" I asked.

Ten times I threw to him. Ten times I swung. Ten times he missed.

"Do you throw that fast consistently?" he asked me.

"No, sir, I do it all the time," I said. That's the day I learned a new word.

The manager gave me a dollar and told me to come back with Wilson for the next game. That dollar was the point where I gave up kids' baseball—baseball just for fun—and started baseball as a career. Wilson and I were real tough for the Tigers. Actually Wilson could throw about as hard as I could, and we would have made one of the best two-man staffs you ever saw if he'd stuck with baseball, but he didn't. First of all, he didn't want to leave Mobile. And Wilson didn't love baseball like me.

I won just about all the games I pitched for the Tigers back there in 1924. I'd get about a buck a game when enough fans came out so we made some money. When there wasn't enough money, they gave me a keg of lemonade. Sometimes I pitched for other teams. I jumped whenever there was some green waved. 'Course, playing for a semipro club ain't a job, so I had t get some work too. I landed a job over the Mobile Bears' stadium. That was the white team, a Southern Association club.

Pretty soon those guys over there started hearing about Ol' Satch. One day about four of them came up to me. "We made a bet you couldn't throw as good as all of them say," one of them told me. He offered me a dollar to show them. That's the easiest dollar I ever made. The first guy up there swung at three fast ones—missed all. Another tried it. He just caused a breeze. "We sure could use you," one of them finally told me. "If you were only white. . . ."

That was the first time I heard it.

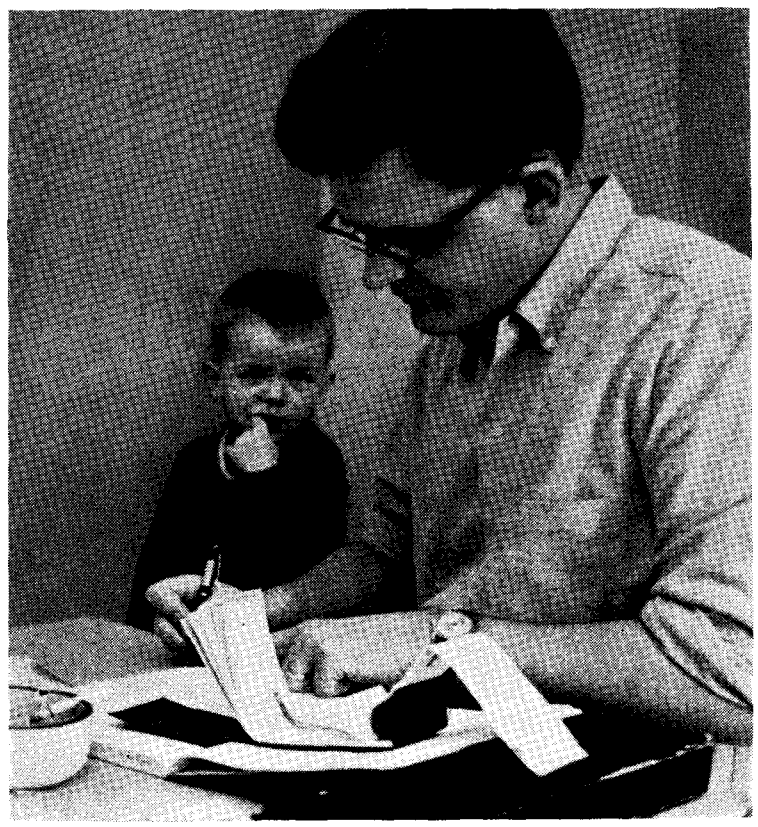
I just pitched harder. The victories kept piling up for me, and in 1926 they paid off. An old buddy, Alex Herman, who was managing the Chattanooga Black Lookouts in the Negro Southern League, offered me a job at fifty dollars a month. My first game with the Black Lookouts was against New Orleans, who had a guy called Diamond throwing for them. It don't make much difference who throws when Ol' Satch's in there. W won, 1-0. I gave up two hits. Two d later Alex threw me again. I gave up on three hits, won again, struck out fourteen. Alex Herman was always pushing me, and I (*Continued on Page 107*)

"But enough of this humor. . . ."

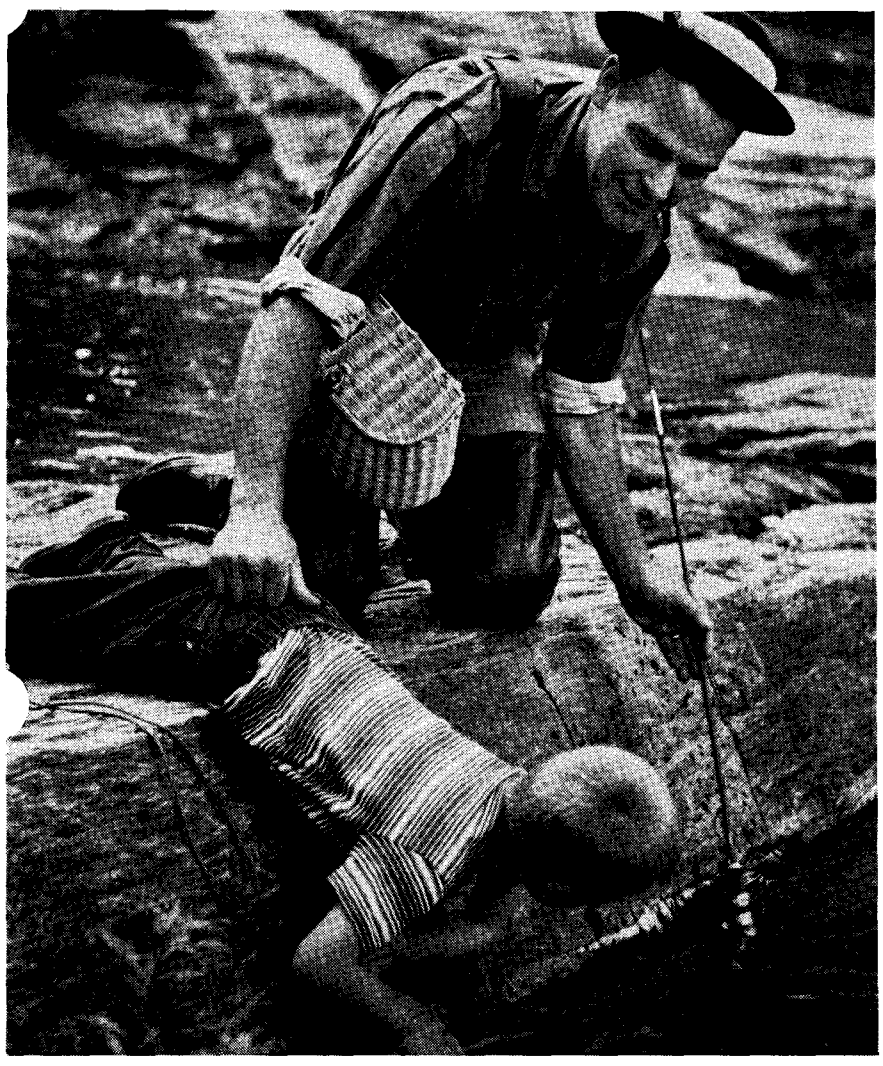
DRAWN BY BRAD ANDERSON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to make more money on payday without getting a raise



Will his income keep pace with his expenses? A sure way to plan extra income is through the Payroll Savings Plan for U. S. Savings Bonds. Once you join the Plan, you never need worry about saving again.



You save more than money. You make sure of enjoying the things you're saving for. Every U. S. Savings Bond helps your Government keep the Peace.

Why wait for a raise when you can do something now about increasing your income? More than 8 million Americans are doing it every payday by buying U.S. Savings Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan. It works like this: each payday your payroll clerk sets aside whatever amount you wish, buys your Bonds, and delivers them. When you cash your mature Bonds for a trip or college for the children or retirement, you get back one-third more money—$4 for every $3 put in, guaranteed. Why not start planning a bigger payday this easy way today?

Why U.S. Savings Bonds are good to buy and hold

You can save automatically on the Payroll Savings Plan, or buy Bonds at any bank.

You now earn 3¾% to maturity, ½% more than ever before.

You invest without risk under a U. S. Government guarantee. Your Bonds are replaced free if lost or stolen.

You can get your money with interest anytime you want it. You save more than money—you buy shares in a stronger America.

You save more than money with U.S. Savings Bonds

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the magazine publishers of America.

Start an album of Presidents. There's a different U. S. President's picture on each of the 7 denominations of Series E Savings Bonds. More than two billion of these "portraits" have been collected by Americans since the first E Bond was issued on May 1, 1941.

20th ANNIVERSARY 1941 1961

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carelessness can cost you more than money

Carefulness can save you 10-15% more on Homeowners Insurance with the new **Phoenix Careful Homeowners Policy!**

If you take pride in your home, you can save real money. Carelessness causes more than 75% of all insurance claims for damage or losses in homes. But if you're a *careful* homeowner, why should you pay for the careless, avoidable accidents of others? The Phoenix of Hartford Insurance Companies have created an exclusive Phoenix Careful Homeowners Policy that gives you broad coverage—plus an opportunity to save 10% to 15% *more* than you save now on ordinary homeowners coverage.

How it works. When you sign up with your nearest Phoenix Agent for the Careful Homeowners Policy, you start paying your premiums at the regular economical rate for Homeowners insurance. If you do not file a claim, you *automatically* get a 10% reduction on your insurance bill after 12 months and you get the full 15% savings after 24 months. As long as you are careful to avoid accidents — and as long as accidents avoid you—you keep on getting the discount. But if you ever do have to file a claim, you simply start all over: after 12 months, you're in line for the 10% saving again. If you move to another town or state where the Phoenix Careful Homeowners policy is available, your Careful Homeowners Credits go with you.

Get magic Red Carpet coverage . . . wall-to-wall and round-the-world: top quality protection from The Phoenix of Hartford, a pioneer in home insurance . . . including:

DWELLING AND CONTENTS: Coverage is provided for dwelling, outbuildings, personal property on or off the premises, against the hazards of fire and lightning, wind and hail, smoke, damage by non-owner vehicles, vandalism, explosion, riot, glass breakage, theft on or off premises. You can also add coverage against water damage caused by rupture of plumbing and steam heat; against freezing of plumbing, heating appliances or air conditioning; against collapse from weight of ice, snow, sleet; and against electrical damage. Perils and coverage may vary by state.

ADDITIONAL LIVING EXPENSE: Should you be forced to live elsewhere while insured damage to your home is repaired, you will be compensated for the difference between the extra cost and your normal living expenses.

LIABILITY: Liability claims for accidental injury to others are covered on or away from your premises including accidents caused by activity by any member of your family or pets. This includes medical payments for injuries even though you are not legally liable.

Claim your reward. Get in on this good deal today. You may not have to wait until your present policy expires to enjoy these benefits. For the name of your local independent Phoenix agent, write or phone the nearest Phoenix office listed below.

Phoenix of Hartford, Hartford 15, Conn.

I want more information on the Phoenix Careful Homeowners Policy:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Phoenix of Hartford
INSURANCE COMPANIES
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

220 Montgomery Street
San Francisco 4, California

728 University Building
Denver 2, Colorado

A-1424 Insurance Exchange
Chicago 4, Illinois

THE PHOENIX INSURANCE CO. • THE CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. • EQUITABLE FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 104*) guess he taught me more'n anybody else.

"The way you throw," he said, "you ought to be able to get the ball over the plate every time, and I'm gonna make sure you do." The first thing he had me do was knock over pop bottles he'd lined by home plate. I got pretty good at it. Alex also had me throwing the ball through a hole in the fence no bigger than the inside of a man's hat. It got so I could nip frosting off a cake with my fast ball. I started pulling in crowds that paid good money. By the time the season was a month old, I was making about $100 a month.

Alex Herman kept as close tab of me off the field as he did on. We got to be pretty close buddies. Dancing was the big thing with us. We'd hunt up a couple of dolls and off we'd go—doing the shuffle, trots, waltzes, anything. It kept my legs in shape, but it didn't do much for my sleeping.

Those moonshiners liked us too. I guess I was living it up pretty high. I'd never had any money to do it before. By the time I finished my second year with Chattanooga, I was busting around in a flashy roadster that could really scoot. That car and my pitching record were all I had when the Birmingham Black Barons bought me from the Black Lookouts in 1928 and gave me a contract for $275 a month.

Birmingham showed me a new world of baseball. I had a manager, Bill Gatewood, who polished the good teaching Alex Herman had given me, and I got a catcher, George Perkins, who was one of the best ballplayers of all time—Negro or white.

I guess I was pretty confident. In my first ball game with Birmingham I even thought of calling in my outfield like Alex and I'd done at Chattanooga, to build up the crowds. But I didn't think Bill Gatewood would put up with it. Then I hit on another gimmick. I yelled over to the other team, "I'm gonna strike out the first six guys up against me."

You should have seen those guys burn. They shook their bats at me. Well, after I'd struck out the first five, one of the guys on their bench pulled out a white towel and waved it back and forth. The sixth batter came up, and I grinned at him and threw quick. He popped out.

George Perkins cornered me at the bench. "You didn't get those six in a row like you said you would," he said.

"They'd already surrendered," I told him. "When Ol' Satch needs a strike-out, he gets it."

After the 1929 season at Birmingham a guy named Señor Linares from Santa Clara in Cuba called me and said they were getting up some teams down that way and he wanted me to pitch for them. He waved plenty of green in my face, and I was packed before he got his hat back on.

When I got there they put me in the best hotel I'd ever stayed in. "Man, this is the life," I told everybody. No winter, no cold weather, just nice, warm breezes. After that first season of winter ball in 1929, I played year-round baseball every year until 1958.

Those people in Latin America like you real good if you can throw hard. But I also found out they take their baseball pretty hard. One year down in Venezuela a bunch of soldiers had to march me out of the park to keep away about a hundred guys with machetes who wanted to carve me up because I lost a ball game—even though an error cost me the game. And in Puerto Rico I once won twenty-three games in a row and then lost one, about 1-0, and everybody said I must have been drunk.

When I came back from that first swing in the islands, I joined Tom Wilson and his Nashville Elite Giants. Before long Tom moved the club up to Cleveland. All season we played in the shadow of the Cleveland Indians' park. That was where the big money was. That was where major-leaguers made $80,000 a year, like Babe Ruth.

"Babe Ruth's getting up a barnstorming team of major-leaguers," Tom told me near the end of the season.

"What's that mean to me?" I asked.

"He's gonna play against the Baltimore Black Sox. They want you to pitch for them."

The first time the two clubs met I beat the Babe Ruth All-Stars easy, and struck out Hack Wilson and Babe Herman. Hack came up to me after the game. "That was some pitching," he said. "It looked like you were throwing a pea." Babe Ruth wasn't in the line-up that day. During the whole tour I never pitched against him. When I was pitching, he was bench-managing, and when I was getting a day off, he was playing.

The 1931 season didn't last long for the Elite Giants. We hardly got started when the club busted up. That turned out to be a break for me. I ended up on another club, and it was about the best team ever put together in any country—the best team, Negro or white. That was Gus Greenlee's Pittsburgh Crawfords. Gus had a real good thing in Pittsburgh in 1931. He had a restaurant, a boxing stable, the ball club and Josh Gibson, the world's greatest catcher and hitter—Josh could have hit more home runs than Babe Ruth if they'd let him play in the majors.

As soon as I got in town, Gus came busting over. "We're gonna open against the Homestead Grays," he said. "They're the best there is, Satch." I beat the Grays without any trouble, and struck out sixteen. We celebrated after that game. Gus just locked the door on his Crawford Grill and we went to town. People mobbed me like money'd rub off if they touched me. But one of the waitresses stood off a little. She acted kind of like she was bashful. I pushed away from the other gals and headed over to her.

"'Lo. I'm Satch."

"I knew you, all right, Mr. Paige. Everybody knows you now. I'm Janet Howard." She was all big eyes for me. I could tell that. What I didn't know was that, then and there, she was starting to write the end of my bachelor days.

Right after that game Gus Greenlee raised me from $250 to $700 a month. The Crawfords played everywhere that summer of 1931. There always was a mob around when I tossed.

Those fans were seeing top baseball—baseball like only guys like Josh Gibson could play. He wasn't just a slugger. He was a high-average man too. If I had to rate top hitters, I'd put him ahead of Ted Williams of Boston, Joe DiMaggio of New York and Stan Musial of St. Louis. Right behind them I'd put Chainey White, who played with the Homestead Grays.

Josh Gibson and I were such big guns on that 1931 club that Gus Greenlee started advertising us instead of the Crawfords. Gus began giving me top billing, with Josh second. The others weren't getting hardly any billing. That caused some guys to get jealous. But there was one thing for sure. Before I started cutting loose around Pittsburgh in 1931, there was no big money for anybody in the Negro leagues. Then they started getting nice, fat checks. I got the fans out.

Gus Greenlee was my agent, booking me around when I didn't have to pitch for the Crawfords. He knew just how to book so I'd make plenty. When Gus didn't have me playing somewhere, I did some fishing and shooting. I guess I had me ten, fifteen shotguns. It was mighty nice having those big pay checks so I could buy those beauties. I also took a shine to boxing, and I got friendly with the guys at Gus's gym, my favorite hangout. No matter where I went, I always ended up back in Pittsburgh. That was where Janet Howard was. She was always glad to see me, but she didn't like my being out of town all those times and my going down to the islands in the winters.

Finally, in the summer of 1934, Janet and me sat down to talk about getting married.

"Satchel, we can't keep running around like you were just my guy and nothing else," she told me. "Now you just make up your mind about that."

"What about all those times when I'm gone? You get mad now when I am. What're you gonna be doin' when we're married up?"

"We'll manage."

Our wedding day was October 26, 1934. I've been trying to forget that date for a long time now. We made a mistake, and we didn't find out until it was too late. After the honeymoon I started noticing a powerful lightness in my hip pocket. Those pay checks of mine just weren't going as far as they used to. "I'll see Gus," I said. "He'll give us more money." But he turned me down flat. I was so mad I went home and started throwing clothes into a suitcase.

"Where're we going?" Janet asked me.

"I don't know. We're just goin'."

I wasn't stuck for an answer too long. A guy named Neil Churchill, who ran a car agency in Bismarck, North Dakota, got in touch with me. He sponsored a club in Bismarck, and he wanted a top pitcher to finish out the 1934 season. For the first time since I'd started throwing I was going to have some white boys on my side. For a while I got a pretty cold shoulder. Mr. Churchill wanted me, but those white ballplayers weren't too sure they did. But when they saw me pitch, they wanted me more than anybody.

After the Bismarck season ended, Janet and me headed toward the West Coast. I was going to play gainst Dizzy Dean and his all-stars. They were saying Diz and me were about as alike as two tadpoles. We were both fast and slick. But Diz was in the majors, and I was bouncing around the peanut circuit.

By the time we finished up playing each other, old Diz and I'd pitched in six games and I'd won four of them. When we was saying good-by, Diz came up to me and said, "You're a better pitcher'n I ever hope to be, Satch." I guess Diz meant it, because later on he had a whole bunch more nice things to say in a column he was writing in a Chicago paper.

Because I'd jumped out on my contract and gone to Bismarck in 1934, Gus Greenlee got the Negro leagues to ban me for the 1935 season. I just got hold of Mr. Churchill and went back to work for him. That summer I got to know a bunch of Indians around Bismarck real well. I think they were Sioux or something. They

Kansas City, Missouri: Ageless Satchel Paige with his wife Lahoma (back to window, holding Lula Ouida, 2) and their children. On the bookcases are trophies which Paige has amassed in his thirty-five years in professional baseball.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took a real liking to me. They even gave me some snake oil, and it's kept my arm nice and young. The formula is a secret. I promised those Indians I wouldn't tell it, but I guess I'll put it in my will so folks will have it when I got no more need for it.

That Bismarck team of mine won the first national semipro tournament. I took four games, struck out sixty and was voted the most valuable player in the tournament.

That winter the Negro league owners decided to be nice to me again. They wanted those fans I could pull. "We've lifted the ban on you," Gus Greenlee told me. "When can you rejoin the team?" When I acted happy about settling down in Pittsburgh again, Janet and me started hitting it off better than we had for months. But then I got a fat offer to pitch down in Puerto Rico before the Crawfords started their season. "They ain't letting us take wives," I told Janet. She didn't like it. But I went anyway. When I got back she really lit into me. It was all over, that feeling we once had. I was glad to get away.

At the tag end of 1936 I hooked up with an all-star team that was booked against some tough major-leaguers. One was Bob Feller. Bobby and me became good friends later on when we were teammates at Cleveland, but then he was just a seventeen-year-old kid who'd finished up his first year in the American League. My all-star boys beat his boys, 4–2. Bob and me came out about nose to nose in the three innings we pitched. Bob struck out eight, and we got only a scratch hit off him. I gave up only one hit, too, and struck out seven.

In those days I guess I only thought of Number One. I jumped the Crawfords early in 1937 to play a series of games in the Dominican Republic, and I jumped again to Mexico before the season was over. That burned Gus Greenlee up. He traded off my contract to the Newark Eagles.

In the meantime, everywhere I went in Mexico I ran into Negro-league players. But I wasn't enjoying it there like I should have. I had trouble getting the kinds of food I needed, and my stomach miseries, which first hit me when I was in Venezuela in 1934, started up on me. Pretty soon every part of me was hurting, even my arm. But because I was getting paid by the game, I kept on throwing.

Being greedy like that just about ended my career. One morning when I woke and sat up, my stomach got worse with the pain that shot up my right arm. Sweat popped out all over me. I tried lifting my arm. I couldn't. They got about every doctor they had in Mexico City to look at me. They couldn't do anything for me. Neither could the doctors back in the States. Finally one specialist told me, "Satchel, I don't think you'll ever pitch again."

When you been at the top and hit the bottom, it's a mighty long fall. By the time the winter meeting of the Negro leagues came around, I saw nothing ahead of me. Then about halfway through the meetings I got a call from J. L. Wilkinson, the owner of the Kansas City Monarchs. He said he and his partner, Sam Baird, had bought my contract from the Newark Eagles. They offered me a job playing first base with a B team the Monarchs were sending on the road.

"I guess that's how it will be," I said. "But if I ain't good enough for the Monarchs themselves, why're you givin' me this job?"

Mr. Wilkinson was quiet for a minute. "We think you're still big enough to pull the fans," he said. "Anyway, I thought you need a hand."

With the Monarch traveling team I was still pulling some fans, but to the boys on the club I was just the old man without an arm any more. I could throw the ball again, sure, but about all I could do was get it up to the plate or play first. And you don't win ball games with just a weak first baseman's arm.

The manager, Knut Joseph, a real old-timer, kept trying to perk me up. "Go throw that ball some," he'd say. I kept pitching, one and two innings at a time. Then I'd take my aching arm to a hotel and soak it in water almost boiling hot.

One day I went out to toss a couple of warmups before a game. I motioned to my catcher and threw. There wasn't any pain. I'd been expecting it, so that when it didn't come, it was like a bomb going off. I threw again. There still wasn't any pain. Then I tried a fast ball. It was a miracle, but my arm was alive.

We called Mr. Wilkinson that night and told him. He said I should work myself back into shape real easy, and then join the Monarchs for the 1939 season.

I really hit the peak of the mountain with the Monarchs in 1939. I was making

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

During Sunset

By May Williams Ward

How often during sunset
Small stars, two or
three,
Poke out their tiny tinny
sparks
As inappropriately
In competition with the
great
Half-skyful flamed
sensation
As if one sewed three
sequins on
A conflagration.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

$20,000, maybe even $22,000 a year. After the Crawfords kind of busted up, the old Washington Homestead Grays'd become the big team in the Negro leagues again, and they'd won the Negro National League title in 1937, 1938 and 1939. In fact, they went ahead and won it in 1940, 1941 and 1942 too. But with my sore arm just a bad dream, I started making the Monarchs the big name. I pitched them to the Negro American League title in 1939, and after that we racked up the championship in 1940, 1941 and 1942—just like the Grays.

The folks in Kansas City treated me like a king, and you never saw a king of the walk if you didn't see Ol' Satch around Eighteenth and Vine in those days. One night early in the 1942 season I stopped by a drugstore to get me some camera film. This nice-looking gal came up to wait on me. I could tell right off that she didn't know who I was. That kind of bothered me.

"You got some one-twenty film?" I asked her real polite.

"We don't have any one-twenty left in stock," she said. "Could you use something else?"

That boiled me over. First, she didn't know me, and now she was asking me if I could use any other kind of film when she could see the camera I was carrying around my neck wouldn't take anything but one-twenty.

"No. Just one-twenty," I snapped.

"Well, don't act so smart. It's just a twenty-three-dollar camera you got there, 'cause I got one just like it."

I guess when you're playing the peacock and somebody pulls a feather, you get a lot madder than when you ain't playing. I yelled for the manager, and he was really upset. "Mr. Paige, if Miss Brown insulted you, we'll fire her right now," he said. "You just say the word."

Even as big a man as I thought I was those days, I didn't want anything like that happening, not to a gal who was as fine a looker as that Miss Brown.

"No, sir. You don't have to fire anyone. But maybe she'll have some manners after this."

Well, the next day I couldn't wait until I got back to that drugstore. "Where's that half-smart girl?" I asked a clerk by the door. I said it loud enough so Miss Brown could hear it. She did, and came up and waited on me. Every couple of days I'd go back to the drugstore and ask for that half-smart girl. Finally I went up to her one night when there weren't any customers around.

"What's your first name?" I asked.

"Lahoma," she said.

"Well, Lahoma, because you're so smart, I'd just like to have dinner with you."

"I'd like to have dinner with you too," she said.

That was the first date I had with Lahoma. We had plenty more.

In 1943 my first wife, Janet, divorced me on the grounds of desertion. All I could think about was that now there wasn't anything blocking me from seeing Lahoma all I wanted.

The next time I was in Kansas City after that I raced that buggy of mine over to Lahoma's. "If you'll be my best girl, I'll be your best boy," I finally blurted out. That wasn't what I'd wanted to say, but I'd said at least that much.

"You know I will, Satchel," she told me. Lahoma was from Stillwater, Oklahoma. She'd been married before, too, and she had her a little girl named Shirley Long. Shirley was about three in 1943.

The war was on then. I'd registered for the draft like everybody else, and moved my birth date up to September, 1908, instead of July, 1906; but they never called me. So I helped sell war bonds and visited camps and hospitals.

Toward the end of the war rumors were flying around about getting some colored boys in the major leagues. Well, I'd been hearing about the white boys scouting colored ballplayers for twenty years, but I didn't see any of them playing in the major leagues. I thought there never would be any.

I found out just how wrong I was while I was out on the West Coast in October of 1945. Branch Rickey told the world he'd signed Jackie Robinson of the Monarchs and assigned him to the Montreal Royals of the International League.

Almost twenty years after I fired my first "trouble ball' as a full-time professional, Jim Crow got busted on the nose. The colored ballplayer'd made his first dent in organized baseball. But it hadn't happened to me.

Maybe everybody figured I was too old. Anyway, those major-league owners knew I wouldn't start out with any minor-league team like Jackie was. They'd have had to put me right in the majors, I kept saying to myself. But signing Jackie like they did still hurt me deep down. I'd been the one the white boys wanted to barnstorm against. I'd been the one everybody said should be in the majors.

When you hurt like I was hurting, you go hunting for someone to ease that hurt. There was only one person who could do that for me. That was Lahoma.

Through the whole winter everybody kept writing about Jackie and how great it was. It almost seemed like they'd forgotten Ol' Satch. But the barnstorming teams hadn't forgotten me, and there were as many jobs as I'd ever had.

Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Baird, the owners of the Monarchs, were happy to see a colored ballplayer get ahead. But they were burned up at the way it'd happened. The Dodgers just took Jackie away from them without giving them anything for him. And Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Baird were afraid if other major-league teams did that, too, it'd kill off Negro baseball.

They were right. Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Baird and me and a lot of others could see the handwriting in 1945. But it took a few more years before it really got bad.

By the time the 1946 season opened, everybody in baseball was sitting tense to see how Jackie worked out. He didn't let anybody down. I wouldn't put him on my all-time great team, but that first year he burned up the International League.

But I gave those reporters plenty to write about in 1946 too. I was still throwing lightning, and it struck down a lot of teams, enough to make it pretty easy for the Monarchs to win the first- and second-half championships in our league.

Throughout the rest of 1946 and into 1947 I kept thinking I'd get a bite from the major leagues. But I didn't even have anybody snap. I promised myself I'd keep throwing until somebody figured they needed me bad.

Lahoma made sure I kept thinking that way too. A man just can't let a gal who takes care of him like that get away. And the only way to make sure a gal doesn't get away is to marry her. I did, on October 12, 1947, in Hays, Kansas.

You talk about the best things you've ever done. Man, when you get somebody like Lahoma in your corner, you can win them all. She gave me that settled-down life, and she gave me a family. Don't let anybody tell you I ain't always thinking about them, no matter how I act. When we had our first baby, it really staggered Ol' Satch. By the time we had our second child, I was a pretty old hand at babies. Now we have six children. Five of them are girls. In 1952 I had me a son, Robert LeRoy. He's built just like me. I don't know for sure if he will be a pitcher. A daddy likes to think his boy is going to be what he is, but he never knows.

By 1948 I wasn't making as much as before because attendance at Negro-league games was going down. Then it happened—one day I got a letter from Abe Saperstein, the guy who runs the Harlem Globetrotters. Bill Veeck, who headed up the Cleveland Indians, had asked Abe to scout around for some pitching help. Abe recommended me to the Indians, and Mr. Veeck wanted me to come up for a tryout.

I got to Cleveland on July 7, 1948—my forty-second birthday. When I got out on the field, Lou Boudreau was there in his uniform. Mr. Veeck and Abe Saperstein were there too.

"Can you still throw like you used to?" Mr. Lou asked me.

"I got as fast a ball as anybody pitchin' now, but I got to admit it's not half as fast as it used to be. But I can still pitch it where I want to."

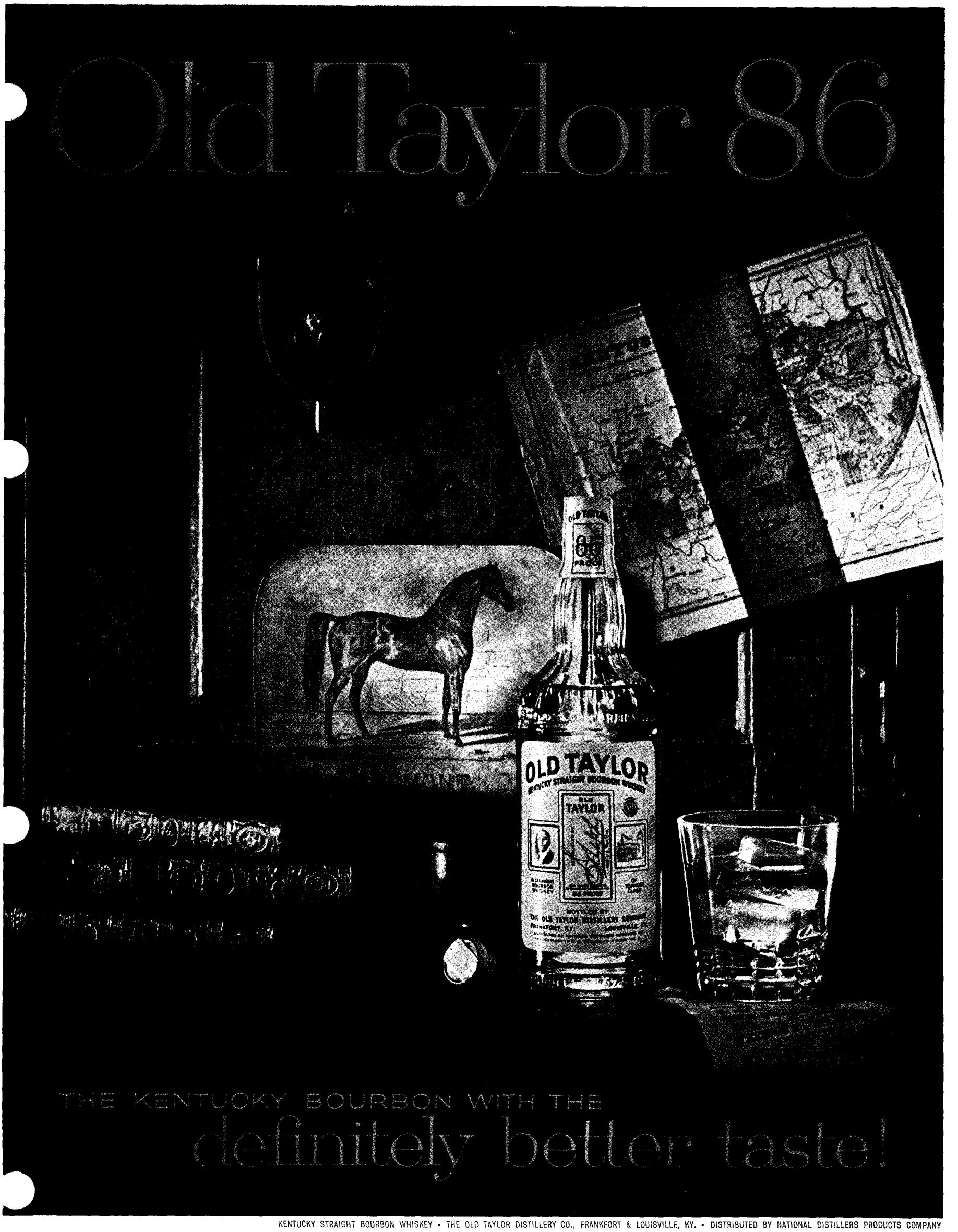
Mr. Lou got him a catcher's mitt and went behind the plate. I just tossed a couple real easy, and then I started firing. Finally Mr. Lou told me I'd thrown enough. "That's some control, Satch," he told me. "You didn't miss the strike zone more'n four times out of fifty. Let's see if you can do that good when I try hitting against you now."

"You want me to shag the balls, Lou?" Mr. Veeck said.

"If you want to," Mr. Lou answered. "Get over in right field. After seeing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Taylor 86



THE KENTUCKY BOURBON WITH THE

definitely better taste!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY. • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Satch's stuff, I don't think I'm going to pull many balls to left."

He didn't, either. After we were done, he told me to go on in the clubhouse. A few minutes later Mr. Veeck same in. "Lou thinks you can help the club," he told me. "Let's go down to the office and sign a contract."

I couldn't help thinking that Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Baird of the Monarchs ought to get something. They'd sponsored me ever since my arm'd gone dead. I told Mr. Veeck how I felt, and he agreed. He gave Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Baird $5000 to split. That was $5000 more than Branch Rickey gave them for Jackie Robinson when he took him from the Monarchs.

At first I was used in relief. I pitched eighteen innings, spread over eight games, and allowed only four earned runs. Then I began getting some starts. I told you at the beginning of this story how I pitched two straight shutouts in August to bring my record up to five and one.

You could feel that pennant tension every time you went into our locker room the last few days in August. I got a chance to help out on August thirtieth. We'd dropped two games behind the Boston Red Sox and we were in third place when Mr. Lou sent me in there. I stopped the Washington Senators on seven hits. Boston was idle that night, and we were only one and a half games out of first place.

That pennant race kept going like that right up to the wire. Then it ended with us and Boston tied for first place. They set a play-off game, and Gene Bearden went out and won it for us.

Now I stood a chance of satisfying another ambition—playing in a World Series. That was up to Mr. Lou, but the way I'd thrown for him, winning six games and losing only one down the stretch, I was sure he'd use me against the National League champs, the Boston Braves. He almost didn't. We won the Series in six games, but he didn't put me in until the seventh inning of the fifth game, after we got behind, 11–5.

There was a man on first and only one out. I guess everybody figured the game was over—and that turned out to be true—but I was mighty serious.

Warren Spahn was up. I got him out of there. Then Tommy Holmes came up. I started my delivery to Tommy and reached way up high, then brought my hands down against my chest and rested a moment. That was all legal, but Curly Grieve, one of the umpires, ran out.

"Balk, balk," he yelled. "You wiggled the fingers of your glove. It's a balk."

They moved Eddie Stanky, the runner on first, down to second. I didn't have anything to say. But it made me so mad I gave Tommy Holmes my real trouble ball and got him out quick, ending the inning.

Mr. Lou took me out after that. I'd pitched only two thirds of an inning. But it was the first a colored boy'd ever pitched in a World Series. I didn't even feel mad at Mr. Lou any more.

After the World Series I barnstormed for a while. Finally I got home to Kansas City for a few days' rest. Lahoma kept me busy fixing things around the house, but I still had plenty of time for fishing and hunting and dancing. Doing that kept me in shape between seasons, especially that dancing.

'Course, there were a lot of other things I did to keep going. Some sports guy on the East Coast heard me talking about them once, and then he went and turned them into a bunch of rules from me on how to stay young:

Avoid fried meats which angry up the blood.

If your stomach disputes you, lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts.

Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move.

Go very light on the vices, such as carrying on in society—the social ramble ain't restful.

Avoid running at all times.

And don't look back. Something might be gaining on you.

That last one was my real rule. When you look back, you know how long you've been going, and that just might stop you from going any farther. And with me, there was an awful lot to look back on. So I didn't.

In 1949 I had troubles. My stomach kept coming up and hitting me like it hadn't since my arm went dead. The Indians used me a lot through June and July, and by August seventh I had me four wins and five losses. But then it got so I couldn't go more than two or three innings at a time. I couldn't win another game, and I had two more losses.

After the season I went to see the doctor. He told me my teeth were in pretty bad shape. He sent me to a dentist. "They'll have to come out—all of them," the dentist said.

I didn't like that idea at all, but the dentist was sure it'd help my stomach. And it did, once my mouth healed and I got used to my store teeth. I was ready for 1950. But Mr. Veeck had left the Indians. First they offered me a contract calling for 25 per cent less than the $25,000 I'd been getting, and then Hank Greenberg, who'd become general manager, told me Lou Boudreau said he couldn't use me at all.

Mr. Wilkinson, who'd sold out his share of the Monarchs, said he'd see what he could do about booking me independent. He got guys like Eddie Gottlieb, of Philadelphia, and Abe Saperstein, who were a couple of good promoters, to help him. Offers started coming in fast.

In the meantime Mr. Veeck told me not to worry. "I'll be back in baseball soon, Satch," he said. "And when I am, there'll be a job for you."

It came through in July, 1951, after I'd turned down offers from the Giants and Braves. Mr. Veeck bought the St. Louis Browns. He told me to come up to St. Louis and join the team. In those two months I pitched for the Browns in 1951 I won three and lost only four with that last-place ball club. And I struck out forty-eight in sixty-two innings.

I got along with the Browns real good too. They were a fine bunch, even if they were last-placers. The best one to go to for advice was Ned Garver. When I got to the Browns, Ned was on his way to winning twenty games. Next to me, he knew more baseball than just about any pitcher in the American League. Those first few weeks he told me about all the new guys in the league, and what they hit and what they didn't. He was right.

I didn't joke with Ned too much; he was a real serious boy. But one day I got him to bite good. We were just talking, and Ned asked me what was the best relief job I'd ever done.

"That was before I got into pro ball," I told him. "We were in the ninth and was leading, one to nothin'. The first man up topped the ball and beat the throw. The second man bunted, and it looked like it was going foul, but it didn't. Then the third man up walked. Our pitcher had the fourth guy three balls and two strikes, and my manager called on me."

"What happened?" Ned asked.

"Well, I had a ball with me in the dugout, and I just dropped it in my pocket. Then I got the game ball from the pitcher I was relieving. When I went back to the rosin bag, I got that other ball out of my pocket and had me two of them."

"Yeah? What'd you do then?"

"I just threw those two balls at the same time, one to first and one to third. I picked off both runners, and my motion was so good the batter fanned. That was three outs."

Ned wouldn't talk to me for a whole day after that.

In 1952 I came on in the eighth inning one time in Washington and pitched ten innings of scoreless ball in relief. After that game Bucky Harris, the Washington manager, came over to see me. "Satch," he said, "I swear to God we would be in first place if we had you."

He wasn't the only one talking like that. Casey Stengel, who did some right fair managing for the New York Yankees, was another. "If the Yanks don't get ahead in the first six innings," he said, "the Browns bring in that damned old man, and then we're sunk."

When the season ended I had a 12-10 record, and I'd saved ten other games with those seventh-place Browns. I'd struck out ninety-one batters and given up only fifty-seven walks. My earned-run average was 3.07. But 1953 was different. I had no arm soreness, but no matter how much I looked around that season, I just couldn't find those wins. I finished up with a three-and-nine record, the worst I'd ever had.

Before the 1954 season even started, there weren't any Browns any more. They were sold, and the American League let the new owners move the club to Baltimore. The new bosses told me they were starting a youth movement and didn't have room for an old man like me. So I joined Abe Saperstein's barnstorming club.

I was making money, but I was just a wandering man again, going from one town to another, one game to another. I did the same thing in 1955, this time with my old team, the Kansas City Monarchs. Playing for the Monarchs in 1955 wouldn't make any man rich. There just weren't enough fans watching Negro-league baseball any more so the players could make big money.

Then I got taken off that sliding board in 1956. Bill Veeck had got himself the vice president's job on the Miami Marlins in the International League, and he gave me that old call.

I had me a steady job again, a good salary and a place to light my family when school in Kansas City was over. I finished up the season with eleven wins and only four losses, and an earned-run average of 1.86. That ain't bad when a man's pushed past fifty.

Mr. Veeck'd pulled out of Miami after the 1956 season, and I was sorry. But in 1957 I won ten and lost eight there with a club that won only about half of its games. I had me a 2.42 earned-run average too. In 1958, although my pitching was still strong, I didn't get along with the new Miami bosses, with Mr. Veeck gone.

"I won't go back there next year, that's for sure," I told Lahoma after the season.

"But, Satch," she cried, "the kids. What'll we do?"

"We'll do something. There're still plenty that want to see Ol' Satch."

Things started breaking my way right after that. I was offered a movie job. On September thirtieth I signed for a role in *The Wonderful Country*, with Robert Mitchum and Julie London in it.

They made that movie in Durango, Mexico. The whole family went along with me. Julie London and Robert Mitchum were real helpful in telling me how I should play the part of a cavalry sergeant in that Western.

Right after we started shooting, my director, Bob Parrish, came up and told me, "Satch, you're batting seven-fifty in those rushes we've got so far. When the word gets around Hollywood I think you're going to be very much in demand. It wouldn't surprise me if you never played baseball again."

It turned out he was wrong. After I finished up that movie I went back to Kansas City. Nobody from Hollywood was offering me any jobs.

"What are you going to do now?" Lahoma wanted to know.

"Play baseball, just like always. There ain't anything else."

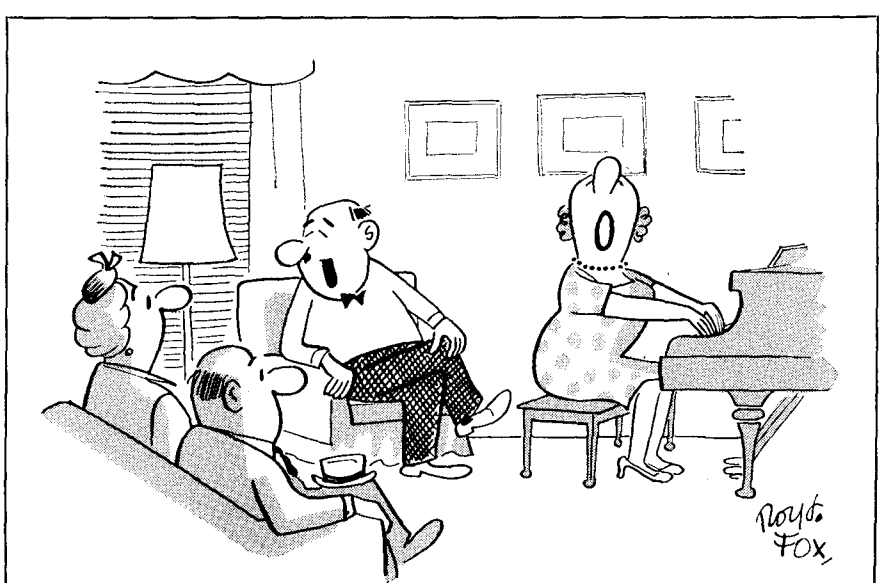
So, at fifty-three, I hooked up with a barnstorming club again. They say if you go long enough in one direction you'll make a circle and end up where you started. I guess you do. Only there was a difference. I wasn't a nigger kid in Mobile any more, playing for a jug of lemonade or almost starving. Now I was a big man, and I was getting big money.

Someday it'll end, maybe even before I figure it will. I won't be able to just retire when that happens. Me and money has parted so fast all along that I'll have to keep looking for more of it—enough to take care of my family.

But Ol' Satch ain't worried. There's bound to be people who'll want a man who's done what I've done, who's got that big name like Ol' Satch. Until then I'll just keep pitching—maybe forever.

Some folks say I already have.

THE END



"It's a small voice but very unpleasant."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

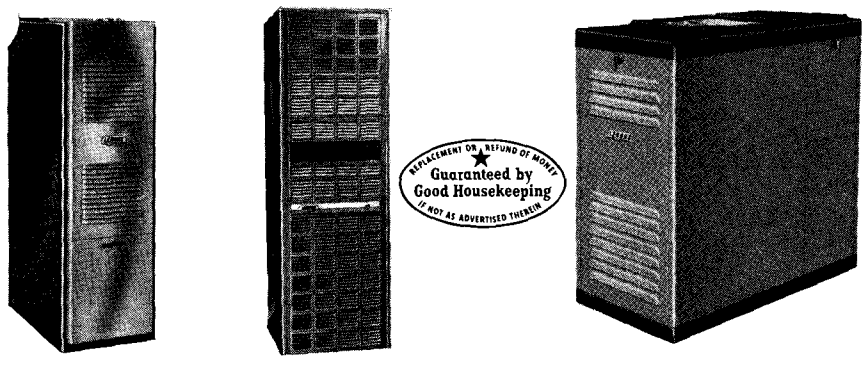
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The strange penalty of having the reputation
of making fine heating and air conditioning equipment

Some people think they can't afford the luxury of Lennox heating-cooling units

when actually you can save $500 or more!

If you are in the market for heating and/or air conditioning equipment for your home, business, church or whatever, this information may help you save hundreds of dollars and add greatly to your comfort for years to come. We will use non-technical terms.



The penalty of dependability

We have wondered sometimes, but only momentarily, if Lennox' reputation for dependability and comfort might be too good. Our company happens to be number one in the air comfort business. More people buy Lennox warm air furnaces than our next 2 largest competitors combined. Yet some people never go near a Lennox dealer because somehow they have the impression that a Lennox heating-cooling unit would be a luxury beyond their budgets!

One place "luxury" is cheapest

You are going to spend far more to operate your heating-cooling unit than to buy it. And unlike other things we buy where luxury features do add to the cost, in Lennox equipment the so-called luxury features have the very practical purpose of reducing operating and maintenance costs and increasing comfort greatly. They don't add cost. They *save* costs.

There is a big difference in operating costs

Most of us can spot a gas-wasting automobile quickly. But we put a heating-cooling unit in a corner and sort of forget it. If it runs it seemed to be satisfactory. The fact that it may be costing far too much to operate, or delivering far less than desirable comfort, often is not laid at the door of the guilty party—which could be the unit itself, or the way it was installed. Yet there can be a tremendous difference in the operating cost (efficiency) of various heating-cooling units.

A heating-cooling unit built to meet a price and "slam-bang" installed can cost as much as *50% more* to operate. By comparison, we have seen thousands of Lennox installations where operating economies of *20%* or more were experienced over the lifetime of the unit. This can easily add up to savings of $500 or more in a moderate size home. And in a large home or a big building it can be many times more.

Lennox installed prices are low

There aren't enough rich people in the nation to buy all the Lennox units sold. Lennox installed prices are low—usually as low as any others—but not always. There are limits beyond which we will not go because we cannot assure lasting economy of operation or that service calls will be held to a minimum. Be sure to check Lennox prices. We think you will find the difference, if any, in installed prices, is only pennies a day over a period of years.

Heating, cooling—one or both

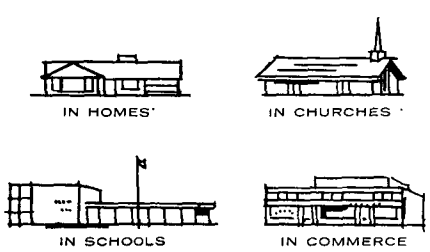
Keep your sights high. Expect a great deal of your modern air comfort system. Please do not compare what you can have today with anything your parents may have had to put up with. Today's Lennox system will do about everything to your air but breathe it for you.

Lennox offers (1) complete heating and air conditioning units; (2) heating units to which air conditioning can be added later at very low cost; (3) furnaces alone; and (4) central air conditioners alone. Gas, oil and electric. All designed to save you money.

For further information, write 202 S. 12th Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa, and ask for free booklet, "How to Select Your Heating and Air Conditioning System." Or call your local dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning" and/or "Furnaces."

This is what to expect:

1. **Uniform temperature throughout your house.** (Half year or full year systems)
2. **Draft-free comfort . . . no hot or cold zones.**
3. **Gentle, continuous air circulation.**
4. **Economical, dependable operation.**
5. **Freedom from noise disturbance . . . whisper-quiet.**
6. **Automatic, safe and carefree comfort.**
7. **You'll feel better . . . eat better . . . sleep better.**
8. **Your house will be easier to keep clean.**
9. **Your furniture and furnishings will last longer.**
10. **You'll gain extra space—for more modern living.**
11. **You'll heat and cool at lower cost—save money.**
12. **Your property will actually increase in value.**



Don't be satisfied with less than

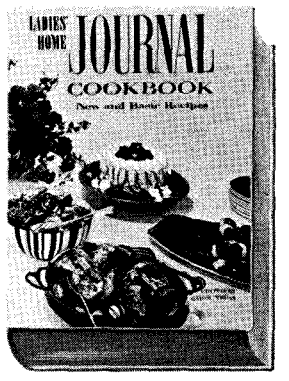
LENNOX®

Heats, Cools, Treats and Moves Air

LENNOX Industries Inc., est. 1895—Marshalltown, Des Moines, Ia.; Columbus, O.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Decatur, Ga.; Ft. Worth, Tex.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Los Angeles, Calif. LENNOX Industries (Canada) Ltd.—Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver, Winnipeg.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE'S THE COOKBOOK WOMEN HAVE WANTED FOR 75 YEARS



Ladies' Home Journal
COOKBOOK

New and basic recipes Edited by Carol Truax ONLY $5.95 ($6.95 for the De Luxe thumb-indexed edition). Whether you're a beginner or an experienced cook, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK will put new excitement in your meals. Here are some of the unusual features of this *first* and *only* cookbook compiled by LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:

- More than 2,500 recipes for everything from quick, off-the-shelf dishes to exotic, formal dishes
- Over 100 color photographs—more than in any other basic cookbook—to show you just how exciting and appealing your meals can be
- Lots of valuable information on shopping for best quality and getting the most for your money
- The book lies flat when open and every recipe is complete wherever the book opens. You'll never need to turn a page to finish a recipe.
- Complete extra chapters on how to plan formal dinners, medically approved diets of all kinds with weight and calorie charts—even a thoughtfully-written bonus chapter on getting the most out of your kitchen space and layout
- Over 300 casserole dishes and more than 100 exciting sauces
- All the recipes have been triple-tested in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL kitchens
- The book is completely cross-indexed, with tables of measurements, equivalents and temperatures for easier cooking

And it's priced at only $5.95 for the regular edition or $6.95 for the De Luxe edition, thumb-indexed for quicker reference. Use the handy coupon to place your order now. There's no need to send money with your order—we'll gladly bill you later. Examine the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK in your own home under the protection of our free 7-day home trial plan.

WORD TO THE WISE: The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK is a gift any woman will receive with delight and remember with pleasure. Order extra copies for gifts now! A special greeting card will announce each gift you order.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Dept. 1918, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Please send me____copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK:
☐ Regular edition @ $5.95 ☐ De Luxe edition @ $6.95

My name_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Payment enclosed (Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax)

Please send the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK as my gift to:
☐ Regular edition ☐ De Luxe edition

Name_____
Street or R.D._____
Town_____ Zone____ State_____
Sign my gift card_____

☐ Bill me for the books I've chosen plus a few cents for postage.

Order additional gifts on a separate sheet of paper.

River of Despair (Continued from Page 23)

formidable though cleft chin. He met Molnar's eyes. "I have no doubt that you will be able to talk about the scars to your advantage."

"Some of us are lucky," said Molnar. "We have only visible defects."

"Were you born like this, I wonder, or is it the injection I gave you?"

"I'm sure you've never forgiven your parents," said Molnar politely.

He was next passed to the casualty-clearance officer, a dapper French warrant officer. "Walking wounded?" queried the warrant officer from force of habit.

Molnar grinned maliciously from his stretcher. "Unless you'd prefer me to push the ambulance, sir."

"A smart one, eh? Just because you've stopped sufficient lead to keep you out of the fighting."

"What kept you out of the fighting?"

"Remember that you are still subject to military discipline, even though you are wounded. What's all this writing on you?" As he examined the recommendation that the company commander had pinned to Molnar's blouse, the warrant officer became visibly more sympathetic. "So you have distinguished yourself in action. This is a rare form of citation. It must be entered in your paybook and witnessed in case it is lost."

"Can't that wait?" asked Molnar, whose wounds were becoming painful again as the result of the doctor's treatment.

"Most certainly not. Your paybook, please. I shall have pleasure in making the entry and witnessing it."

The warrant officer entered the details meticulously and signed the book with a flourish before replacing it in the breast pocket of Molnar's blouse.

"I see that you already have the Cross of War with Palm," he remarked conversationally.

"I shall have the Cross of Wood with Wreath if you keep me waiting here any longer."

"Ah, yes. I think I can have you evacuated in one of the new American ambulances, in view of your wounds and your citation. Normally they are reserved for officers only."

"What a pity the Viets don't reserve their bullets for officers only."

"Good-by, and don't press your luck too far," said the warrant officer.

The ambulance bore a plaque explaining that it was a gift from the Bronx Ladies' Far Eastern War Relief Committee. Two orderlies lifted Molnar's stretcher onto a rack in the antiseptic interior. No other casualties had yet been loaded. An orderly climbed into the back of the ambulance.

Then a mortar shell fell so close that the ambulance rocked on its soft springs. It was the first that had fallen near the dressing station. In the front compartment the driver pressed the starter, the engine came to life, and the transmission jolted as he engaged gears. The ambulance gathered speed. Molnar could see the countryside flashing by through the one-way darkened glass.

The orderly sprang like a cat at the partition that separated them from the driver and began to shout protests through the communicating shutter, banging on the partition to secure the driver's attention. The driver merely accelerated. After some moments of useless protest, the orderly turned to Molnar; and he saw with some surprise that it was no orderly, but a girl nurse.

There were many volunteer nurses from religious organizations in the ambulance service, but not near the front. Then Molnar remembered that since the battle began that morning there had been no longer a front line.

The nurse, who was an Annamite girl, was tight-lipped with temper. She wore jungle-green uniform, like a French soldier's, save that there was a red cross upon her right sleeve and a blue-enameled crucifix at her throat. Her hair was straight and sleek and shone blue-black, like gun metal. She wore spectacles that tilted at the corners to match the lift of her eyes. Her face was heart-shaped and strangely immature. She could not have been more than five feet in height, no more than twenty years in age.

When the little nurse saw that Molnar was watching her, she turned the corners of her mouth into a professionally reassuring smile, which did not reach to her eyes.

"Are you an experienced nurse?" asked Molnar.

"I have never lost a patient yet," she assured him.

"Well, don't start now."

"I shall not do that."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes," she said, ceasing to smile. "Is that pistol loaded?"

... ...

Threadbare

Past my prime, and I
behold
No silver threads among
the gold;
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
I behold no threads at all!

Addison H. Hallock

... ...

"Yes."

"Then give it to me. The wounded are not allowed arms."

Molnar passed it over reluctantly, feeling grateful that she had not noticed the hand grenades in his blouse.

"Is this the safety catch?" she asked.

"Yes, and it's on so that it can't be fired. Be careful, you little fool, you've pushed it off!"

"I know," said the little nurse calmly. She opened the communicating shutter, the driver's compartment and braced herself against the rocking of the vehicle, feet straddling the gangway between the stretcher racks. She held the butt of the big automatic pressed tight between her small breasts, and fired once through the shutter. Her thin body was convulsed by the recoil. Molnar heard the windshield shatter. The driver bawled and braked hard.

The ambulance stopped so suddenly that it was still quivering with the flexing of its springs and shock absorbers when they heard the driver's door open. The nurse turned to face the open rear end of the ambulance; the double doors were clipped back on the outside as the orderlies had left them.

A stocky, middle-aged Annamite came to the rear. He too wore a jungle-green uniform, but with the yellow-and-blue shoulder insignia of the French Union forces. He was rather an ugly man and in a mood to match his appearance, but he calmed visibly when he saw the weapon that the nurse was holding.

"You might have killed me," he told her.

"You might have killed this wounded with your silly driving. And what of all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other woundeds you have left to die?"

"Is that all you think about?"

"The woundeds are all I have to think about."

Molnar thought it both terrible and touching to hear a girl say such a thing ut it did not appear to affect the driver.

"I was trying to get him away from the shelling," said the driver.

"No, you were frightened, and you were thinking only of your own life. Now you must go back for the other woundeds."

"You think you can give orders because you have a gun. You frightened me into stopping once, but you won't do it again. And you can't shoot me when I'm driving, or you will kill us all."

"That's true," said the nurse, still in the same calm way. "I would have to wait until you stopped before shooting you."

"You wouldn't kill me. A nurse's job is to save life."

"Of course, I would try to wound you only, but I am not an experienced shooter, so I might kill you by accident. If you stand here arguing, I shall do it now."

The driver began to stamp his feet and wave his hands. "How can I drive now that your bullet has frosted the windshield?"

"Knock the glass out."

"Then the wind will blow in my face."

"It will do you good to cool down. And ut the doors before you go."

The driver stared at her without speaking and then slammed the double doors. Seconds later they heard him smashing out the windshield. Then he started the engine, turned the ambulance by shuttling it to and fro across the narrow road, and drove slowly back toward the dressing station.

The nurse sat down on the edge of Molnar's stretcher and laid the MAS 50 beside her. She was trembling as though her body would break. Her spectacles were misted over, and she took them off to wipe with a square of yellow silk that looked incongruously feminine against the jungle uniform. Her eyes, which were the shape and color of large almonds, brimmed with tears.

This nurse would have made quite a soldier, decided Molnar. He dug into his hip pocket with his one good hand and pulled out a large metal flask, which he offered to her.

"Here, drink this."

"What is it?"

"Cognac."

"Thank you, no."

"It's good French cognac, not Algerian."

"Thank you, but I do not drink."

"It will do you good. I always take some when I've had a fright."

"You have fear?"

"I have fear all the time where there is fighting," Molnar told her. "Sometimes it is harder to control than others, and then I drink the cognac." This was the truth.

"All right," said the little nurse. "I suppose there is a first time for everything and I certainly have fear."

She took the flask in both hands and lifted it to her lips; then she lowered it and wiped the mouthpiece with a piece of clean gauze. "You don't forget that you're a nurse, do you?" asked Molnar.

"How can I?" This time she raised the flask and drank, her small nose wrinkling in revulsion.

"Steady," warned Molnar. "If this is the first time you've taken cognac, it will make you drunk quickly." Molnar was also afraid that the nurse would drain the flask before his turn came, though he ew it was an unworthy thought.

Do you drink this for pleasure, or al- ays because of the fear?" asked the nurse, lowering the flask and shuddering as the spirit ran into her thin body.

"For pleasure mostly."

"What strange pleasures you have." Suddenly she giggled. "This is a strange place for a party. Do you know I have never been to a party before? I am nineteen and I have never been to a party, and now we are having a party, and I am not even in a party dress. That's terrible, is it not?"

"I think you'd better give me the flask," said Molnar.

"Just when I was beginning to enjoy my party. I'll take another sip, and then you can have your old flask."

"What's your name?" asked Molnar.

"Why do you want to know?"

"People always introduce themselves at parties. My name is Hugo Molnar."

"That is not a French name, is it? Why are you in the French Army?"

"I'm trying to get home," said Molnar.

"Who turned you out? Was it the Communists?"

"No, the Fascists. It was the Communists who prevented my returning."

Molnar was silent for a moment as he thought of the odyssey that had begun in his childhood, seated on his mother's knee in a cattle truck filled with human misery, guarded by black-uniformed *Schutzstaffel.* He had made a childish resolve to break the tyranny that had killed his father and to return home with his mother. Now his mother was dead, and the tyranny changed. But his objective was the same—to regain the country that no longer acknowledged him a citizen and restore the religion that the terms of his contract with the Legion specifically forbade him to practice.

"I have a French name, but I am not French," the nurse said chattily. "My

BREWED ONLY IN MILWAUKEE . . . NATURALLY!

Through the years, Milwaukee has been recognized and respected as the brewing capital of the world. It's only natural that you prefer the special goodness of genuine Milwaukee beer . . . and here's one sure way of getting it . . .

Look at the label! . . . Legally all breweries must clearly print the name of the city in which the beer is brewed on the label of every bottle, can and keg.

Look at the label! . . . If the label shows the beer is brewed any place but in Milwaukee, you're not getting what you really want . . . you're not getting a *genuine Milwaukee beer!*

Look at the *Miller High Life* label! It clearly, boldly, proudly states that Miller High Life is "brewed *only* in Milwaukee." Here's your assurance of getting the real thing . . . a beer of consistent quality and goodness because it's always brewed in the *same place* under the *same ideal conditions.*

There's more too! Behind Miller High Life are generations of craftsmen dedicated to the brewing of a finer beer, and *their* skills are supplemented by an old-world recipe using the costliest grains and the finest of hops. Unquestionably, this *is* the Champagne of Bottle Beer!

Why settle for anything less?

THE CHAMPAGNE OF BOTTLE BEER

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WIS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name is Marie-Thérèse de la Rue. What do you think of that for a name?"

"I think it very beautiful," said Molnar, reaching for the flask.

"It is not a real name, but it is the best that the sisters could do for me. They had me christened Marie because the convent was dedicated to the Virgin, and Thérèse because it was upon her day that I was found, and they named me de la Rue because I was abandoned in the street. I cannot remember that, because I was only a baby when it happened, but I know it is true."

Molnar at last got hold of the flask. He shook it regretfully; only a small quantity of cognac sloshed at the bottom.

"What did you do before you became a nurse?"

"I was at the convent school and I wanted to become a nun. Then I found that I had no vocation, so I became a nurse. One must serve humanity."

"I'm glad you didn't become a nun."

"It was a great disappointment to me. Why are you glad?"

"Because otherwise I wouldn't have met you now."

"Oh," she said.

Molnar wondered if it was the brandy that had made the nurse's cheeks red. But the color was deepening, and he realized that a blush was forcing itself upon the ocher of her complexion.

"That was a compliment," he said gently.

"I know," she said. "I have read of such things. It was very gracefully put."

"No," said Molnar, "but it was a compliment just the same."

"Parties are fun," said Marie-Thérèse.

"Did they never give you parties at the convent?"

"Only children's parties with presents and games. Not grown-up parties with alcohol."

"I should hope not," said Molnar censoriously. He took a long drink from the flask and savored the liquid-fire sensation.

Then the stretcher seemed to fling him into the air, the floor flung up at him, and he fell back against the wall. Marie-Thérèse seemed to rise into the air in slow motion and then turn over once or twice like an autumn leaf. It happened so casually that Molnar wondered if his wounds were interfering with his reason or if he had become suddenly drunk. Then he realized that they were off the road, and he caught Marie Thérèse with his good left arm. He even had time to wonder at how light she was; it added to the impression that the force of gravity had been suspended. The ambulance came to rest on its side with a groan of outraged metal. Marie-Thérèse was pressed hard against Molnar's chest. He felt rather pleased at the accident; it was six months since he had held a woman in his arms.

"Are you all right, Marie-Thérèse?"

"Why did you kiss me when you asked that?"

"Your face was so near. It was another kind of compliment. . . . All right, I'm sorry."

"I'm not. It is the first time any man has kissed me, and I don't think it's anything to become excited about, but you may do it again if you wish."

"Thank you," said Molnar. "This is a splendid way to be wounded."

"I was forgetting that," said Marie-Thérèse and put both her hands flat against Molnar's chest to hold him off. "That stupid driver has had an accident, and I am lying on your wounded arm."

"I don't think this was an accident," said Molnar. "I think we hit a mine."

"Shouldn't we have heard a bang?"

"You don't always hear an explosion if it's very close, but I think I can smell the explosive."

"We must get out."

"Yes," said Molnar reluctantly. "I suppose we should."

The ambulance was lying on its right side, and the window on that side had been broken by the impact. The left-side window was intact, but the one-way glass revealed only the sky. The doors at the back were still shut, though buckled.

"We must see if the driver is alive," said Marie-Thérèse.

As she moved toward the shutter, someone fired a long burst of submachine-gun fire into the driver's compartment, and they heard the driver cry out once. Then there was silence.

"He's dead now," whispered Molnar.

"Partisans," said Marie-Thérèse, not troubling to lower her voice, because of the indignation she felt. "Fancy them firing on the red cross."

Molnar looked at her in surprise. He had forgotten that there were wars in which such conditions were respected—like the tournament rules for the jousting of medieval knights. He had never had the good fortune to be involved in such a war.

Certainly Indochina had not been like that in his experience. He wondered where the nurse had been told about such things. It had probably been in the convent, he thought.

Someone walked round the ambulance, and then they heard voices. There were at least three speakers.

"Do you know what they're saying?" asked Molnar.

"They are arguing about whether to set fire to the ambulance or whether to have a look inside first," said Marie-Thérèse, speaking very softly now. "They are hoping to find some wounded French officers."

Molnar could not decide whether it was better to be burned alive or to be taken by Vietminh partisans for a French officer. He began to sweat and shake uncontrollably. He had often felt fear before, but never so badly. He wondered if it was due to being trapped—but he had been trapped before. Then he remembered what the old ones said about being wounded for the first time. The first wound was like the first woman, they said, because it took away something that you could never regain. Molnar supposed that it must be the sense of personal immortality, the psychological armor of all young soldiers.

When he was frightened, Molnar sought refuge in action. He did so quickly before fear could paralyze his movements. This had never actually happened, but Molnar trusted his courage so little that at each crisis he was sure it must happen. It was for this reason that he forced himself to do things that seemed brave to others. Only Molnar knew that he was acting a part. He had acted it so convincingly that he had been cited seven times in dispatches for bravery.

The MAS 50 was somewhere beneath the pile of stretchers that had been dislodged by the crash, but in the left pocket of his blouse, Molnar sought and found a hand grenade. He took the pin out in his teeth, flinching at the acrid taste of metal, and spat it out. The lever controlling the fuse was now held down in the palm of his hand.

"Listen, Marie-Thérèse," he whispered. "Can you smash that window with one of the stretchers? You'll have to make a big hole with the first blow, or they'll get us. When you've made the hole, throw yourself flat."

Marie-Thérèse nodded and took hold of one of the light canvas stretchers.

"Now," said Molnar, and she drove the stretcher frame upward, like a javelin thrower, striking the glass with surprising force for one so slight. The glass shattered, though the hole was disappointingly small. Molnar could judge the position of the partisans from their voices. He allowed the lever to spring free of the grenade, counted one to shorten the life of the four-second fuse and lobbed the grenade through the broken window, hoping that it would not catch on something and explode above them.

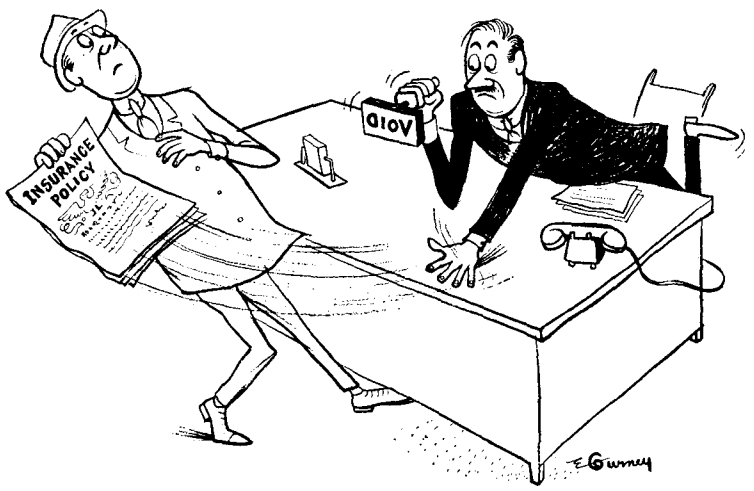
He threw himself down on top of Marie-Thérèse as the grenade exploded. Within the ambulance the noise was deafening. Molnar scrambled up and smashed the rest of the glass, wielding the stretcher one-handed. Then he pulled out a second grenade and scrambled through the shattered window, levering himself up on his elbows, careless of scratches. Crouching on the side of the upturned ambulance, he took stock.

The ambulance had been blown off the causeway and had apparently turned over once or twice as it rolled down the embankment, before coming to rest on its side in the paddy field below. The grenade had exploded just in front of the driver's cab, and Molnar could see the remains of two men where it had landed. Three others, who had evidently been standing farther back, were now lying flat. One of them looked up and saw Molnar. He began to drag himself up, but very slowly, and Molnar guessed that he must have been knocked out by the explosion. Molnar threw the second grenade accurately among them, marrying their bodies eternally to the black earth.

The sixth man came from behind the ambulance before Molnar could get at the other grenades, which were in his right-hand pocket. This one was an officer; he wore a hard-peaked cap and a red star. He was very young and pale and carried an enormous Colt forty-five revolver that made him seem like a child playing cowboys. He came round the side of the ambulance toward Molnar and, for one wild moment, Molnar thought that he might be taken prisoner. Then he realized that the young officer was so enraged that he wanted to have the satisfaction of killing Molnar at close quarters. Molnar made a despairing attempt to get the hand grenades out of his right pocket with his left hand, but it was no more than a token gesture of resistance.

The MAS 50 seemed to explode behind Molnar's ear. The first bullet took the Vietminh officer full in the chest and stopped him. He looked merely surprised, as though he could not believe that he had been shot. There were two more shots, and the powerful bullets striking at close range flung the officer on his back, so that he lay spread-eagled in the field.

Marie-Thérèse climbed out of the broken window, still holding the MAS She went past Molnar and landed the ground as lightly as a cat jumping from an alley wall. She walked across to the fallen (*Continued on Page 116*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Sonny, while driving his fiancée home in dad's car, met with an accident. Sympathetic dad assured the injured girl that his insurance firm would take care of everything. He even arranged for his own lawyer to sue him and his son in the girl's behalf. When the insurance company heard of this, it asked the court to declare the policy void because dad helped to sue the company when he should have defended it.

"Insurance," said dad's lawyer, "does not turn a father into a stranger who is not permitted to aid his son's fiancée and his own prospective daughter-in-law. Dad acted within his rights."

"We're in business, not in love," the insurance-company attorney replied. "Our policies, like all others, require the holder to co-operate with the company in defending suits. Instead, this father urged the girl to sue us. That lets us out."

If you were the judge, would you make the insurance company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The insurance company had to pay. The court said that while an insured person ordinarily cannot help another sue his own company, "it is not bad faith for a father to help members of his household in enforcing their lawful rights even against himself and even though he be insured therefor."

Based upon a 1959 Federal decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HANDY HELPER

NEW

Northern® towels

TWO ROLLS • SNOW WHITE

Another fine product of American Can Company

Look who's here to give you a hand!

NEW NORTHERN TOWELS

Your HANDY HELPERS

Soft in texture... strong in every fibre. In handy 2-roll pack or jumbo single roll.

You asked for them.
So here they are—Northern's new "All American" Boys! For your set of 3 prints, 11″ x 14″ standard frame size, send 25¢ in currency to: Northern Towels, Box 680, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 114*) officer, heeling and toeing her way through the field. The officer's body was still twitching. The nurse looked down at him compassionately and then placed the MAS 50 against his ear and pulled the trigger.

Molnar noticed that she was firing with one hand now.

When she had done this, Marie-Thérèse dropped the MAS 50 and was violently sick in the field, her thin shoulders heaving and straining beneath the green shirt.

Molnar followed her with some difficulty and placed an arm about her shoulders. "Thank you," he said. "It was necessary."

"Yes, I am telling myself that. But I am nineteen and last year I was in the convent."

"You're growing up fast."

"I know." Marie-Thérèse was very pale, but under control again. "I will take his gun."

"I have a feeling that nurses are forbidden to carry arms," said Molnar, wondering if she still believed in the rules of war.

"Do you think that would prevent the Viets' shooting me?"

"No."

"Then I'll take the pistol."

"You'd better keep mine, now that you're used to it. It's easier to work than a revolver. Here's some more ammunition. You put the clips in at the bottom of the butt, like this. Remember, it only fires nine shots.

The nurse tucked the MAS 50 into the waistband of her slacks. Molnar took the dead officer's forty-five and all the ammunition he could find on the body. "Right," said Molnar. "Let's go."

"Where to?"

"Toward the river. Those characters looked like regular soldiers, not partisans. I'm afraid it means a breakthrough. If we keep to the road, we should meet French troops."

"Can you walk on that leg?"

"You can do anything when you have to; and the wounds are all high up in the thigh. Let's go."

"My duty is to return to the dressing station, I think," said Marie-Thérèse.

"Your first duty is to your patients, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'm your patient."

"That's true."

"There's something different about you," said Molnar. "I know—you've taken off your glasses."

"They were broken in the crash. Fortunately I only need them for close work."

"And unfortunately for that officer."

"I want to forget about the officer."

"You're beautiful."

"You are saying this to make me forget that I have killed a man."

"Truly you are beautiful."

"You are delirious."

"No, you're beautiful," he repeated and kissed her.

"Wait until you see me with my spectacles again."

"You'll still be beautiful; but when you see me without my bandages, I'll be disfigured."

"Oh, no," said Marie-Thérèse, suddenly serious. "Man is made in God's image. A man cannot be disfigured."

"I never thought of it like that."

"Then it is time that you started thinking so."

They went up the embankment and onto the road. Molnar was limping with the pain and stiffness of the wounds in his thigh, so Marie-Thérèse took his arm. The road was deserted for as far as they could see in either direction, for the visibility was now bounded by a heat haze. They could no longer hear artillery fire, but small arms were in action toward Hoa Binh and somewhere—out of sight—on both sides of the road. It looked as though the French flanks were being rolled up.

After they had gone down the road for some three kilometers, they saw the trees that marked the banks of the Black River. Where the road entered the trees, some obstacle had been placed across the road. As they drew closer, they saw that two half-tracks had been parked end to end, so that they formed a barricade.

"What's the idea of forming a roadblock behind the front line?" Molnar wondered aloud.

"I can see French troops," said Marie-Thérèse.

"Get down," snapped Molnar, pulling her off the causeway. As they rolled down the embankment, the first bullets ricocheted off the roadway above. They came to rest in the paddy field and lay very still, but there were no more bullets.

"They are firing at us," said Marie-Thérèse indignantly.

"I noticed that myself."

"But why?"

"Rear guards fire at anything that moves."

"But surely the rear guard is behind us."

"It *was* behind us. The situation seems to have changed during the past hour."

"What has happened to all the French troops at the other end of the road?"

"They will fight their way back," Molnar said, trying to make it sound convincing. "The Viets must have cut the road somewhere. The French will break through and pull back to the river."

"You don't believe that, do you?"

"No."

From somewhere by the barricade, a machine gun put in a long burst at them. The angle of the embankment was against the gunner, who could not get sufficient deflection, so that the bullet went harmlessly into the field, burying themselves with curious sucking noises.

"Should we wave a white flag at them?" asked Marie-Thérèse.

"It wouldn't make any difference," said Molnar. "It isn't that sort of war, I'm afraid."

He had begun to feel the same sort of terrible apprehension that he had experienced in the ambulance; but when he looked at his good hand, it was quite steady. He felt a sense of deep resentment over the last burst of fire, which was also unusual. Yet his flesh was not goose-pimpling in the way it usually did when he was frightened and under fire. He looked at Marie-Thérèse and then he understood, but he still fought against the knowledge.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"Did I say something very silly?"

"Yes, but it's not that."

"Then what is the matter?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know what's happening to me."

"Is your leg very painful?" she asked.

"No."

"Tell me," said Marie-Thérèse.

"Later."

"There may never be another chance."

"I love you," he said.

"Good," said Marie-Thérèse. "I wanted to hear you say that; and I love you too. Now let's get out of the machine-gun fire."

"I believe you only stayed to make me say that," said Molnar.

"What would you do? A girl likes to be told these things, especially if it may be her last opportunity to hear them."

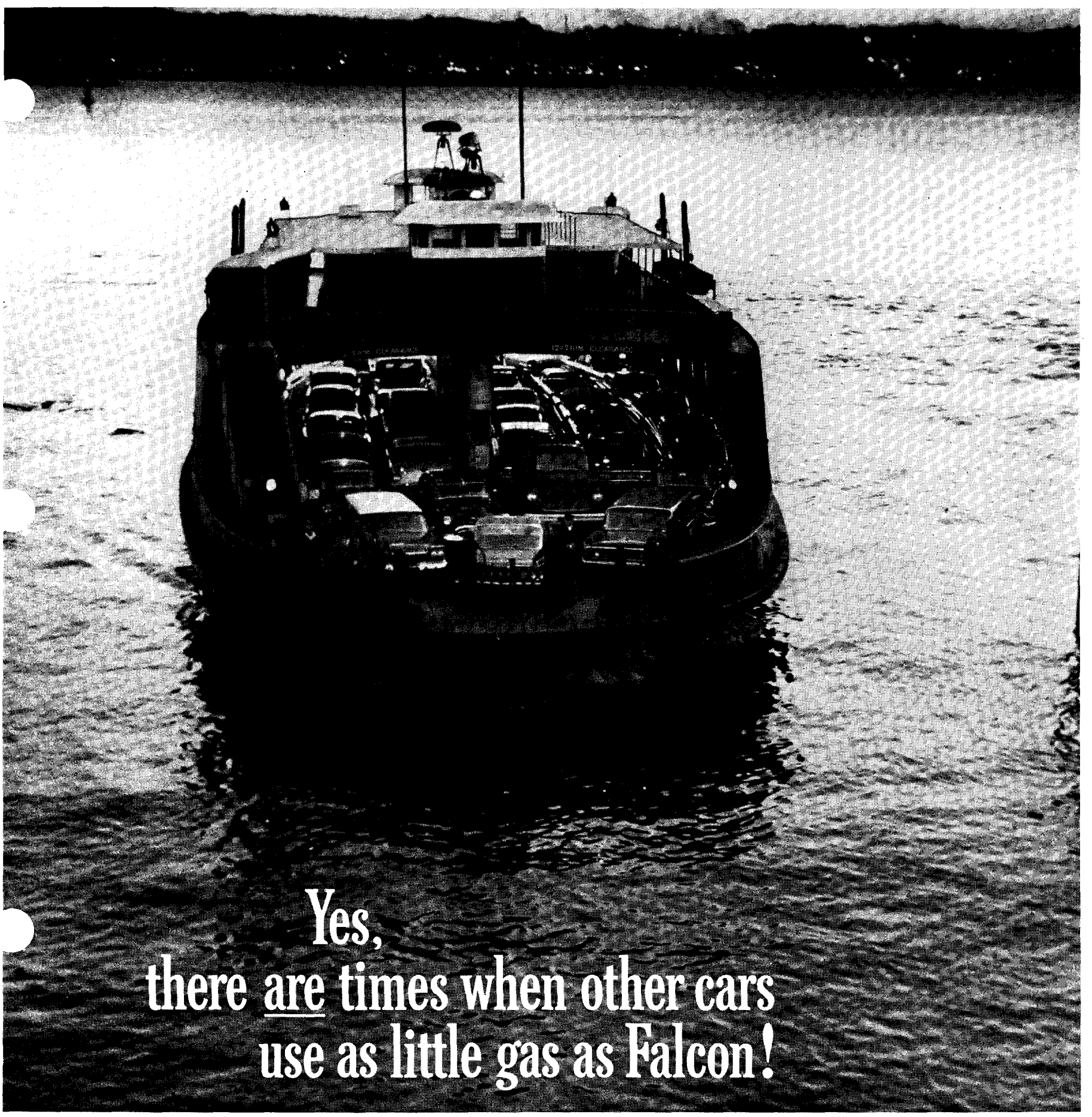
"You are growing up fast."

They wriggled along the foot of the embankment until they came to an irrigation ditch that entered a tunnel beneath the road. It contained about three feet of slimy green water. Hardly were they in this ditch when another machine gun traversed their old position, firing from the edge of the trees and on a level with the paddy field. Molnar drew Marie-Thérèse into the shelter of the tunnel.

"You must get out of the water before it infects your wounds," she said.

"After so many years of French Army cooking it will take more than a little slimy water to (*Continued on Page 118*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Yes, there are times when other cars use as little gas as Falcon!

But on the road, Falcon is the surest way to break the gas habit . . . ask any Falcon owner! Falcon can go up to 30 miles on 1 gallon of regular gas. And let's not forget it goes 4,000 miles between oil changes. Better yet, Falcon is going proof that economy *doesn't* have to be uncomfortable. Six people can sit in a Falcon . . . *and sit like people!* Interiors are cheery, chic, yes, even elegant . . . ask any Falcon owner's wife! Owners also tell us Falcon is a pleasure to own . . . dependable, reliable, never complains! Nicest thought of all is the friendly price. Falcon is America's lowest priced 6-passenger car.* You pay less when you buy . . . but get more when you sell. Latest reports show Falcon is worth from $138 to $175 *more* in trade than other compacts in its class. You can easily see why Falcon is America's best-selling compact car . . . by far!

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices.

FORD DIVISION, Ford Motor Company

FORD Falcon '61
WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW CAR

Peanuts Characters © 1950 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continued from Page 116) poison me," Molnar assured her. "We've got to infiltrate our own lines before the evacuation is completed. And we've got to get out of this tunnel before some ambitious character enfilades it for laughs."

He led the way through the filthy pipe below the road and into the ditch that intersected the paddy field beyond. They followed this for several hundred yards at right angles to the road before taking a turn that led toward the river. In contrast to its predecessor, this was an ill-kept and uneven ditch, for the nearer they came to the river, the less need was there for artificial irrigation. Presently it ended an uncertain existence in a marshy bed of coarse reeds. Molnar found a place for them to lie where the dead stems were thick enough to insulate their bodies from the water beneath. So far as he could see, the reeds extended all the way to the trees beside the Black River.

"We wait here," he told Marie-Thérèse.

"For what?"

"For something to happen on the road to distract the rear guard's attention," he said.

"How do you know that something is going to happen?"

"When generals are in a hurry, they concentrate their troops first about the biggest and most obvious feature on the map," explained Molnar out of his hard-won knowledge of the ways of Mars. "In this case it is the road."

Ten minutes later two armored machine-gun carriers came down the road. They were filled with troops, recognizable as Vietminh by their soft-peaked caps. Farther back came two files of infantry, marching on the double, but well spaced.

There came a crash of a high-velocity seventy-five round at the French end of the road. A small puff of smoke appeared on the carrier as the shell went in. It was a beautiful shot. And with the result, it was hard to believe that the French gunner had not been practicing against just a contingency. The armor-piercing went deep into the carrier before exp... ing. The explosion lifted the carrier clear of the road and over the far side of the embankment in a mess of rived metal and writhing bodies.

The second carrier slowed down as the driver tried to make a U-turn. The seventy-five gunner hit it twice in quick succession, one shell going through the nose and the second through the side. The carrier seemed to disintegrate and then catch fire. There was hardly need for the machine-gun fire that followed.

The two files of Vietminh infantry now came up under cover of the blazing wreckage and opened fire with a light machine gun. The French gunner put a round into the remains of the second carrier and blasted it over the causeway. The infantry on the road scattered, but most of them moved too late.

For a few minutes there was a desultory exchange of rifle fire. There were other Vietminh vehicles farther up the road, but the seventy-five did not fire at them. Molnar wondered if the gun were sh... ammunition.

A camion came up the road, pus...g an antitank gun with a very long barrel. Infantry was moving on either side of the gun, and there were machine gunners in the back of the camion, firing forward over the driver's cab and the gun.

The antitank gun got off one round while it was still moving, but the shell skidded harmlessly along the surface of the road and flew off into the paddy field without exploding. The camion stopped, presumably in order to give the Vietminh gunner the chance of a better shot. Then the French gunner fired. The seventy-five-millimeter shell drilled a hole in the center of the antitank gun's shield and exploded on the other side, spreading the crew over the canvas top of the camion. With the same wonderful accuracy, a second shell upended the camion and its machine gunners.

"That will make them change their tactics," said Molnar.

As though in obedience to his words, the Vietminh troops could be seen running down the causeway and deplo... into the paddy fields. The whole F... line now opened up with small-arms ... and quite a lot of Vietminh infantry didn't reach their objective. Those who did so began to advance toward the flanks of the barricade in short rushes.

Molnar had been noting the extent of the French front. It was clear that the line did not extend as far as their own position. He explained this to Marie-Thérèse as they moved through the reeds. When they reached the trees, Molnar told the girl that they could stand up and walk.

"Where shall we go now?" she asked.

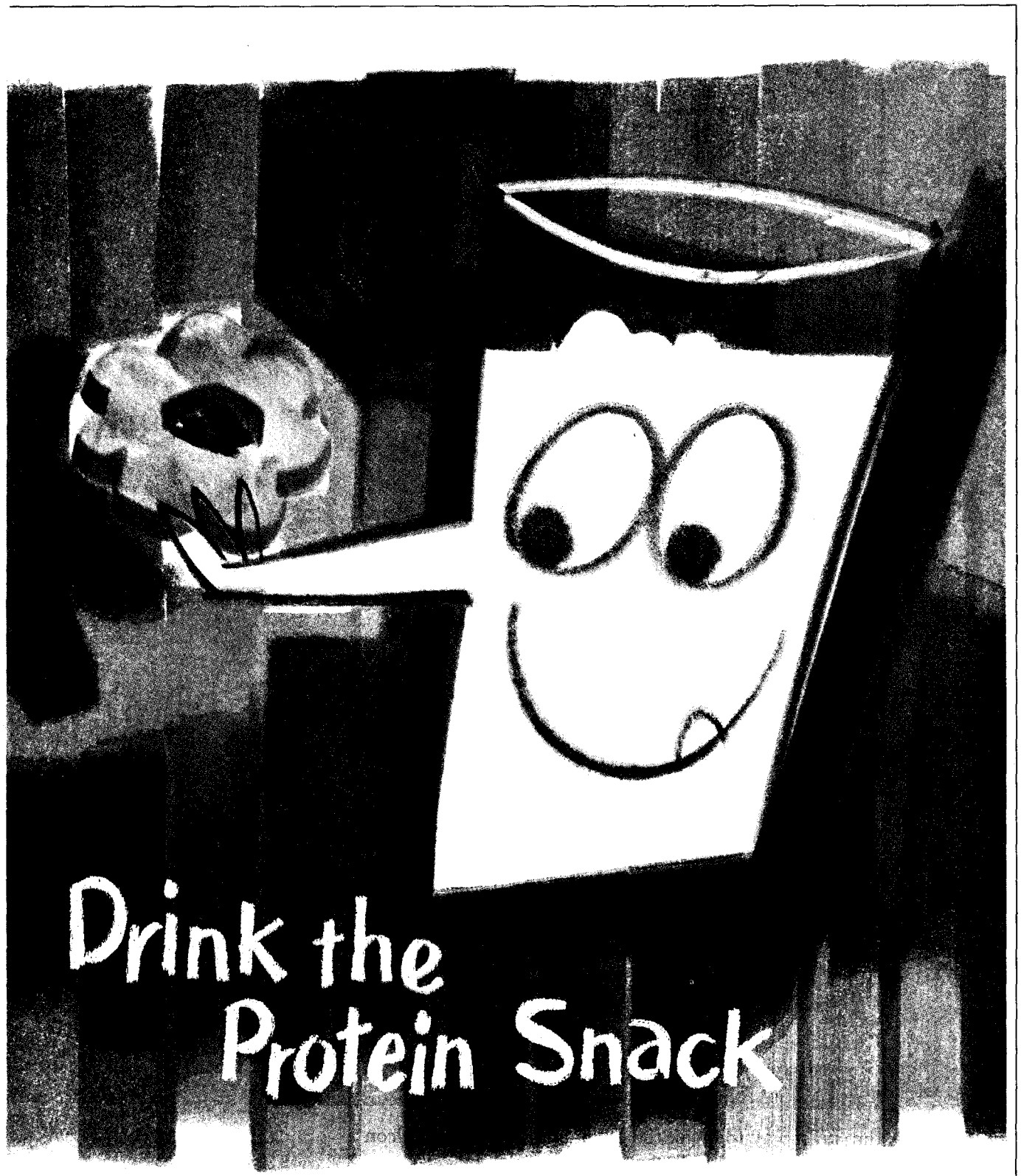
"Toward the river and then turn in behind the French line. In that way we should be safe so long as we don't meet a patrol."

"Wouldn't it be better to make for the barricade?"

"Not unless you want to be shot at again. The farther back the troops are, the less likely they are to shoot."

They went forward slowly, for Molnar was weakening fast, and Marie-Thérèse was now partially supporting him. The going was progressively more hazardous; many of the trees were interlinked by heavy undergrowth, providing ... concealment for the enemy.

TO BE CONCLUDED



Drink Milk as a snack-and feel refreshed. You always need protein. That's why you never outgrow your need for Milk. Get the Milk idea— 3 glasses every day.

FRESH MILK

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

Representing the Dairy Farmers in your area

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Stewart (Continued from Page 36)

upholstering sofas. "You clip these goats three times a year," Guy told me. "They have long hair, and it grows like crazy. ... they'll eat anything."

I bought the goats, paying eight ...ne dollars apiece. Each goat I clipped was supposed to bring me two or three dollars for hair. The first clipping season came around, leaving me with a mountain of shredded mohair. Naturally the bottom fell out of the mohair market just then. It was decided that I'd be smart to hold my clip for a rise, so I stored the hair in a warehouse. While I waited for mohair to become the luxury fabric, the rental on the storehouse came due. Finally the goat-hair market looked up feebly, and I sold that first clipping. But those goats were really trying, and before I knew it, their hair was hanging down ...o here. This time the price was moving ...p, and it seemed wise to hold my goat ...air for the top dollar. While I was looking the other way, the goat-hair high ...neaked past me; and before I could unload, the price was on its way down ...gain. Now I owned more hair than ever ...efore.

Other investors in goat clippings must ...ave faced the same problem; anyway, I ...oticed that storage facilities were suspiciously ample. In fact, looking back ...ow, I guess that the warehouse owners ...ade out better than the ranchers. Any...ow, once more I stored my hair. The ...arket was quiet. Then mohair became ...opular for men's suits. The price bounded ...pward, and I hastened to sell my goat ...air. Every time I saw a fellow wearing a ...ohair suit in Hollywood I felt like shak...ng his hand.

There were deer on my ranch, and I ...nted there in season, being careful not ...ny goats. For a while everything ...rosy. But mohair suits didn't seem ...take up all the slack; we had too much ...air again, and once more I was trucking ... to the storage bins. Seeing no happy ending, I thought I'd better get rid of that ranch. I tried to work a deal with the Boy Scouts to use it as a camping area, but the Scouts were too canny for me. So I finally sold the place. I can't say that my goat-hair venture was a success taxwise, but it was educational. Whenever I meet a mohair baron, I can talk his language.

In all fairness to Gadbois, I should say that his business advice is not often as whimsical as this. Some of our investments are solid, durable, sensible. Among them are oil wells and real estate. And I don't let myself forget that my real business is acting.

In some of my pictures I've played characters who seem to be strolling unconcernedly through life. This is really acting, because my best friends think I'm one of the leading worriers west of the Mississippi.

Perhaps concern about your job and the well-being of your family is a form of worry. If so, I'm a worrier. Or it may be that some of those who think me an outstanding worrier have sat with me through a preview of one of my pictures. Watching yourself in a screen role for the first time is such a shattering experience that some actors won't look at their previews. But I can't stay away. I'll worry about my mistakes whether I see them or not, so there's no point in ducking.

It isn't easy to watch a preview objectively. When I see one, I look at myself, not at the other actors. To an actor viewing a film in which he appears, every scene that isn't his is just a stage wait. The rest is terror and excitement, inducing a physical reaction that keeps me hopping.

Any football player who's ever waited for the opening whistle knows what I mean. I used to be afflicted with washroomitis when I was playing on Broadway. On opening night I would try not to reach the theater too early, because once I was backstage, I was that much closer to the evening's moment of truth. So I'd wander aimlessly around Times Square, forgetting that washrooms are scarce there. One of the few places I knew was downstairs in the Astor Hotel. To get in, you had to feed a dime to the turnstile. In those days I didn't spend dimes carelessly, but opening days left me no choice. Before the curtain went up I usually had left thirty or forty cents in that turnstile.

I had the same problem during my time as a B-24 pilot in World War II. Timing a mission was important. We had certain briefing times, a start-engine time, a taxi-out time and a take-off time. Our bombers were on hardstands dispersed around an airdrome. We rode out to the hardstands in a truck and made a preflight inspection while waiting for start-engine time. Before we got into our plane, we put on electrically heated flying suits. Then we put on our Mae Wests and our back-pack parachutes. There were flak suits made of armored cloth; these we laid in readiness by our seats. Next we had to connect our oxygen masks with an outlet in the airplane and test them, then connect our electrically heated flying suits.

When we had done all that and were in our seats, it was almost start-engine time. Suddenly we would realize with dismay that we had to relieve ourselves. So everybody in the crew would climb down to the hardstand and struggle with his bulky gear. Then we were in trouble. We had to hurry so much to meet our take-off time that we couldn't buckle up all our equipment until we were in the air.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

First Robin

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

The first, fat robin has returned
From easy haunts of worm and bug,
But a night of heavy snow
Leaves him looking not so smug.

He eyes the sparrows on my sill
Gobbling every seed in sight,
And doubtless feels a pang himself
But not enough to stay his fright.

Spying movement on the pane,
His wings are quick at sight of me,
Not having learned how full of risk
An empty, winter bird must be.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Only Preparation H® Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids – Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

New! Bauer & Black elastic hosiery now available in Seamless style!

This is the hosiery doctors strongly recommend to relieve the discomfort and pain of varicose veins and similar leg disorders. The magic of Bauer & Black elastic hosiery is in the way it's made. Thin strands of rubber are wrapped in flesh-colored nylon threads, so that on your leg they're both fashionable and flattering. Varicose veins are concealed and relieved.

Choose Bauer & Black elastic hosiery in new sheer *seamless* style for that bare leg look—or in sheer 51 gauge full-fashioned style. Expert fitting is available at leading drug, department or surgical supply stores. Remember, more women wear Bauer & Black elastic hosiery (for sheerness) and more doctors prescribe Bauer & Black elastic hosiery (for support) than any other

BAUER & BLACK

THE KENDALL COMPANY
BAUER & BLACK DIVISION

...Mail coupon for complete information...

The Kendall Company
Bauer & Black Division, Dept. SEP-3
309 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send me the facts on varicose veins and how Bauer & Black elastic hosiery can bring new beauty and comfort to the legs.

Name_____

Address _____

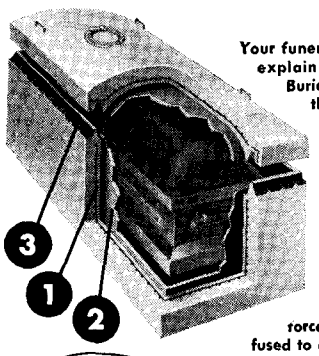
City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Know the facts about Funerals ...beforehand!

A bit of knowledge can be so helpful when YOU are the one who must "take charge." That's why you're urged to have a copy of this FREE informative booklet on hand . . .

FREE— "FACTS Every Family Should Know"
SEND A POSTCARD OR LETTER TO: WILBERT, P. O. Box 147-S-5 Forest Park, Illinois. (No obligation and no sales contact will be made.)



Your funeral director can explain how WILBERT Burial Vaults afford the best "peace-of-mind" protection. Scientifically made and proved through over a quarter-century of service, WILBERT Burial Vaults are made from heavy, reinforced concrete 1, fused to a thick, precast water-repellent asphalt liner 2. They are sealed by a special sealant 3. You should insist . . . in time of need . . . on the FOREMOST and MOST RESPECTED NAME IN BURIAL VAULTS . . .

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Wilbert® BURIAL VAULTS

® Trademark of Wilbert W. Haase Co.

Command Performance- with GRAVELY Power!

Gravely does the job other tractors can't! The unmatched performance of the Gravely Tractor gives you dependable POWER at your command to mechanize your lawn, garden and farm jobs.

POWER to mow the toughest rough or the finest lawn. Choose from 30 job-proved tools!

NEW full-flow Oil Filter, NEW Power—now 6.6 HP! All-Gear Drive, Optional Starter. Riding or Steering Sulkies.

Ask your authorized Gravely Sales and *Service* Dealer for a FREE DEMONSTRATION. Or, write for FREE 24-page "Power vs Drudgery" Booklet today!

GRAVELY TRACTORS
P.O.BOX 616C DUNBAR, W. VA.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate . . . If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 119C, ELMIRA, N.Y.

for every paint surface

Kyanize the good choice in paints

QUALITY

Getting back to the general subject of worry, I should add that an actor is most nervous when he is not working. At least idleness makes this actor nervous. If I'm not making a movie or just about to make one, I feel that I'm all washed up. After each picture, successful as it may be, I'm certain that no one will ever ask me to make another. Every actor must feel that way to a degree. If actors seem cocky between jobs, they're pretending a confidence none can actually feel. Acting is an all-out, all-the-time job, like big-league ball playing or singing in opera. One minute a pitcher is zipping them past the batter; then he throws a curve ball, something clicks in his arm, and he's through for life. A singer can wake up one morning with his voice gone. Disaster might overtake an actor, too, and none of us can forget the possibility.

I can worry, too, about improving my talent. The trouble is that my ambition exceeds my ability. Nobody ever quite finishes learning to act. There's no mystery about it, no formula for spending *X* number of hours in meditating and soul-searching before playing a part. Brilliant careers have been predicted for certain young actors who seem more concerned about getting into sweat shirts and blue jeans than in getting inside of the characters they play. It is possible also to underplay a part so thoroughly that no emotion is conveyed at all.

I respect acting as a profession, partly because I took up my career when people went to movies to be entertained. Now, more often than not, the audiences are courted by sensational advertisements which promise shock appeal. The brainnik's view is that if you see a movie and come away feeling good, you're committing "escapism," a dirty word.

But I'm tired of seeing movies that depress me with sick stories. It's hard to find a movie where you can just enjoy yourself, yet there used to be many of them. Like everyone else, I have problems of my own; I don't want to go to a movie that dumps into my lap someone else's imaginary problems. The way the pictures are flickering now, you'd think we've become a nation of masochists. I know one producer whose films suggest that he's not happy unless he can make a movie that stirs up controversy or is going to be banned somewhere. We could never achieve a meeting of minds because, for one thing, he thinks the Cub Scouts are a fascist organization. He's not kidding. He honestly means it.

To some producers, only squares enjoy fishing or seeing a baseball game or going to a school play because your child has a part. In their view it's corny to attend P.T.A. meetings and hold with the belief that kids can be brought up by people of average intelligence with no help from psychiatrists.

It's my guess that the "sick," violent trend of our movies has been fostered by TV's competition with the box office. Because theater incomes are down certain producers say that audiences are in rebellion against "old patterns and shibboleths." But I think these producers would harp on downbeat, destructive themes even if their films lost money, and most of their films do. If the script of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* were submitted to these producers today, they would reject it. There were good people and bad people in *Mr. Smith*, and humor and pathos and courage. It was a warm and moving entertainment which drew critical praise and made a lot of money. But it was too short of psychological kinks and immorality to be qualified in these times as a "promising film property."

I try not to get too stirred up about movie trends. I've even taught myself not to worry as much as I used to about not working every day in the year. My wife Gloria has convinced me that I should relax between films, devoting time to my family and my own recreations.

But it's not all that simple. If you've worked hard all of your life and like to work, it's difficult to loaf. An active life is poor preparation for beachcombing. I'm not ready for perpetual basking in the sun, but I'm making a beginning. Gloria and I now go away on trips fairly often, and I enjoy them.

During a trip we took to Europe last summer, we had dinner with Josh Logan and his wife in Paris, where Josh was filming the movie *Fanny*. There were a couple of other people at dinner. Afterward, I went to the piano. While I played, Josh and I sang numbers from all the Princeton Triangle shows we'd been in, as well as songs we'd known just after graduation, while we were with the University Players. I seemed to have total recall. Josh would ask for a number last heard thirty years before, and I'd play it and sing the words.

Then I really pulled one out of the past by playing *I Gotta Be Rested When I Passes Away*, written by Dutch Campbell. He comes from my home town, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and we're close friends. Dutch plays the piano and banjo by ear, and he joined Waring's Pennsylvanians when the band was first organized. As Waring got fancier, Dutch had to read music or quit, so he came home. Anyhow, I played all of *I Gotta Be Rested*. After I'd finished, the people at Josh's party asked me for a repeat. But when I turned around to the piano, I couldn't remember any of it. Not a note. Without any warning, my well of recall had run dry.

Much of the traveling Gloria and I have done in recent years has involved our good friends in Fort Worth, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kirk Johnson. We've gone fishing with the Johnsons in Chile, Argentina and Peru. We've been hunting in India, Scotland and Spain; and we've been in the Far East, sight-seeing.

Luckily for me, I was in India with Gloria and the Johnsons just before I went to work in the film *Anatomy of a Murder*. I spent a lot of time sitting in a tent pitched in the jungle, memorizing my lines for the movie. That picture demanded a lot of work and thought. In my role as defense attorney, I had to be glibber than usual. I couldn't just hem and haw and drawl, because trial lawyers are neither shy nor inarticulate. So I read my script each night until I fell asleep. When I got home, I felt better prepared, physically and mentally, than I'd ever been.

Last summer, when I was visiting Europe, I ran into another kind of movie-making. A film company was supposed to be shooting a Biblical blockbuster. Gloria and I were invited to see the sets built for this future mammoth picture. They were all finished. They were the biggest sets I've ever seen and they had been skillfully erected. I asked, "Is the picture finished?" No, the picture hadn't been started. "They haven't even got a script for it yet and they haven't selected a cast. The first director hired was fired before a single camera rolled."

Here was a puzzle. Those sets had cost a couple of million dollars; they had all been blown down by a windstorm rebuilt. But the producer still didn't a script. Apparently the script was unimportant. The important thing was that the producer had a "deal." No one talks about what a picture's going to do when it reaches the screen any more. Making a "deal" is the big thing. A "deal" is a concern with lavish casts and lavish sets and lavish financial backing, and not enough concern with what's going to end up on the screen.

Another disconcerting change in the industry: Some newspapers have consolidated their movie and television departments, so that the movie critic doesn't see many movies. He spends most of his time staring at twenty-one inches of horse opera. If he interviews a visiting movie star, he shows little interest in what movie the star will make next. Instead, he wants to know what kind of "deal" the star has just made. In my case the interviewers also ask, "Why do you keep on working? After all, you don't need to." You wouldn't think this question woul put to an energetic actor who was nated for an Academy award a yea but that's what I'm asked.

Perhaps the best answer is to discuss what I've just done and what I'm going to do next. Late last fall I finished making a Western film for John Ford, based on *The Saturday Evening Post* serial *Comanche Captives*, by Will Cook [March—April, 1959] and retitled *Two Rode Together* for screen purposes. Now I have a handshake agreement to work in an Alfred Hitchcock picture in 1961.

I don't think I have to remind anyone that Ford is one of the greatest directors in the history of motion pictures. I'd never worked for him before, but when I dropped into his office to discuss the picture, before he began shooting, I gathered that he knows exactly what he wants and expects everybody to toe the mark. That was fine with me. I'm not noted for temperament or being hard to handle.

The only area in which I tried to cross him was in costuming, being as diplomatic as possible. I've made quite a few Westerns and long ago I fell in love with a certain Western hat that I first u 1947. I found the hat at Universa it was always put aside for me. It's not only a wonderful hat, it's a luck piece. I've worn it in every Western I've made since I found it. I've also worn the same chaps in every Western I've ever made and ridden the same horse.

When Ford got around to discussing costume, I gathered that the hat he had in mind for me was one John Wayne had worn a few times. You don't say a flat "no" to Ford, but during the conversation I managed to work in allusions to my favorite hat. Since (*Continued on Page 122*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's coming from your TIRES...

IT'S "NYLON THUMP"

When you buy new tires, avoid the bump, bump of "nylon thump" with **TYREX®** rayon tires . . . they're chosen as standard equipment by every U. S. car maker!

Want to avoid annoying "nylon thump?" Take a tip from *all five* American car makers. For 3 straight years they've put TYREX rayon tires on their new cars. One reason is, nylon tires develop flat spots—make you feel like you're on square wheels when you start driving.

And, TYREX rayon tire cord has been proved outstanding in other important ways . . .

LONG MILEAGE—Proved in test after grueling test on both car and truck tires!

RUGGED IMPACT RESISTANCE — Tests show TYREX rayon tires stand up better under bruising impacts!

COOLER RUNNING—TYREX rayon tires run cooler at turnpike speeds for greater safety!

SMOOTHER RIDING—TYREX rayon cord causes less road hum, less vibration, gives you a more relaxing ride! So when you replace the tires your car originally came with, stay with TYREX rayon tires. You pay less and get more for your money *and* with no "nylon thump!"

TYREX *rayon tire cord*

RIDES SMOOTHER!

TYREX INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y. TYREX (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is a collective trademark of TYREX Inc. for rayon tire yarn and cord. TYREX rayon tire yarn and cord is also produced and available in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 120*) I'd last worn it, Universal had been sold to an outfit which, among other things, makes filmed television shows. Fearing the hat might have been lost, I went over to Universal to check. The wardrobe man I'd known years before was still there. "I knew you'd want the hat," he said, "so I hid it. I hid your chaps and spurs and your gun belt too. I'm the only one who knows where they are."

My next problem was to build up in Ford's mind acceptance for my hat. One day I brought to our conference a photograph of myself in the hat and I kind of sneaked the print into sight. "Who the hell's that?" he asked. I said it was me. He didn't mention the hat. He just asked, "What were you mad at?"

The next time I went to see him, I found that I was still expected to wear Wayne's hat. Duke Wayne looks good in a much bigger hat than I like to wear; he's a much bigger man than I am. In desperation, I brought my own hat out and put it on. Ford took it from me, threw it on the floor, trampled on it and said, "Now try it."

I put it on once more. He examined it critically and said, "Well, all right." That meant, as I learned later, that my hat would do for the big outdoor shots; I was still supposed to wear a Duke Wayne hat in the city shots. Ford never talks much about movies when you're chewing the fat with him. For the most part he talks about the Navy and about baseball; but one day he asked me, "What do you think of the way things are going?" I said, "I think they're going fine. The only thing is, I'm not sure about that big hat in the city scenes." I added quickly, "It just happens that I have my own hat here, the one you O.K.'d for the other shots." I put it on again. Ford said, "Maybe we can darken it a little." Then he grinned and turned to my agent, Jack Bolton, who was standing nearby. Pointing a finger at me, Ford asked, "Does this S.O.B. have hat approval? I don't remember it being in his contract."

Ford and Hitchcock work alike in many ways. Both use a script of sorts when the shooting begins, but after that, they play a lot of it by ear. However, Hitch eventually gets to a point where he feels his script is set. Thereafter, he sticks to it closely. He has every shot planned, plotted, lighted and all of the camera angles worked out in his mind.

I've been asked, "What gives one of his pictures that Hitchcock stamp?" They do have a touch of their own; you can spot a Hitchcock film without seeing the credits. All I can say is that Hitch has a unique gift for putting excitement on the screen. He's a master of suspense.

Ford can put excitement on a screen too, and this ability is what separates grown-up directors from the mental small boys. Anyone who can generate excitement and emotion on a piece of celluloid has tremendous talent. Plenty of movie-makers work forty hours a week turning out mediocre, penny-arcade stuff, through which their actors walk aimlessly. Perhaps they make a quick dollar, but they don't make real movies, alive with emotion, taste and honesty.

When I'm through working with Hitch, I hope to do a comedy. It's difficult to find a nice, easygoing comedy these days, but I've had luck. Nine years ago Ed Streeter, author of *Father of the Bride*, wrote a story called *Mr. Hobbs's Vacation*. Jerry Wald has bought the story for me. I'm expecting a lot of fun.

In my business of acting for the movies, getting older means that roles must be selected with care. A leading man who has built his career on acting in love stories with young girls eventually must seek other roles. Make-up can do a lot, but it has limitations. Eventually the limit is reached, and a leading man begins to hunt for character parts with meat on them, roles which demand acting ability rather than a youthful profile.

When that moment comes, girls are worse off than men. Modern color film is especially unkind to the middle-aged because of its fidelity. There was a time when cameramen could photograph a female face through gauze, diffusing the light and thus erasing wrinkles. This trick is not easy to turn now. If an actress has lines in her face, color cinematography emphasizes them.

If time has carved grooves in a male actor's face, they are called "character lines"; but women simply have wrinkles. That's why producers are constantly feeding younger girls to the color cameras, and so making trouble for actors in my age group. Although I'm a little younger than such box-office greats as Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby or Duke Wayne, the girls I spark on the screen have to be progressively more mature for the sake of realism. I don't see anything romantic about a middle-aged fellow making goo-goo eyes at a very young blonde. If you ask moviegoers to take that mismatching seriously, it's a gamble whether they will or not.

Everything depends on the electricity the couple on the screen generate and project into a darkened auditorium. Cary Grant still plays romantic leads and he plays them convincingly. For that matter, even a woman who's definitely grown out of the young-thing category, like Simone Signoret, can strike sparks and communicate emotion to an audience; with talent, it's no problem at all. In 1959's prize-winning film, *Room at the Top*, Simone proved that the brilliance of her acting doesn't depend on sex-kitten allure. Middle-aged women in the audience gained a happy impression that gals can still be exciting and attractive at forty, even forty-five.

Another equally amazing woman is Loretta Young. She's been playing in pictures and TV shows for years and years, yet she looks simply great. Of course, Loretta isn't really very old—only forty-seven. If her fans think she's getting on, it's because she became a motion-picture star when she was only about twelve or thirteen.

To me, getting older means that I must seek roles in which romance and character are blended. There are numberless stories of a romantic nature which are believable when played by an older man. I don't think that I'll ever forget *September Affair*, a picture starring Joseph Cotten and Joan Fontaine. That show proved that a certain ageless feeling can spring to life between a couple on a screen, even if the man is, shall we say, "riper" than he used to be. Anyone who saw the film knows what I'm talking about.

"How's Miami?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In addition to the chemistry of love, there are story possibilities in relationships between one man and another. As evidence, there was the movie *Inherit the Wind*, in which two crackling personalities, Spencer Tracy and Freddy March struck sparks. Their performances in that film could win either of them an Oscar at the showdown next month.

I don't think of Kim Novak as a young sprig just out of school. To me she has the womanly qualities I expect to find in someone much older. This impression may account for the fact that when I made a couple of pictures with her, we seemed to be making enough electricity to light a ball park. I'm thinking particularly of a Hitchcock picture called *Vertigo*. How old Kim is I don't know. All I know is that she projects a brand of feminine allure that makes age gaps hardly visible.

An actor who finds himself peering over the fifty-year wall and wondering what's on the other side can make several choices. In addition to romantic leads and character roles, he can play light comedy. Perhaps the best way to describe light comedy is to identify it as the kind of comedy Cary Grant does so well. Another practitioner of the art, tops in his generation, is young Jack Lemmon.

Harold Lloyd, the great comedian of the silent films, once said to me, "Grant, Gable and Bill Powell have put us comedy fellows out of business, and they've done it without funny make-up, goofy clothes and pratfalls. They're supposed to be leading men, kissing pretty girls; they're not supposed to get laughs. Now they're getting laughs, and we comics are through." Among the old-time comics who gave way to the Cary Grants, were Lloyd Hamilton, Harry Langdon, Buster Keaton and Edgar Kennedy—the best in the business.

I need hardly say that Grant, Gable, Powell and Company didn't ruin Charlie Chaplin. But Chaplin was a lot more than a slapstick artist. He evoked pathos as well as laughs. Besides, by the time new men with new styles were being featured, Chaplin was doing one film every two years. When he did make a picture, it could have been called a Chaplin "spectacular," except that the word hadn't been invented. W. C. Fields was another comedian who went his own way successfully, and I don't mean as a baggy-pants comic. In his last years Fields began to appear in character parts, such as Micawber in *David Copperfield*, or as a river gambler in the Bing Crosby picture *Mississippi*.

To my mind, Fields was a sort of bad-tempered Jack Benny. I say that because he had Benny's beautiful sense of timing. Benny is a pleasant man, even when he's pretending to be a Scrooge, but Fields was often actively annoyed by others in his cast, especially babies, especially the child star Baby LeRoy. When a friend met Fields on the street one day and asked, "How are you?" the comedian replied bitterly. "Lousy," he said. "I'm doing a picture with a fellow named LeRoy. He claims he's a baby."

The Grant-Lemmon type of comedy has had its ups and downs. After World War II, it went into eclipse for a while. The word got around that people no longer wanted gay, sophisticated stories. I had won an Oscar for my work in *The Philadelphia Story* and I'd had the same kind of fun when I made *Vivacious Lady* with Ginger Rogers. I did a couple more movies like that, but nobody came to see them. What the public craved was Red Skelton, or Abbott and Costello, in a throwback to a primitive kind of humor, like the Keystone Cops. I know it's hard to believe, because he's a smash hit at the box office today, but during that period even Cary Grant had lean pickings. Fortunately for those who enjoyed the..., *Pillow Talk*, *Some Like it Hot* and *Operation Petticoat* all did big business, so light comedy has become popular again.

Any time a movie succeeds, heavy thinkers in the industry want to rush out a carbon copy. That's what happened after I appeared in *Anatomy of a Murder* as a defense lawyer. All at once I was being offered lawyer roles by the score. Most of these legal eagles were repulsive types who slept with their partners' wives or were trying to put in a fix for a son who had just raped a waitress in a drive-in. I didn't want any of those roles. They're not for me. The people who've liked me in the past wouldn't like me in them.

When I was in Europe last summer, a decent-looking, attractive elderly couple came up to me and introduced themselves. The man said, "We didn't want to pass you without speaking to you. If it means anything, we want to tell you that over the years you have given us a lot of pleasure and entertainment."

It means everything to me. That's what I've tried to make my life all about. I hope it will keep on being that way.

This is the last of a series of five articles by James Stewart. —THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOVELY ERIN O'BRIEN, CHARMING STAR OF MOTION PICTURES AND TV

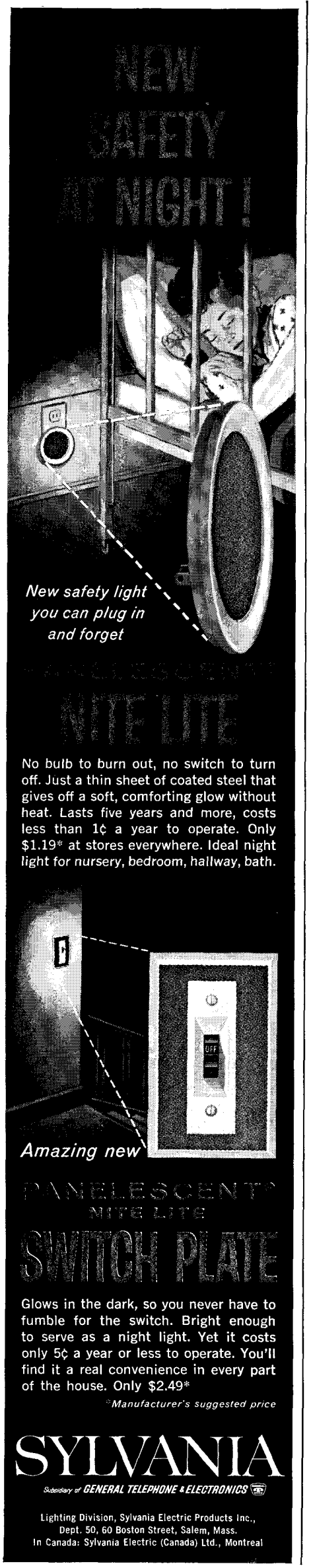
EVEN THE IRISH LIKE ORANGE THIS WAY! This year, you'll see many a thirsty parader sipping of the orange while wearing of the green! For a Screwdriver, made with orange juice and Smirnoff Vodka, tastes far too good to have its color held against it. No shrewd Irishman, however, will turn a blind eye to the *brand of vodka* that goes into this drink. Insist on Smirnoff Vodka, light and flawless. Just add a jigger to orange juice . . . and stir with ice. *Delicious!*

it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff®
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


NEW
SAFETY
AT NIGHT!
New safety light you can plug in and forget
NITE LITE
No bulb to burn out, no switch to turn off. Just a thin sheet of coated steel that gives off a soft, comforting glow without heat. Lasts five years and more, costs less than 1¢ a year to operate. Only $1.19* at stores everywhere. Ideal night light for nursery, bedroom, hallway, bath.
Amazing new
PANELESCENT
NITE LITE
SWITCH PLATE
Glows in the dark, so you never have to fumble for the switch. Bright enough to serve as a night light. Yet it costs only 5¢ a year or less to operate. You'll find it a real convenience in every part of the house. Only $2.49*
*Manufacturer's suggested price
SYLVANIA
Subsidiary of GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS
Lighting Division, Sylvania Electric Products Inc.,
Dept. 50, 60 Boston Street, Salem, Mass.
In Canada: Sylvania Electric (Canada) Ltd., Montreal

Keeping Posted

Quite a Few New Faces

Horace Sutton and his fair lady, in Honolulu.

We have a lot of introducing to do this week. All of the following writers are new to KEEPING POSTED, and only one of them—Bob Young—has made a previous appearance anywhere in *The Post*.

Before World War II, **Horace Sutton** sold real-estate-advertising space for the New York *Post;* today he's travel editor for the *Saturday Review*. He's glad that he finally is making *The Saturday Evening Post*, with which he has been mistakenly identified for years.

"I work for the *Post,*" Sutton used to explain.

"You mean *Saturday Evening Post?*"

"No. New York *Post.*"

Now he gets, "I would like to introduce Mr. Horace Sutton, of the *Saturday Evening Review of Literature.*"

In addition to his travel writing for the *Saturday Review*, Sutton writes a weekly travel column which is syndicated to more than forty newspapers. He and his wife Pat—"When I met her she was a dancer in the original company of *My Fair Lady*"—do so much flying that they were delayed an aggregate of three days in airports last year. The Sutton itinerary for the first three months of 1961: Jamaica, Hawaii, Australia, Fiji, Brazil and Israel.

What exotic locale has Sutton chosen for his *Post* (*Saturday Evening*) debut? His home town. See YOU CAN'T LIVE IN NEW YORK, page 32.

The word "fytten" is Middle English for storyteller. "It can also mean 'liar,'" says storyteller **Francis Fytton.** "I rather like this derivation, but other members of the family insist the word is a corruption of a war cry, 'Fight on.'" Fytton and his wife, Barbara—"We met when she was studying drama at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music"—live in London. He is foreign manager of *World's Free Press News & Advertisers' Review.* His first *Post* contribution, RIVER OF DESPAIR (page 22), is a story in two parts, involving the French Foreign Legion in Indochina. Author Fytton joined the Royal Air Force in 1945, at age seventeen, and flew to Indochina after World War II. In 1954, at the close of the savage Indochina war, he interviewed the only Englishman to fight with the legionnaires in the battle of Hoa Binh, which provides the backdrop of his *Post* story.

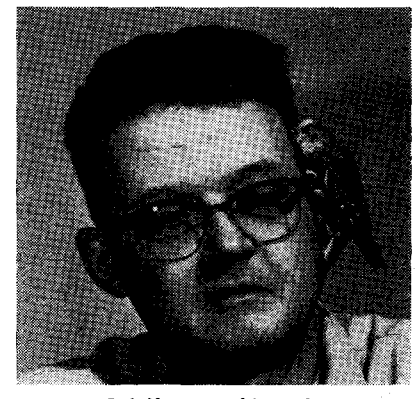
Francis Fytton.

Bill O'Hallaren and Christy.

Bill O'Hallaren's interest in nature—see THE COYOTE: WORLD'S CHAMPION PEOPLE TAUNTER, page 42—goes back to his boyhood in Nebraska, where he resided till 1951, when he moved to Los Angeles to escape the cold. "In the years since, when our disappointment in Los Angeles threatens to get out of hand, we remember that we like orange trees blooming in March."

For his first eight years in orange-blossom land, O'Hallaren was a news writer for ABC, during which period he wrote the script for what turned out to be a classic TV blooper. O'Hallaren's script was used by Chet Huntley, then ABC's man in L.A., to describe a sequence of film clips. Somehow the film was pieced together wrong. Huntley was reading about the death of a congressman, while the screen showed the Kremlin hierarchy laughing, cheering and clapping. Then Huntley read of a Party gathering Moscow, while on the screen S tor Taft was seen shaking hand with a delegation of voters.

"Chet soon left for NBC," says O'Hallaren, who quit TV work altogether last year for the less harrowing occupation of magazine writing.



Bob Young and Rascal.

Another wildlife writer of sorts is **Robert F. Young** of Silver Creek, New York, whimsical author of the whimsical tale on page 34—THE HEART MENDER. Young wanted to title his story "How to Build Bluebird Houses," despite the fact that he never has built a bluebird house. In fact, he has yet to see a bluebird on his property. He does, however, see robins aplenty—"and robins, except for their size and color, are practically the same as bluebirds. Considering that bluebirds are sometimes called blue robins, it seems only logical that robins should be called red bluebirds."

Inside the Young home are two parakeets, Rascal and Ricky. Neither can talk, but one of them—Rascal, naturally—screams for a stalk of celery every time someone opens the vegetable drawer in the refriger

David Lipman, who collaborated on **LeRoy (Satchel) Paige**'s lively reminiscences, MAYBE I'LL PITCH FOREVER (page 38), avers that the Satchel's life story is far more interesting than his own. However, we were able to coax from Lipman the information that he was born thirty years ago in Springfield, Missouri, became a bologna slicer in his father's delicatessen, later served with the Air Force in Europe and now is on the sports staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* "I am single, and that's about it."

Lipman does confide, "It was difficult to pin Satchel down long enough to conduct extensive interviews. I'd set up a date, and he'd faithfully agree to be around. But when I arrived at his house, one o his kids would say, 'Daddy's fishing.' Finally, after three tries, I'd get him alone for hours. It took me almost a year t get all the interviews I needed."

Printed in U.S.A

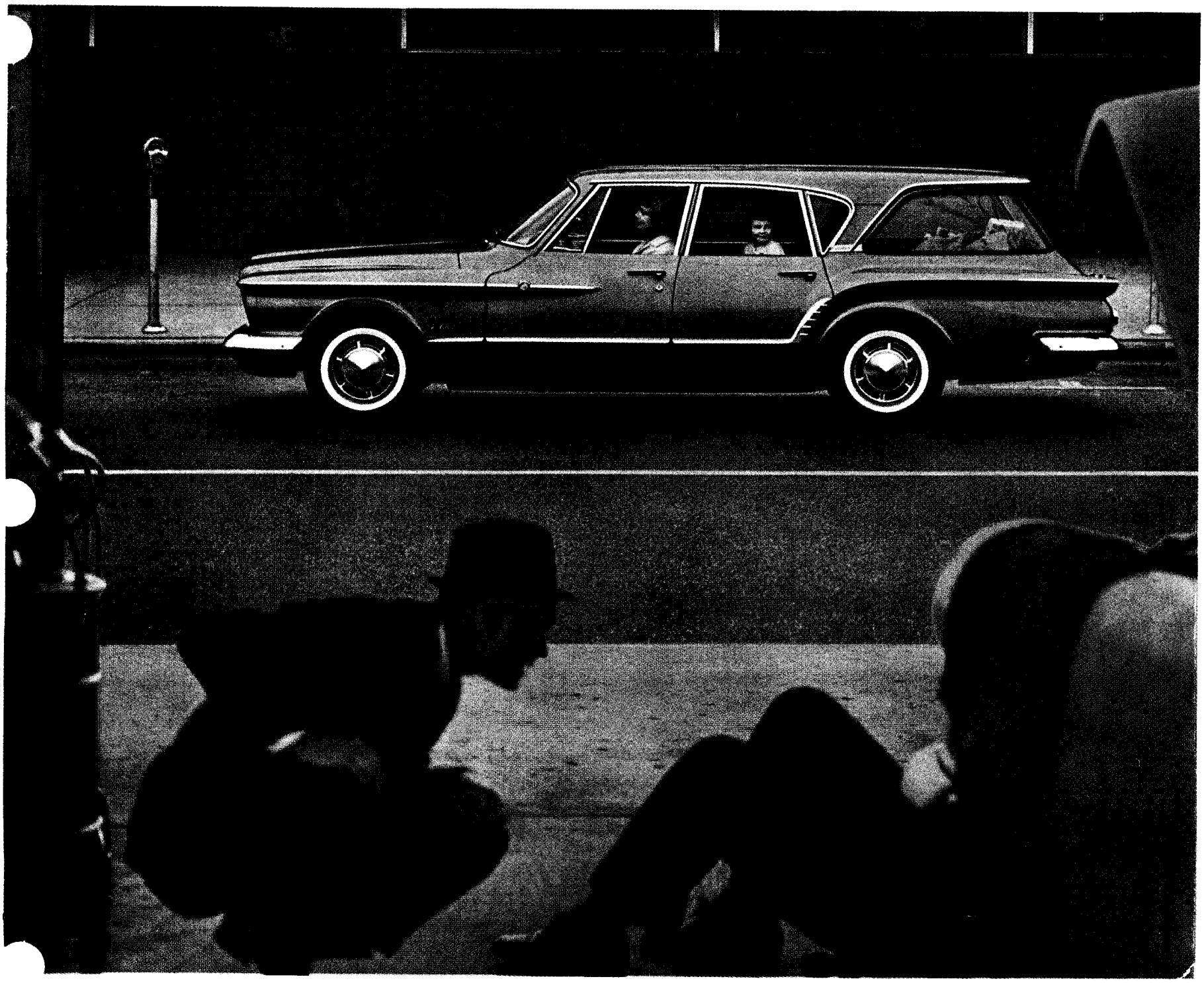
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who took the overhauls out of Mrs. Murphy's Valiant?

We did, begorrah! We cracked down on expensive overhauls when we built Valiant's one-piece welded Unibody. And there's a rugged "six" engine in Valiant that wouldn't know a wrench from a shillelagh. Instead of overhauls and overhauls, it's over hills and over hills with Valiant! Ask Mrs. Murphy, or *any* care-free Valiant owners. They'll tell you how well-built Valiant is; how quick, and how low-priced, too.

Part Irish and a wee bit Scotch, are you? See your Valiant dealer for the classic-looking compact that'll have you wearing—not paying—the green!

A CHRYSLER-ENGINEERED PRODUCT, AT YOUR PLYMOUTH-VALIANT DEALER'S

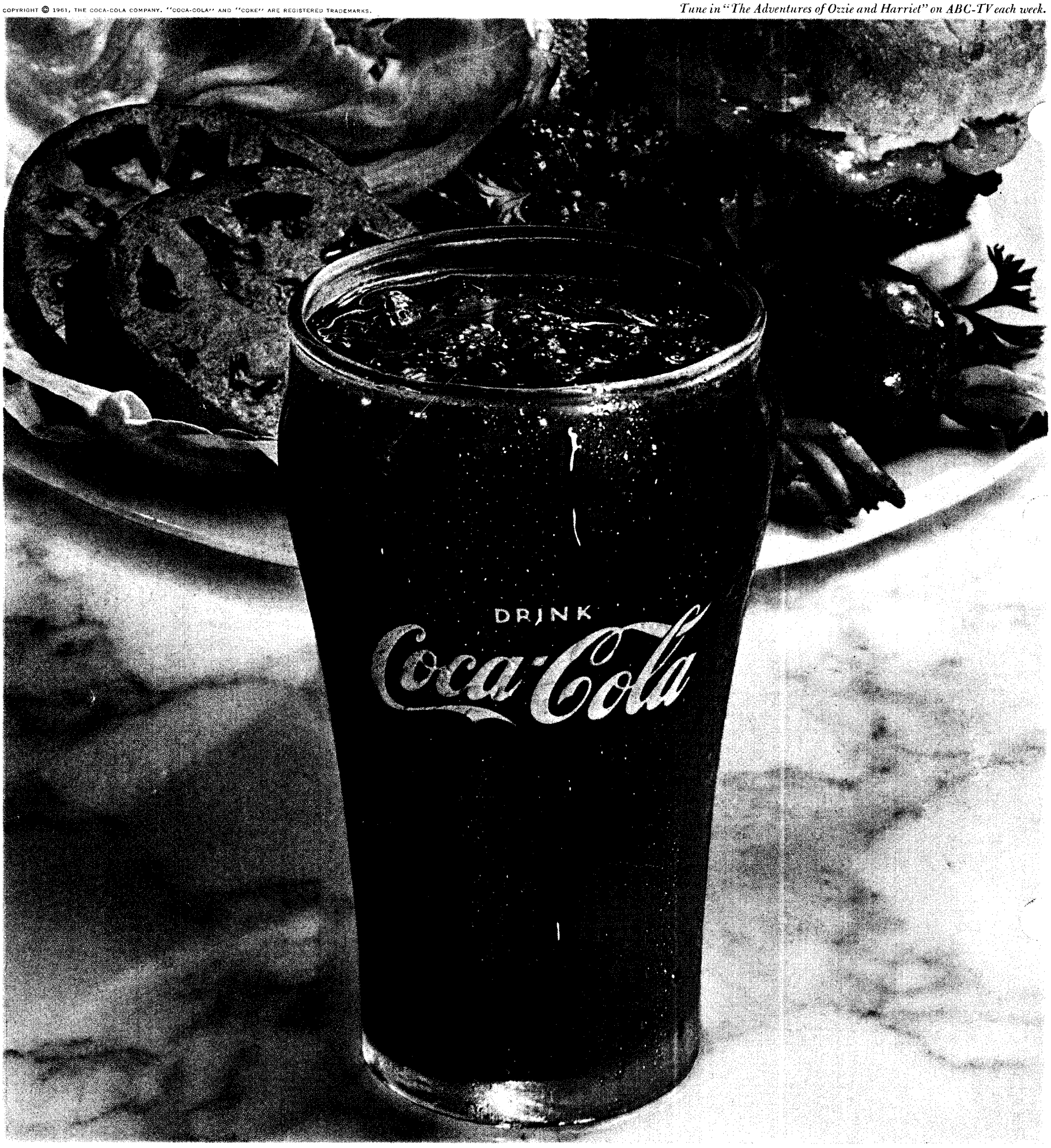


VALIANT...THE LOW-PRICE COMPACT THAT LOOKS AND DRIVES LIKE TWICE THE PRICE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT © 1961, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS.

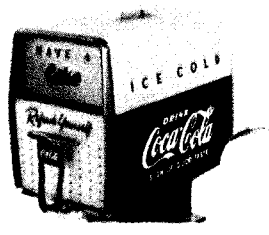
Tune in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" on ABC-TV each week.



Enjoy that REFRESHING NEW FEELING

you get from Coke! Put zing in your busy day and more zest in your meals with ice-cold Coca-Cola at your favorite fountain.

Coca-Cola refreshes you best!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED